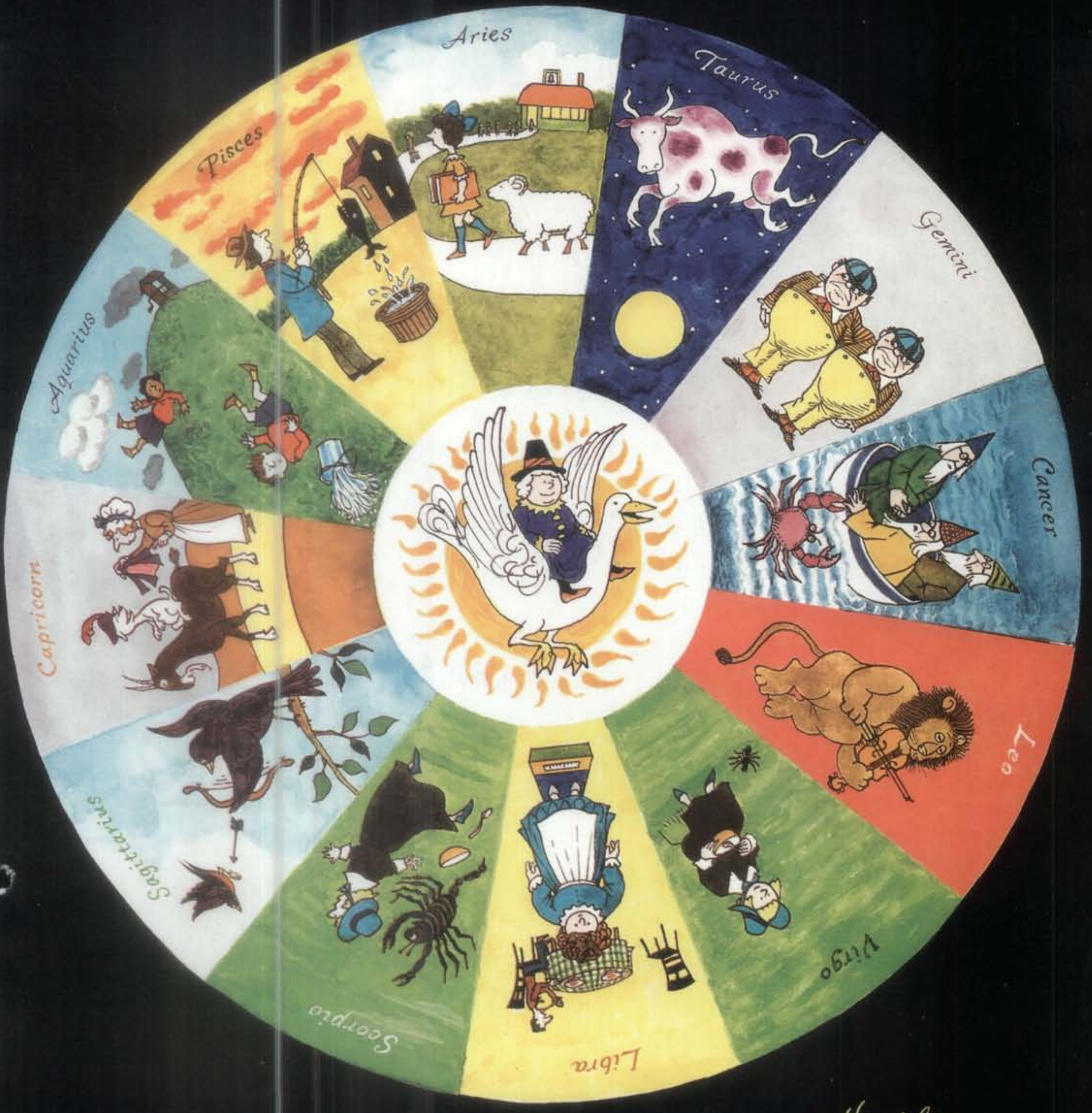
Sept. 30, 1991

Price $1.75

THE NEW YORKER


Aries
Taurus
Gemini
Cancer
Leo
Virgo
Libra
Scorpio
Sagittarius
Capricorn
Aquarius
Pisces

Handelsman

1983 “From the road to the roof it’s laced with intriguing tidbits and thoughtful touches.”

1984 “The new front-drive Camry 4-door sedan offers comfort, quality, and interior s

1985 “Most trouble-free new car in America.”* *J.D. Power and Associates*

1986 “Best Buy” *Consumers Digest*

1987 “If the world’s auto manufacturers were only allowed to build one car to sa

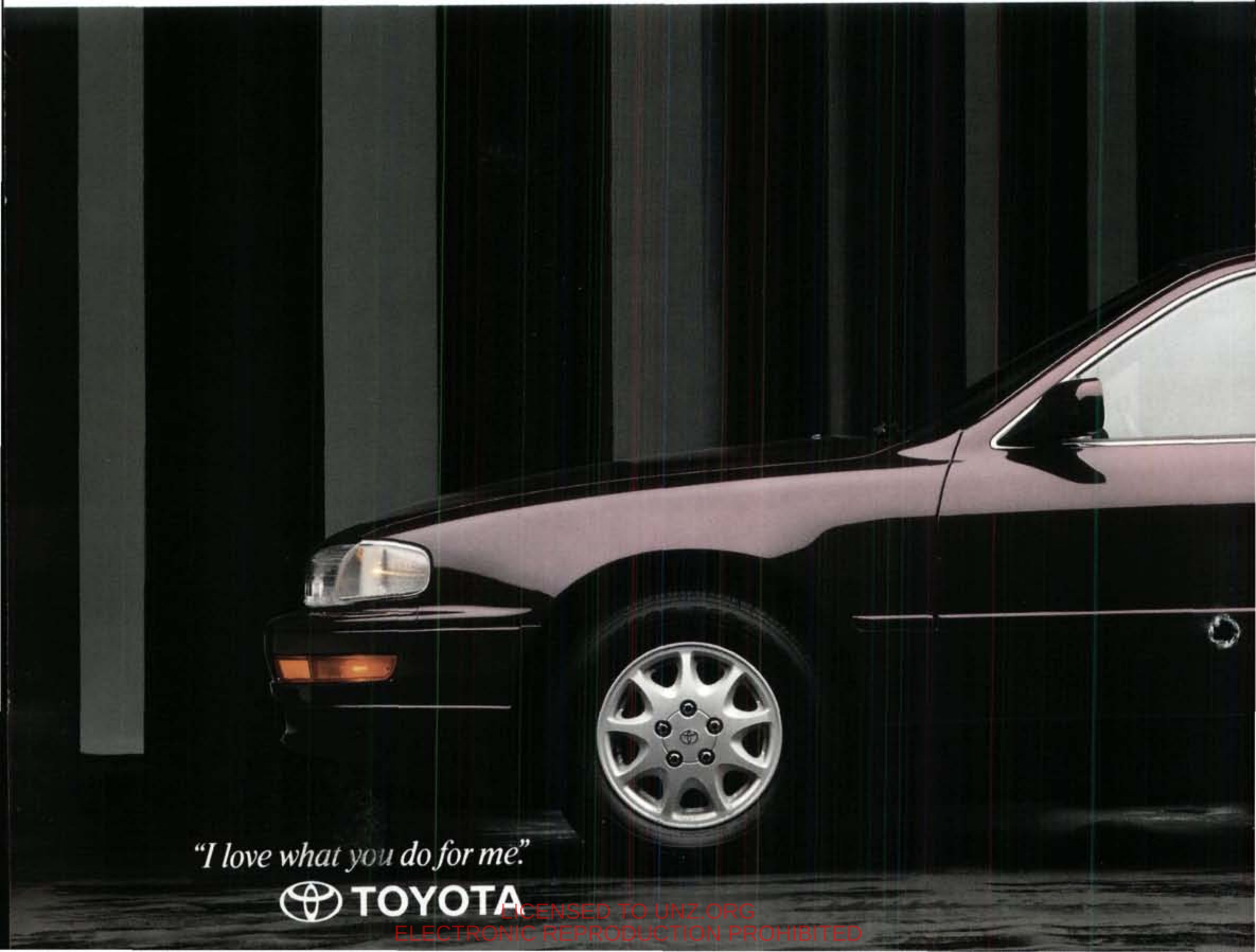
1988 “The Camry is everything a family car should be.” *Car and Driver*

1989 “Family Car of the Year.” *Family Circle Magazine*

1990 “Most trouble-free compact car in America three years in a row.”

1991 “Ranked in J.D. Power and Associates Top Ten models in Initial Qua

1992. WE JUST COULDN’



Driver

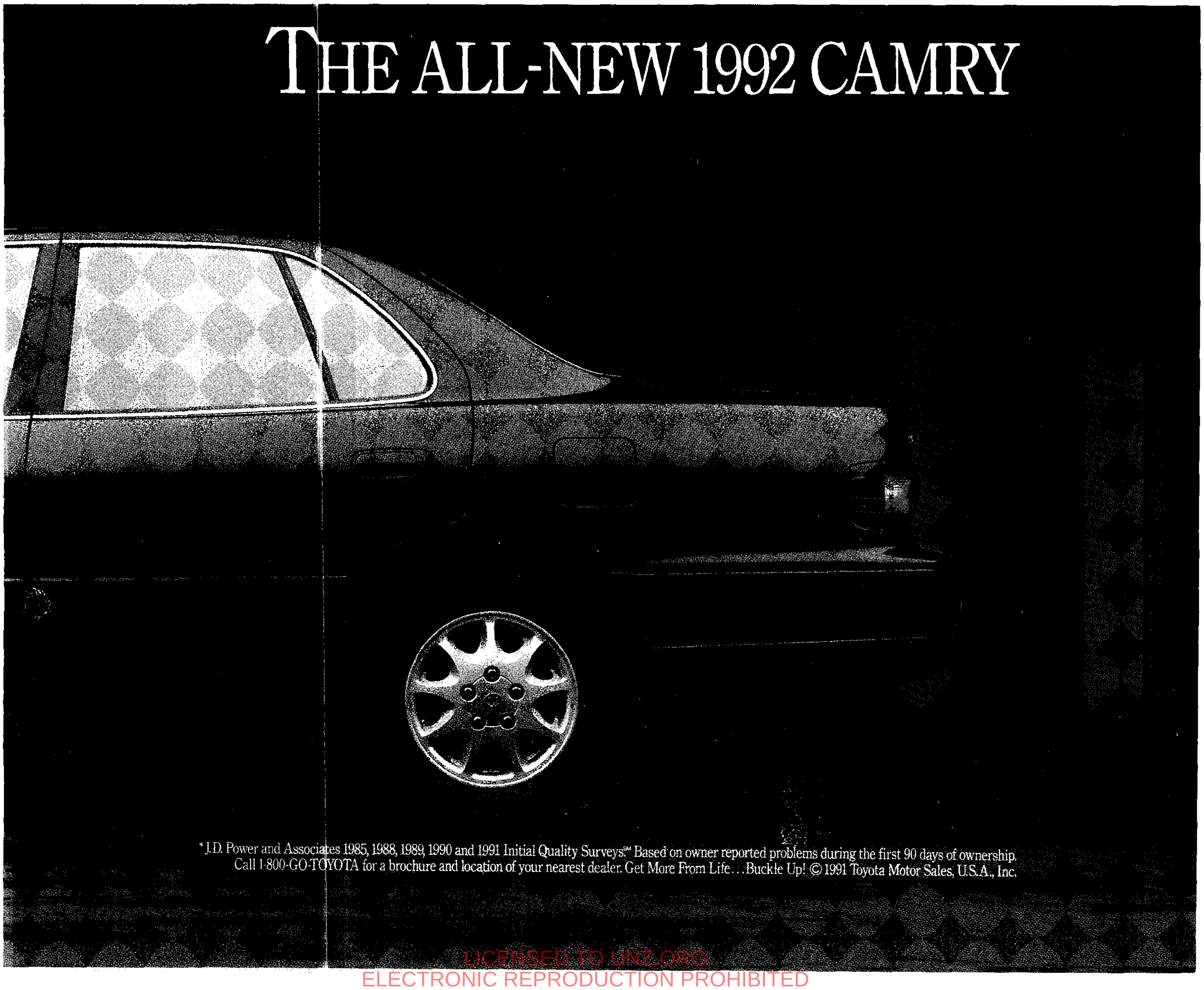
nerous portions." *Motor Trend*

eeds of all car buyers everywhere, the Camry would be the logical choice." *Motor Trend*

r and Associates

Power and Associates

EAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.



*J.D. Power and Associates 1985, 1988, 1989, 1990 and 1991 Initial Quality Surveys.℠ Based on owner reported problems during the first 90 days of ownership. Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a brochure and location of your nearest dealer. Get More From Life...Buckle Up! © 1991 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

RECEIVED
OCT 4 1991

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 30, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23

"POST-EUPHORIA" . . . . *Veronica Geng* 28

"COMMUNITY LIFE" . . . . *Lorrie Moore* 29

"NOTHING" (POEM) . . . . *William Logan* 32

A REPORTER AT LARGE (KUWAIT) . . . . *Milton Viorst* 37

"COUPLE" (POEM) . . . . *Eamon Grennan* 38

"TURNING" (POEM) . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 68

THE THEATRE . . . . *Mimi Kramer* 73

LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . *Julian Barnes* 74

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 82

ANNALS OF POETRY (ELIZABETH BISHOP AND BRAZIL) . . . . *Lloyd Schwartz* 85

COVER: *J. B. Handelsman*

DRAWINGS: *Stuart Leeds, Bernard Schoenbaum, Lee Lorenz, Al Ross, John O'Brien, Leo Cullum, J. P. Rini, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, Gahan Wilson, Mort Gerberg, Edward Sorel, Edward Koren, Danny Shanahan, J. B. Handelsman, Victoria Roberts, William Steig, William Hamilton, Jack Ziegler, Robert Mankoff*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager/cfo; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and associate publisher; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising office: 111 East Wacker Drive Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 1-11 Hay Hill, London, W1X7LF. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503 Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co.,Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVII, No. 32, September 30, 1991. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885. © 1991 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND LOGO AND THE VARIOUS TITLES AND HEADINGS HEREIN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS, INC. PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $56.00. Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

HOTELS

UNITED STATES

Austin

Boston

Chicago

Chicago
(Ritz-Carlton)

Houston

Houston
(Inn on the Park)

Los Angeles

New York
(The Pierre)

Newport Beach

Philadelphia

San Francisco

Seattle

Washington, D.C.

CANADA

Montreal

Toronto

Toronto
(Inn on the Park)

Vancouver

UNITED KINGDOM

London
(Inn on the Park)

RESORTS

Minaki, Canada

Nevis, W.I.

Dallas
(Las Colinas)

Maui
(Wailea)

Santa Barbara
(The Biltmore)

UNDER DEVELOPMENT

Tokyo

Carlsbad, California
(Aviara)

Singapore

For reservations, call your travel counselor, or in the U.S. call: (800) 332-3442; in Canada call: (800) 268-6282.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

MARLENE IS THE SOUL OF CONCERN. SHE CANNOT SLEEP WELL AT NIGHT UNLESS SHE IS CERTAIN YOU WILL.
© 1991 Four Seasons Hotels Ltd.
Marlene Wei
Housekeeper
Four Seasons Hotel
Chicago

Her radiant smile belies a steely determination — to transform your room into a haven of tranquility. With pillows the vay you like them, French-milled soaps, and stacks of thick bath towels, morning and night. Like her untiring colleagues who ress your jacket within the hour, polish your shoes overnight, and unfailingly take your phone messages, Marlene's mission is to enhance your personal comfort and, in turn, your professional efficiency the ollowing day. Which makes a Four Seasons Hotel the kind of investment you never lose sleep over.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

"OVER the years," writes Ginger Rogers in her informative new memoir, "Ginger: My Story," "myths were built up about my relationship with Fred Astaire. The general public thought he was a Svengali, who snapped his fingers for his little Trilby to obey; in their eyes, my career was his creation. It just so happens that when Fred and I came together for the first time in 'Flying Down to Rio,' it was his *second* film and my *twentieth*. While our union had a special kind of magic and produced a unique enchantment, it was not the be-all and end-all of my career." One can sympathize with Miss Rogers' remarks while, at the same time, wondering if she isn't somehow underestimating the value of a man who was even Balanchine's favorite dancer. Rogers seems almost not to understand that the public remains enamored of the partnership because it produced several of Hollywood's greatest movie musicals.

There's little chance that Steve Ross, who brings a musical tribute to Astaire—"Let Yourself Go"—to the 92nd Street Y on September 25, will bring the performer up short. For one night only, the cabaret singer will interpret more than forty songs, both familiar and recherché, associated with Astaire, and the attitude will be unequivocally adulatory. In fact, "Let Yourself Go," which ran this summer at the John Drew Theatre, in East Hampton, and may be headed for Broadway in an expanded version, opens with the announcement "Welcome to an all-playing, all-singing, non-dancing tribute to one of the great achievements in Western civilization, Mr. Fred Astaire."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Baby Dance—Linda Purl and Stephanie Zimbalist star in a new play by Jane Anderson. Previews begin Sept. 27. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Beau Jest—A comedy by James Sherman, which was originally done last year, in Chicago. Previews begin Oct. 2. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Bon Appétit!—Jean Stapleton in two short operas by Lee Hoiby. The first is a musical staging of Ruth Draper's monologue "The Italian Lesson"; the second is a setting of a Julia Child cooking lesson. Preview on Sept. 23. Opens Sept. 25 at 7. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Circle Repertory Company—The first play of the season is Timothy Mason's **BABYLON GARDENS.** Timothy Hutton and Mary-Louise Parker head the cast. Previews begin Sept. 25. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Finkel's Follies—A show billed as "a new American musical vaudeville," conceived by and starring Fyvush Finkel. In previews. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Folks Remembers a Missing Page—A play written and performed by James E. Gaines. Preview on Sept. 24. Opens Sept. 25 at 8. (Nat Horne, 440 W. 42nd St. 736-7185.)

Macbeth—Stephen McHattie stars in the Riverside Shakespeare Company's season opener. Preview on Sept. 25. Opens Sept. 26 at 8. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

On Borrowed Time—A revival of the 1938 play by Paul Osborn, with George C. Scott, who also directed, Nathan Lane, and Teresa Wright. In previews. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2			

Pushing Through—A play about Israeli and Palestinian women, written and directed by Shauna Kanter. Opens Sept. 24 at 8, and runs through Oct. 6. (Home for Contemporary Theatre and Art, 44 Walker St. 431-7434.)

The Real Live Brady Bunch—Episodes from the critically acclaimed TV series, reënacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. Previews Sept. 26-29. Opens Oct. 1 at 8, and runs through Dec. 8. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

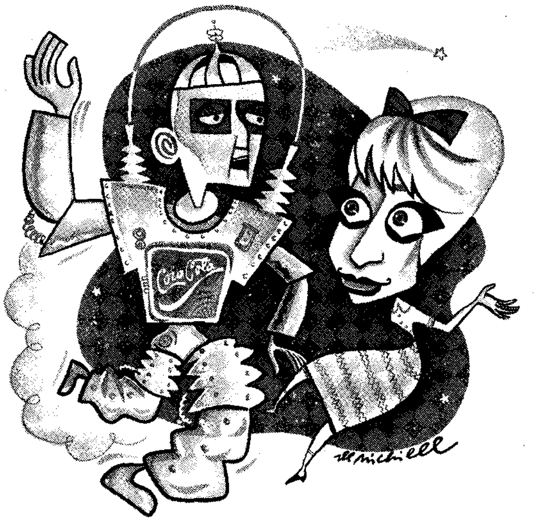
Return to the Forbidden Planet—A musical, imported from London, loosely based on the 1956 movie "Forbidden Planet." Bob Carlton directed and wrote the book, and the rock-and-roll score consists of fifties and sixties tunes. The cast includes Gabriel Barre, Julee Cruise, and Steve Steiner. Previews begin Sept. 27. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

York Theatre Company—The troupe opens its season with Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE,** in a translation by Richard Wilbur. Opens Sept. 27 at 8, and runs through Oct. 20. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)

Young Playwrights Festival—Presenting "Donut World," by Matthew Peterson; "Man at His Best," by Carlota Zimmerman; "Secrets to Square Dancing," by Denise Maher; and "I'm Not Stupid," by David Rodriguez. Previews through Oct. 1. Opens Oct. 2 at 8. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

And the World Goes 'Round: The Songs of Kander & Ebb—A musical revue, with Joel Blum, Bob Cuccioli, Karen Mason, Terry Burrell, and Karen Ziémba. Andrea Green substitutes for Ms. Ziémba in some performances. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)



Gabriel Barre and Julee Cruise in "Return to the Forbidden Planet"

Another Person Is a Foreign Country—A "site-specific" play by Charles L. Mee, Jr. Presented by En Garde Arts and directed by Anne Bogart. (Towers Courtyard, Central Park W. at 106th St. Closes Sept. 29. For information about tickets, call 274-8123.)

Body and Soul—John Jason and Tom Delling star in John Glines' gay romantic comedy. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 869-3530.)

Breaking Legs—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. and Joseph Mascolo and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Nicolas Surovy, and, above all, Susan Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Damon Runyon's Tales of Broadway—A show conceived and performed by John Martello. (Double Image, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

The Good Times Are Killing Me—The cartoonist Lynda Barry devised this memory play of words and pop tunes about a racially mixed neighborhood. At the heart of it is the friendship of two little girls, one white, the other black, who are delightfully portrayed by [illegible]gela Goethals and Chandra Wilson. The undercurrent of serious comment on race doesn't add much, but every humorous scene scores a bull's-eye. Mark Brokaw directed. The show was seen this spring at Second Stage. (5/6/91) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

The Jersey Girls—A play by Larry Manogue. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Closes Sept. 29.)

Lips Together, Teeth Apart—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Roxanne Hart, Anthony Heald, Jonathan Hadary, and Deborah Rush; directed by John Tillinger. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Lost in Yonkers—There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (3/11/91) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Miss Saigon—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

Pageant—A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

Penn & Teller Rot in Hell—Seen recently on the Great White Way, the dynamic duo are now performing their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

The Secret Garden—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

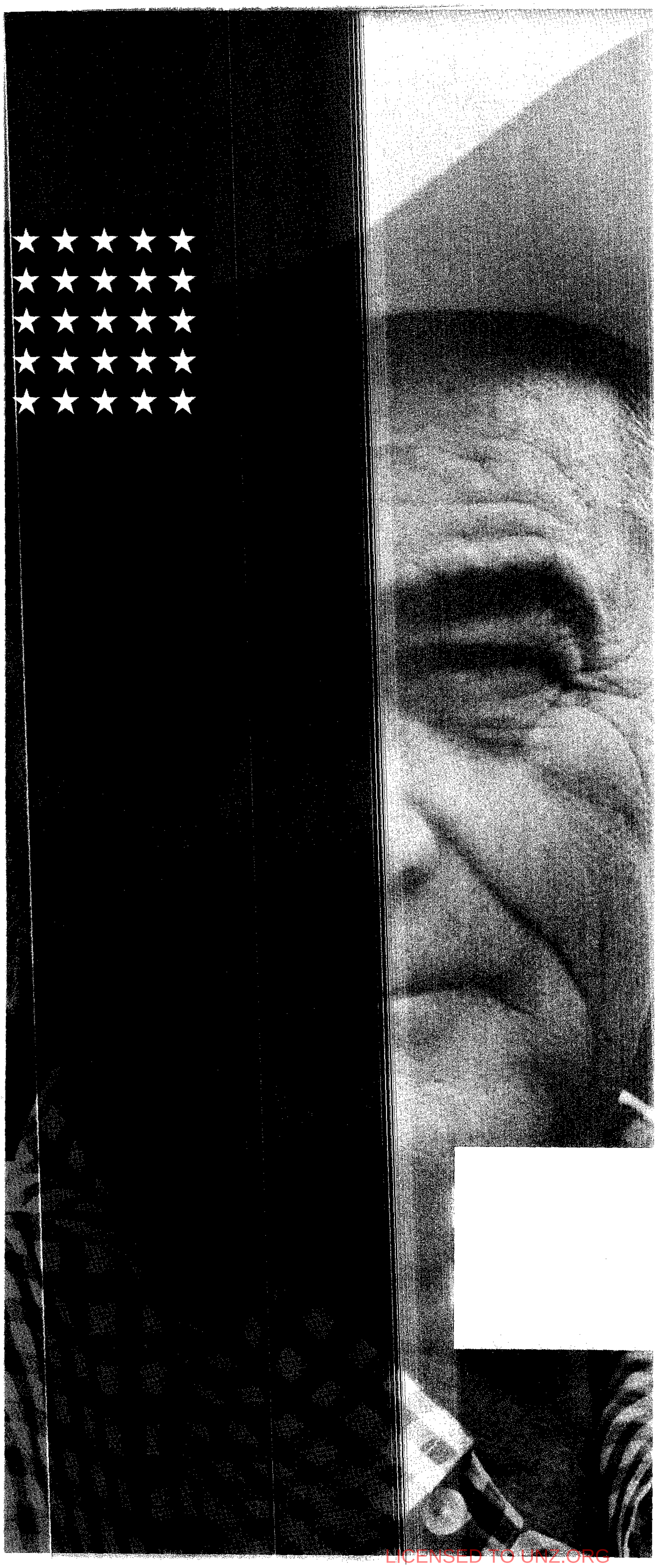
The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's play, presented by the Jean Cocteau Repertory. Craig Smith and Elise Stone lead the cast. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Song of Singapore—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Be[illegible]y) and the musical talent (led by the winsome and versatile Donna Murphy) cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

Tartuffe—Molière's comedy, in a translation by Donald M. Frame. With Martin LaPlatney, Joanne Camp, and Frank Geraci. Directed by Shepard Sobel. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love—A play by Brad Fraser. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

The Will Rogers Follies—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by



When the power failed.

Lyndon Johnson surely was one of the most powerful figures in all of American political history. Born poor in the Texas hill country, he ran for local offices until he had enough of a name to try for the Senate. He was elected, and quickly became known as a shrewd and almost unstoppable wheeler-dealer. He lived for power, more than one observer has said; and when he became President, he used his incredible energy to push through social legislation the likes of which had not been seen since Roosevelt: Headstart, Medicare, public housing, civil rights. But his increasing commitment of American forces to Vietnam in the face of widening disillusionment with the war brought him more failure than he could deal with. He left politics alone and powerless.

Watch *LBJ*, a special four-hour presentation of *The American Experience*, hosted by David McCullough.

The American Experience

Monday, September 30
& Tuesday, October 1
at 9 p.m. (ET) in most cities,
on public television.

Made possible
by Aetna.

Ætna

Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging, amusing Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991½:** This newly revised revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.). . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. *Hell*, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **ONCE ON THIS ISLAND:** An enchanting musical, set in the Caribbean, by Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright and the director Jerry Zaks. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. Kelly Bishop now has the lead. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

DANCE

"STOP! In the name of love," sang the Supremes. Who can forget it? And who can forget their gesture on the downbeat: the three willowy arms whisking up, hands flexed in prohibition, like so many traffic cops. Then, warmed by feeling, the hands would lose their starch, melt into buttery curls, and spiral downward on greased air. Looking back, one realizes that, of course, those gestures and steps that helped make young women look like goddesses while they sang like sirens must have been the work of an experienced choreographer. But not until we saw a new documentary about music video, "Everybody Dance Now" (to be televised October 2 by Great Performances on Channel 13), did we learn that the dance master behind this and many other smashing Motown performances was none other than Cholly Atkins—the tapper who, during the nineteen-fifties, joined up with Honi Coles to form one of the suavest dance partnerships of the time.

American Indian Dance Theatre

"Everybody Dance Now" is not really about live performance of the past; its subject proper is the dance element of MTV. And yet, in seeking to show how contemporary music video not only has borrowed from yesterday but has actually evolved from a discernible root—James Brown's electrifying, eccentric dance style—the film manages to present a fascinating story of postwar American popular culture. It also presents MTV's top choreographers and performers as men and women of ideas. Still, it is Michael Kidd, the veteran choreographer of Hollywood musicals of the fifties and sixties, who makes the most haunting point. In apparent response to a question about the differences between the film musical and the music video, Mr. Kidd notes that in most of the musicals that people now call "classic," the key dances tend to be, first and foremost, love stories involving characters whom the audience gets to know. Those dances sell continually updated images of romance. In music videos, the dances are first and foremost directed toward the same old goal: the selling of records.

SAN FRANCISCO BALLET—Opening performances of a one-week engagement. Oct. 1 at 7: The New York premières of "The Comfort Zone," "New Sleep," and "Handel–A Celebration.". . .¶ Oct. 2 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Aurora Polaris" (New York première), and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through Oct. 6.)

PILAR RIOJA—Classical Spanish dance. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Sept. 24-27 at 8, Sept. 28 at 3, and Sept. 29 at 7.)

AMERICAN INDIAN DANCE THEATRE—A troupe of twenty-five dancers and musicians. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Sept. 24-27 and Oct. 1-2 at 8; Sept. 28 at 2 and 8; and Sept. 29 at 2 and 7:30. Through Oct. 6.)

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—In a three-week engagement. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Sept. 24 at 7:30; Sept. 25-27 and Oct. 1-2 at 8; Sept. 28 at 2 and 8; and Sept. 29 at 3. Through Oct. 13.)

SUSAN HADLEY/BRADLEY SOWASH—A choreographer/composer team and their company of dancers present "Portraits in Blue." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Sept. 26-28 at 8 and Sept. 29 at 3.)

DENISHAWN REPERTORY DANCERS—In a program of works by Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and Doris Humphrey. Presented by the Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Sept. 26-29 at 8:30. For reservations, call 529-2318.)

NIGHT LIFE

THE double bill at the Marquee on September 26—House of Freaks and School of Fish—may sound like some kind of theme party (Collective Living Night, maybe?), but it's actually a pairing of two formidable alternative-rock bands. House of Freaks, the show's headliner, is a duo from Richmond, Virginia, consisting of guitarist-singer Bryan Harvey and drummer Johnny Hott. The pair, who recently released their major-label début, "Cakewalk," revel in dispensing with rock's formalities and foiling expectations. "Cakewalk" at times sounds like a goof album: the songs are loose and spontaneous; the musicians banter and carry on between tracks; the instrumentation includes such things as a banjo, tablas, and garbage-can lids. But much of the songwriting is solid, and the duo prove that they're well-versed in a number of styles: blues, rock, country, jazz, and a host of quirky regional sounds. The band's half-smirking, "let's try anything" approach brings to mind the Beatles' "White Album," while in other ways the group recalls Camper Van Beethoven or the Violent Femmes. More than anything, though, Harvey and Hott come off as inspired buskers, out to have a good time and shake up a few passersby.

School of Fish is a group that wears its influences on its sleeve. Based in Los Angeles, and hailing from various parts East and Midwest, the foursome doesn't try to hide its debt to the Sgt. Pepper's-era Beatles (there they are again), the Stones, and Jimi Hendrix, among others. Their self-titled big-league début has a dizzyingly heavy sound, featuring Josh Clayton-Felt's trippy vocals and a barrage of guitars that can give you a contact high. This kind of thing is in vogue, but the band also has an instinct for good melodies, and they avoid the paisley posturing of many of their style-conscious British counterparts. Of course, songs about angst and tortured relationships don't really lend themselves to flower-power image-making anyway. The group wisely lets the music be the message.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The Oak Room has finally awoken from its long summer sleep and is home to **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** as of Sept. 24. The jazz-pop singer has come up with an entirely new show since she was last seen here, in December—a tribute to Manhattan singers and songs called "Autumn in New York." Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—It's everything a cabaret should be: sleek, elegant, intimate. It also offers something that other cabarets do not: tapas, which come from the Spanish restaurant adjoining the club. **RAINIE COLE** is currently holding forth in "Always, Patsy Cline," which had quite a successful nine-month run at Don't Tell Mama some time ago. Cole (assisted by an ensemble directed by Stephen Bocchino) sings some of Cline's lesser-known material, as well as the late singer's classic "Crazy," "I Fall to Pieces," "Walking After Midnight," and "Sweet Dreams."

AT THE MALL

The rollerbladers who skim up and down the Dead Road, a curving drive that runs through the Central Park Mall (just south of the band shell), go through their motions with blank-faced abandon, oblivious of the activity on the other side of the chain-link fence all around them. Perhaps they'd brake for a look if they knew that for more than a year now, the Parks Department and the Central Park Conservancy have been restoring the area as nearly as possible to what Frederick Law Olmstead had in mind for it. At the very least, the environs, when the restoration is completed later this fall, will no longer call to mind "a dilapidated parking lot," to quote Jennifer Monahan, the resident engineer.

The project has been shaped largely by the need to protect the remaining elms in the Mall against the twin ravages of Dutch elm disease and encroaching asphalt. About a dozen of the trees now repose in six generously sized (a hundred feet by twenty-five feet) rectangular planting beds, surrounded by a ground cover of euonymus. (The soil, more than three thousand cubic yards of it, was carted in from Long Island, where the pH balance, clay content, and other pedological esoterica were found to be sufficiently beneficent.) Girdling the beds are newly fabricated benches, copied from photographs dating from the turn of the century. Their posts, made of black cast aluminum, resemble bishops culled from the chess sets of giants; their seats are slats of rot-resistant white oak, as are the backs, which are daintily decorated with hydraulically impressed florets. The finishing touch: four pink-granite Victorian urns, relocated to their original positions near the planting beds. All that's missing, in fact, is a replica of the Mall's first, long-vanished bandstand. What's become of it is a mystery, though it is known that it was gaily painted in such hues as pea-green and sky-blue.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? **TONY BENNETT** is in action Sept. 24-29. **CLEO LAINE** and **JOHN DANKWORTH** begin an engagement on Oct. 1. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. **LAURA NYRO** performs on Sept. 28 (at eight and eleven), followed by **HOLLY NEAR** on Sept. 29 (at seven-thirty and ten). Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. A trio led by pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** is here through Sept. 28. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BARBARA COOK** through Sept. 28. **KAREN AKERS,** whose new record, "Unchained Melodies," will be released this fall, takes over on Oct. 1. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, singer-pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** starts up on Oct. 1. Carroll's sets, which are usually equal parts jazz and cabaret, include songs by Gershwin, Cole Porter, Harold Arlen, Dizzy Gillespie, and Billy Strayhorn, along with some of her own material. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club, a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti, is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Music from nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—Feels like home—not yours, but somebody's. The restaurant-and-bar is a giant junk shop of a place, where the walls are filled with redneck iconography, where the waiters and waitresses scurry around with such things as chicken-fried steak, and where some jumpy young band or other is always stomping around onstage. **LOUP GAROU** will be here on Sept. 26; **TERRY GARLAND** comes in on Sept. 27; and **STYLIE** is here on Sept. 28.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **CASSANDRA WILSON** appears with a trio Sept. 24-29. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-and-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including **HAL SCHAEFER** (Sept. 25-28), **DAVE BERKMAN** (Sept. 29), and **RAHN BURTON** (Sept. 30).

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Pianist **GEOFF KEEZER** and bassist **DWAYNE BURNOT** work out Sept. 25-28. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **MICKEY BASS** begin a run on Oct. 2. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat house for the avant-garde. In some ways, the Knitting Factory doesn't really belong in New York: the cover charge is too reasonable, the management is too laid back, the audiences are too polite. It's a slice of post-collegiate counterculture that somehow landed on Houston Street. The Roy Nathanson quartet, with guests Jim Nolet and Anthony Coleman, perform on Sept. 24. Other events: **PAUL MOTIAN'S ELECTRIC BEBOP** Sept. 26-27; the **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET** on Sept. 28; New and Used, Dolores, and Her Vanished Grace on Sept. 30. Music after nine.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. The veteran Chicago singer-guitarist **MAGIC SLIM** appears on Sept. 26, with his band, the **TEARDROPS.** Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-thirty.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club, just off the West Side Highway, that is one of the city's main venues for college-radio fare. The **CONNELLS,** who'll be here on Sept. 25, are an earnest North Carolina guitar-pop combo who combine Southern rock, Heartland yearning, and a few courses from the U. of R.E.M. **HOUSE OF FREAKS** and **SCHOOL OF FISH** share a bill on Sept. 26.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose occasional Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. Non-filmmakers can usually be found onstage here the rest of the week, in a main dining room that strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. **MEL TORMÉ,** whose well-preserved, pop-jazz baritone can currently be heard here, was singing on the radio regularly by the age of four. Since then, he co-wrote that song about "Chesnuts roasting on an open fire"; he made his movie début, along with Sinatra, in "Higher and Higher"; and he penned a frank biography of Judy Garland, as well as his own autobiography, 1988's "It Wasn't All Velvet." One caveat: because Tormé can always bring 'em in, the club is so packed with tables that patrons barely have room to swivel their heads. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and eleven-fifteen; and Sundays at seven-thirty.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There you'll find expensive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, compete (on clear nights) with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. **JULIE WILSON,** who's here through Sept. 28, has been a celebrated figure on the cabaret scene since the nineteen-fifties. Onstage, she's a striking figure—thin, elegant, given to wearing boas and tucking a gardenia behind one ear. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steakhouse, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to Howie Wyeth's Ragtime Trio, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Show times vary.

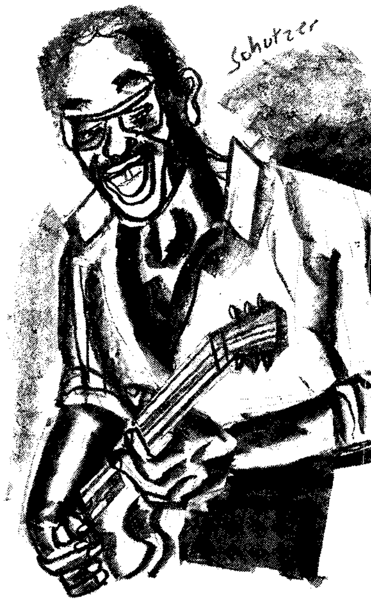
Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to "score." Last fall, after a long slumber, the Tea Room's small, red-gold-and-green cabaret reopened with a series of performances. **MARCIA LEWIS,** a singer and actress whose lengthy stage and TV credits include a role in the recent "Fiddler on the Roof" revival and a turn as a lady wrestler in "The Bionic Woman," will be here on Sept. 29. Shows at eight and ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif and one of the city's more international booking policies: Brazil,

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the places explored. **AVERAGE WHITE BAND,** the seventies funk outfit, will be here on Sept. 25. Other events: Pato Banton on Sept. 26, **TABOU COMBO** on Sept. 27, Loketo on Sept. 28, and Jerry Rivera on Sept. 30. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The **DON GROLNICK** quartet is here through Sept. 29; **OLIVER JONES** and **ED THIGPEN** will be performing with **RUFUS REID** as of Oct. 1. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.



Chuck Brown at Tramps

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A big, boisterous, Mardi Gras kind of place that serves up blues, rock, and zydeco. **CHUCK BROWN AND THE SOUL SEARCHERS,** with the **P-FUNK HORNS,** will be here Sept. 27-28. Music from eight on weeknights and from eight-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, wedge-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. The **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** quartet is here through Sept. 29; the **VINCENT HERRING** quintet starts up on Oct. 1. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. Warren Haynes and Alan Woody are here on Sept. 26; **BOP HARVEY** performs on Sept. 27; and blues singer **JOAN OSBORNE** comes in on Sept. 28. Music at ten.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** work out Sept. 23-28; pianist **PETE MALINVERNI,** bassist **DENNIS IRWIN,** and drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER** begin a stay on Sept. 30. Music from eight.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THE *invitation to Emporio Armani's* party for DIFFA promised that thirty per cent of all sales that evening would go to the AIDS-related charity. Nice thought. Here's hoping that the white-haired fabric maestro forked over some big bucks beforehand, because when eight hundred of the town's most hey-look-me-over and willfully fashion obsessed are swirling around you slinging back wine, ripping skewered beef, and nosing around to find out what everybody did and to whom this summer, you're gonna keep your skirt zipped. "I ain't trying on anything in front of this pack of Romans," declared one lady sporting a wispy waterfall of fake tendrils and fake lace, as she passed a coven of two fashion photographers, a model, an editor, a publisher, a designer, his actress alter ego, and a legendary special-projects editor. Her friend, wearing white-velvet overalls over a gauzy burgundy unitard, concurred, but for a different, much more practical reason. "Look how long it took me to get dressed."

So with the speakers turned up to way past white-noise levels, and with Susanne Bartsch's troupe of flamboyants, harlequins, and Pierrettes on hand to stir up a guest list most club promoters can only dream about, including lots of this-is-my-first-week-end-back-from-seaside-cabin-fever burnouts, Emporio staged the best start-of-the-season party ever held in a walk-in closet. Boy, was this crowd buzzing. Boy, was this crowd raving. Boy, was this crowd thirsty. The Emporio people were delighted. They wanted great press. They deservedly got it. Not to mention one potential new customer. For off in the corner, oblivious of the good-natured kiss-kiss-bang-bangers, was a small, well-dressed woman who evidently had arrived without any intention of plugging back into the circuit. She'd come with shopping on her agenda and that's what she was going to do. But nothing she tried on seemed to suit her, and each attempt ended with her shaking her head sadly. "She's not a happy girl," said a tall man in a silk-and-sheer shell. "Here, girl, take this," he called as he stripped the shell off over his head and sent it in her direction. He then yanked off a friend's vest, slipped into that, and sauntered away without even checking his beneficiary's reaction. "It's more her size than mine, anyway," he said.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Next Wave Festival—This year's version, which runs through Dec. 7, begins with performances of "Palermo, Palermo," by Pina Bausch Tanztheater Wuppertal. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Sept. 28 at 7, Sept. 29 at 3, and Sept. 30 and Oct. 2 at 8. Through Oct. 5.)

"Brace Up!"—A presentation by the Wooster Group, with music, video, and performance. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

P.S. 122—Sept. 26-27 at 8: Lisa Kotin presents a film, "The Fox," and a live performance, "Escape from Paradise." . . . ¶ Sept. 26-29 at 9: Jane Comfort and Company. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

THE two exhibitions currently on view at Salander-O'Reilly (20 East 79th Street; through October 5) make an elegant and interesting pair. "David Smith: Works on Paper, 1953-61" and "A. R. Penck: Paintings, 1982-90" at first even suggest a certain twinship. The Smith drawings are quick and graphic. So are the Pencks. The Smith drawings consist of black, brushy movements against white. Many of the Penck paintings are also black-and-white (or brown-and-white, or gray-and-white), and even those with bright colors seem essentially monochromatic—rather the way that Keith Haring's works do. But Smith and Penck couldn't be more different. Where Smith's lines are improvisational—associative, to be sure, but nonreferential and decidedly "free" in the venerable bohemian sense—Penck's are a private pictographic code, almost a linguistic system.

Penck, who was born Ralf Winkler in 1939 in what would become East Germany, came of age artistically during the sixties and soon adopted the "allover" style pioneered by artists of Smith's generation—a look that was virtually synonymous with America, and was thus subversive for an artist of Penck's age in the East. (Penck moved to the West in 1980 and today lives in Germany and in Ireland.) While many of his signifiers have by now of course been preëmpted, Penck's pictorial language nonetheless remains the same. One handsome 1990 painting titled "Io e Petra a Nord" ("Me and Petra to the North") includes the arcadian image of a latter-day Adam and Eve, forcefully inflected with emerald-green strokes, along with a whole new kind of message: that Penck may be our new Jean Dubuffet.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Seurat." A centenary exhibition of more than two hundred paintings and drawings by the Pointillist. Starts Sept. 24. . . . ¶ "Neo-Impressionism: *The Friends and Followers* of Georges Seurat," best taken as a kind of appetizer before the main course, consists of eighty-eight paintings, and watercolors by such artists as Paul Signac, Camille Pissarro, and Henri Matisse. . . . ¶ The exhibition of the Annenberg Collection begins with some exquisite small works by Fantin-Latour, followed by two rooms, devoted to Monet, van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne, that include some of the collection's finest works, such as Monet's "Poppy Field, Argenteuil" (1875), Gauguin's "The Siesta" (1892-94), and Cézanne's "The House with the Cracked Walls" (1892-94). Farther on are some very good early-twentieth-century works, including Picasso's haunting "At the Lapin Agile" (1905), an important but somewhat overwrought Vuillard, a beautiful Matisse, and a very pretty Bonnard. Through Oct. 13. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden, planted with nine sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. Through Oct. 27. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort" explores the contemporary photographer's supposed preoccupation with the life of the home. Included are more than a hundred-and-fifty works by such artists as Nan Goldin, William Eggleston, Cindy Sherman, and Tina Barney. Starts Sept. 26. . . . ¶ An exhibition

© 1979 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

In just two minutes, this man's face is going to look terrific.

face
scrub
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES
FOR MEN

He'll look bright. Brisk. Rested. Ready to start a good day.

Because his face got a brand new start. With Clinique's Face Scrub.

Face Scrub is a tube of fine grains in a non-greasy base. A small amount, rubbed into wet skin, clears away the skin's daily trash: Dead skin cells. Flakes. Excessive oil. Grime.

Face Scrub is the quick dependable way to revive a man's looks. To give his face a younger-looking freshness.

Like all Clinique, Face Scrub is allergy tested, 100% fragrance free. Find it—along with a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Face Scrub. You'll look good as new again. In just two minutes.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

ART—Cont'd

of works by Guillermo Kuitca—including house plans, paintings of beds, and road maps painted on mattresses—is the latest in the "Projects" series. Through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ "Nudes," a show of fifty photographs by Lee Friedlander taken over the past twelve years. Through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Forty helmets and masks made in the twentieth century. Through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ A small show of videotapes made with inexpensive video equipment by such artists as William Wegman, Linda Montano, George Kuchar, and Sadie Benning. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until early 1992.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.— Among the punchiest and freshest-looking paintings in "American Life in American Art" are Paul Cadmus's flamboyantly tawdry "Sailors and Floosies" (1938); Grant Wood's subtly colored triptych "Study for Breaking the Prairie" (1935-39); and George Tooker's creepy and hilarious "The Subway" (1950). . . . ¶ A retrospective of John Baldessari's work that has been organized into eight loosely chronological, didactically labelled rooms. Through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of the long-neglected decorative artist Hunt Diederich (1884-1953). Through Sept. 29. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A thirty-foot-long platform of forged-iron sculptures is the fifteenth installment in Alain Kirili's "Commandment" series. . . . ¶ "Quattrocento," a small exhibition of a few dozen early-Renaissance panel paintings from Italy, shows off another of the many fine corners of the museum's vast collection. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright: Preserving an Architectural Heritage" is a show of more than seventy pieces of furniture, art-glass windows, lights, and other decorative objects spanning sixty years of the artist's career. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Friday evenings until 8.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of more than a hundred and twenty-five books, posters, prints, and drawings by a little-known fin-de-siècle group called Les Incohérents. Through Nov. 23. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The French children's-book character Babar the Elephant travels to New York in the form of more than a hundred drawings and watercolors by Jean de Brunhoff, the character's creator, and his son Laurent, who has continued the stories. Through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ In the exhibition "Illustrating Nature: The Art of Botany," the New York Botanical Garden's collection is represented by ninety-five watercolors, pen-and-ink drawings, books, and dried plant specimens. Through Oct. 20. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"The Interrupted Life" is about that most permanent of interruptions, death. Forty-two artists have contributed work in all mediums. Among those represented are David Wojnarowicz, Sarah Charlesworth, Donald Moffett, and Kiki Smith. Through Dec. 29. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Forty watercolors of New York and New Jersey landscapes by William Rickarby Miller (1818-93). Through Nov. 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—Fifty photographs, by Reginald Marsh, that depict New York's subways and Coney Island, and that were used by the artist as studies for his better-known paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ A small show of paintings and works on paper—all of them diptychs—by Candida Alvarez. Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Christian Boltanski's mixed-media installation "Les Bougies" ("The Candles") incorporates metal, light fixtures, and mounted photographs. Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ "Sylvia Plachy's Unguided Tour" is a collection of a hundred and twenty-five of the photographer's works taken over the past twenty-five years. Through Nov. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Georges Rouault (1871-1958)—No sad clowns here, just some of that old-time religion: a lavish portfolio of prints titled "Miserere" (completed 1948), along with a roomful of paintings, some quite beautiful. Revisionism clearly knows no bounds if Rouault, one of this century's great purveyors of P. & B. (that's pathos and bathos), is looking fresh again. And he is. Through Sept. 28. (Elysium, 28 E. 78th St.)

Short List—gretchen dow simpson, Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. (through Oct. 12); **don van vliet,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through Oct. 26).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Joan Brown (1938-90)—Joan Brown was an important presence within the figurative tradition of the San Francisco Bay area for thirty years. This exhibition includes a smattering of paintings and drawings from her last two decades. All the works are autobiographical, and the high point here is a group of large paintings, from the seventies, emanating from the artist's seminal "Alcatraz Swim" series, that reflect an obsession with long-distance swimming. In them Brown makes use of Matissean expanses of solid color: bright orange, red, and pink tones, accented by an occasional deep blue. Each painting depicts the artist herself and each also contains a scene within a scene—either a painting within the painting or a view through a window of the San Francisco Bay or a nearby pool. Many of the scenes are marked by an almost overwhelming calm, as if they were painted in the endorphin-rich minutes following an hour of laps. Through Oct. 23. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Photographer Sandy Skoglund

Al Held / John McLaughlin (1898-1976)—The Held works here, each of which consists of geometric forms all having different vanishing points, seem to be examinations of rationalism turned against itself. These new pieces—large and small watercolors, most displayed without glass, as if they were oil paintings—are far less seductive than his past work, but in several ways they are more haunting. Sometimes the geometric forms are compartmentalized, like early-Renaissance paintings, but despite the evident inspiration of Italian painting (the show is titled "The Italian Watercolors") the overriding emotion here is a profoundly Düreresque melancholia. Through Oct. 16. / The renewed interest in minimalism over the past few years has focussed more on sculpture than on painting, but these paintings, made between 1951 and 1975, have a number of contemporary characteristics. Unlike his minimalist peers, McLaughlin tended toward work that is modest in scale, which at times links him as much to the Constructivists—and, oddly, to Josef Albers—as to those peers. The most illuminating aspect of this show, however, is the similarity between several modestly compelling black-and-white canvases from the early sixties and more recent, cell-like paintings by Peter Halley. Through Oct. 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Donald Judd—This is a rich show, with many different kinds of new sculptures, from floor pieces to wall pieces, made of all the familiar Judd materials—wood, Plexiglas, anodized aluminum, and Corten steel. What comes across most strongly is the sensuousness of these materials. In works consisting of several units, Judd combines the deep-red rust of Corten steel with yellow enamel paint, or satiny Douglas fir with midnight-blue and oxide-red Plexiglas. Every one of these works is gorgeous, yet the exhibition as a whole feels more like a browser's catalogue come to life than like the kind of accumulative installation at which the artist excels—groupings in which the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Through Oct. 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Short List—thomas bang, Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through Sept. 28); **robert barry,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 12); **leonard baskin,** Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Oct. 26); **byron browne,** Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 26); **john button,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 5); **john steuart curry,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through Sept. 28); **philip guston,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Oct. 19); **stephanie kirschen-cole,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Sept. 26); **george negroponte,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 3); **man ray,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 12); **bettina werner,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 12).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Barbara Bloom—This artist's current installation, titled "The Tip of the Iceberg," reaches from the ocean floor to outer space in a critique of consumer culture and our relationship to junk. It includes such things as a table heaped with replicas of the china used on the Titanic and a cupola surrounded by a porthole frieze festooned with duplicates of some of the things that have been accidentally left behind in outer space by various teams of astronauts. Accompanying the installation are three bound books: a volume listing in vague detail each of the thousands of pieces of junk left free-floating in space; an account of the sinking of the Titanic and the subsequent rescue; and a list of names of all the stars that have been "adopted" through the International Star Registry. Through Oct. 12. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Gandy Brodie (1925-75)—A strong show of crusty, many-layered painter's paintings with various recurring images—a flower, a diagonal ridge. Through Oct. 12. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

James O. Clark—Evocative assemblages, made of battered, discarded materials, that incorporate light in various ways. The most appealing work consists of a squiggle of yellow argon light floating in a helium balloon. Through Oct. 5. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Petah Coyne—In the main gallery here are three large, powerful sculptures, suspended from the ceiling, which all combine a child's sense of wonder with a profound sense of horror. The works are made of ravelled and fragmented chicken wire, and each is a somewhat sexual, somewhat menacing black organic form with a tattered skirt of silver. The works are resolute and incomplete, and, even though they hang untethered, they are about stillness. Through Oct. 12. (Shainman, 560 Broadway. . . . ¶ Four more of Coyne's suspended sculptures can be seen at Brown, 23 Watts St., through Oct. 19.)

Tom Friedman / Marc Romano—A fresh, somewhat magical exhibition of sculptures that includes a large ball of bubble gum shoved into a corner at mouth level, a rectangle of blue gel toothpaste, and a mound of cottony pillow stuffing that looks as if it might float away. / Paintings of semi-abstract nature scenes—trees and fields of green—that are made up not of brushstrokes but of repeated multicolored signatures. Through Sept. 28. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

Gilbert & George—A re-creation of the duo's 1971 exhibition, which included "The Singing Sculpture" and a series of drawings titled "The General Jungle." The former can be witnessed from 3 to 6 P.M., through September 28. Through Oct. 12. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Nancy Grossman—This artist was quite prominent through the seventies, when her S. & M. carved heads in seamed-and-zippered-leather bondage masks were high-cult items. These icons of sexual license—old ones as well as recent ones—are included in this show, but they are only one part of Grossman's œuvre. Her work—sculptures, combines, collages, and reliefs, mostly made up of such stuff as distressed leather, shoe parts, and lacings—derived from Abstract Expressionism, from European *Nouveau Réalisme*, and from certain hybrids of these two strains, which slightly preceded Grossman's mid-sixties beginnings. The show looks wonderful—at once a period piece and as fresh as a daisy. Through Oct. 12. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

David Kapp—Traffic in the city is the theme, and perhaps the governing metaphor, of these big, old-fashioned, impastoed, semi-abstract canvases. Kapp's technique is impressive—positively magisterial—and the atmosphere in these works is elegiac. They're just not all that individual. Through Oct. 5. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

Kirsten Mosher—An installation that consists of a black plastic tube, wide enough to crawl through, that stretches across the third floor gallery, leads out a window, swoops down and back up the building's façade, reënters through another third-floor window, and rails back across the floor. This gangly work shows a curious nostalgia for the seventies without demonstrating any identifiable knowledge of the art of that time. It is accompanied by a jumpy videotape Mosher made by walking around the block the gallery is situated on. The camera was only turned on while rounding the corners, and it is pointed constantly curbward. Through Oct. 5. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Zero Mostel (1915-77) **and Tobias Mostel**—Zero Mostel, one of America's foremost comic actors and the original Tevye, also tried his hand at painting; his son is a painter, too. Zero's paintings are a derivative cross between the magical Surrealism of Marc Chagall and the fractured social realism of Jack Levine. Tobias, on the other hand, seems to divide his time between cartoonish soft-core-porn pastels and large ceramic towers with prurient painted scenes that are oversexed versions of famous art-historical nudes. Father seems to have taken his art seriously; son—not. Through Oct. 5. (Bustamante, 560 Broadway.)

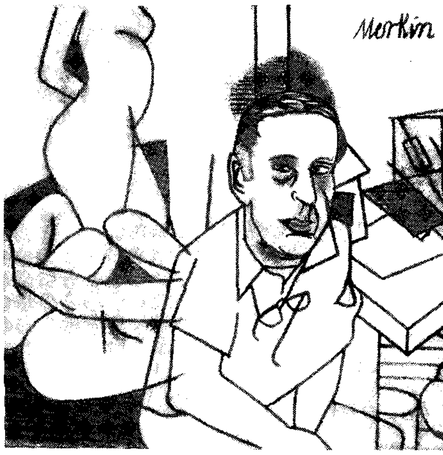
Jim Nutt—Gloriously luminous portraits of women by the grand master of the freaky figuration associated with Chicago's Hairy Who group. In another life Nutt could have been a manuscript illuminator, but here he focusses his delicate brush and fine pen point on a particularly fanciful series of architectonic hairdos. These are not the tortured and tortuous women of the artist's past—temptresses who seemed to have lewd appendages in the oddest locations—but strong women who have obviously made it through some tough living. Through Oct. 7. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Adam Rolston—In an attempt to defuse the controversy over condom dissemination, Rolston has turned the gallery into a warehouse for a thousand homemade Trojan-condom boxes—an overt reference to Warhol's Brillo-box sculptures. The boxes are on sale for twenty dollars apiece. Through Oct 5. (Wessel O'Connor, 580 Broadway.)

Sarah Seager—The artist has taken essentially abstract and dull painted surfaces—large taffy-white canvases with occasional faint pools of yellowed enamel—and imposed on them a poetic, fantasy-filled mapping system whereby the slightly raised pools of paint become fictive land masses. Through Oct. 12. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Jim Shaw—A show of the artist's extensive collection of paintings bought in thrift stores—everything from portraits of clowns and pets to a depiction of a roll of bathroom tissue. Shaw doesn't attempt to encyclopedically document "amateur" painting—he has an overriding taste for the surreal. Although he doesn't seem to be suggesting that these works are on a par with those of "professionals," many of the paintings do passively indict the quality of much art deemed valuable. There are hours of pleasure here, and the artist's idiosyncratic taste might offer a few lessons to the collector who is interested only in the best by the greatest. Through Oct. 12. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Alan Sonfist—A while back Sonfist made "Time Landscape," a forest of actual pre-Colonial-type vegetation at the corner of LaGuardia and Houston; it remains one of New York's most compelling public-art works. But his art of the past few years, as this exhibition of works in various mediums demonstrates, is disturbingly mute and seems victimized by its own earnestness. Through Oct. 12. (LedisFlam, 584 Broadway.)



Lee Friedlander at MOMA

Krzysztof Wodiczko—The artist has worked closely with New York's homeless for several years, and the centerpiece of this show is a wheeled vehicle designed for them, which can be configured in three different ways so that it can be walked, ridden, and slept in. He has dubbed his vehicle "Poliscar," an evocation of the Greek word "polis," meaning city-state, and the phrase "police state." While the Poliscar is not as visually arresting as the artist's public light projections, the show includes a number of drawings of Poliscars that convey a dramatic sense of public confrontation. Through Oct. 5. (Baer, 476 Broome St. Open Wednesdays until 8.)

Erwin Wurm—A series of sculptures. The work includes various articles of clothing stretched over hidden forms; two blankets displayed as if they were levitating; and a vitrine whose patterns of dust suggest that an object which sat there for some time has been removed. Everything rather academically illustrates issues of absence and presence. Through Oct. 12. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

Group Shows—Two shows demonstrate the season's most novel and provoking marketing strategy: put things together that don't fit, do it with verve, and say "Let's see them make sense out of *this*." At **American Fine Arts**, 40 Wooster St.: One work each by Vito Acconci, Jeff Koons, and Joel Shapiro. Through Oct. 12. (Open Wednesdays until 8.). . . **Hearn**, 39 Wooster St.: One work each by Larry Bell, Larry Poons, and Richard Prince. Through Oct. 5.

Short List—**Mary Beyt**, Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (open Wednesdays until 8, through Oct. 5); **Mel Bochner**, SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St. (through Oct. 19); **Bernard Chaet**, Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 12); **Piero Gilardi**, Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through Oct. 12); **Jene Highstein**, Klein, 594 Broadway (through Nov. 9); **Brian Kazlov**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through Oct. 5); **Harry Kramer**, Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 26); **Arnold Mesches**, Donahue, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 12); **Don Pollack**, Cutler, 164 Mercer St. (through Sept. 26); **Juliao Sarmento**, Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 12); **Harold Shapinsky**, Helander, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 5); **Nancy Shaver**, Marcus, 578 Broadway (through Oct. 12); **Ursula von Rydingsvärd**, Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway (through Oct. 26); **Rémy Zaugg**, Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (open Wednesdays until 8, through Oct. 9).

PHOTOGRAPHY

A PHOTOGRAPHIC "happening" we witnessed recently was the flashiest event we've ever attended. From the minute Elizabeth Taylor walked onto the stage of the Terrace Room at the Plaza Hotel cameras started popping, and they didn't stop until she left, an hour later. The occasion was a press conference for the launch of Taylor's new perfume, White Diamonds, and it was a feat of publicity, control, and seduction. But more than that, Taylor's appearance was a dramatic illustration of the hunger our culture has for pictures of her. It seemed as if not a second went by when she wasn't being photographed, although most of the time she was just sitting behind a table in basically the same pose. It didn't seem to bother the press photographers that they were all getting the same picture—they just kept shooting. There was more variety when it came to what was said; here, Taylor's freedom to reply "none of your business" was notable. That answer was usually provoked by questions having to do not with her perfume but with her fiancé, Larry Fortensky. For some, the peak of the hour came when Fortensky was brought out for a final orgy of pictures. But for us the apex was something Taylor herself said about all the non-stop clicking and flashing. "I only have one face," she tossed off matter-of-factly.

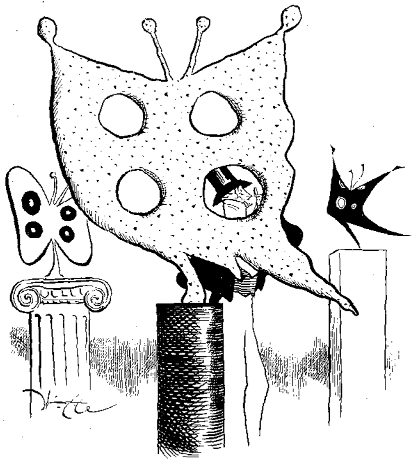
Lee Friedlander—Fifty nudes taken over the past twelve years. Through Oct. 8. (Museum of Modern Art.)

David Graham / E. J. Bellocq (1873-1949)—This show captures the "bigger the better" side of the American tradition. Graham's photographs of a restaurant shaped like a giant burger (sesame seeds and all), a house that looks like a shoe, and a roadside stand topped by a humongous doughnut are all uncondescending celebrations of American entrepreneurship. / Large-format portraits, taken around 1912, of New Orleans' Storyville prostitutes. Both shows through Oct. 5. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Short List—**Robert Capa**, International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through Nov. 17); **Henri Cartier-Bresson**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 19); **Lynn Davis**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 12); **Patrick Faigenbaum**, Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through Oct. 12); **Sandi Fellman**, Baum, 588 Broadway (through Oct. 12); **Andreas Gursky**, 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. (through Oct. 12); **Annie Leibovitz**, International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8, through Dec. 1); **David Levinthal**, Borden, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 5); **Jim Long**, Wessel O'Connor, 580 Broadway (through Oct. 5); **Mary Ellen Mark**, Castelli Graphics, 578 Broadway (through Oct. 19), and International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8, through Nov. 17); **David Salle**, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 12); **Sandy Skoglund**, P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through Sept. 28); **Joel Sternfeld**, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 19); **Jerry Uelsmann**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (open Wednesdays until 8, through Oct. 19); **Oliver Wasow**, Baer, 476 Broome St. (open Wednesdays until 8, through Oct. 5).

MUSIC

THEATRE orchestras—pit bands of twenty, forty, sixty players who provide incidental music and entr'actes for spoken dramas—are economically unthinkable today; the body of music composed for them by Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Bizet, Tchaikovsky, and their contemporaries, if it is not to lie forgotten on the shelf, must fall into the province of our symphony orchestras. A lot of the best theatre music has in fact established itself in the concert repertoire in the form of concert suites. But, of course, musicians who study the works tend to search out the original plays and read them, only to find themselves frustrated at the idea of having to present the music out of its theatrical context. So compromise solutions are devised, usually involving a narrator or a small group of actors on the concert stage. This can be fun. It can also be embarrassing; we have been to versions of "Egmont" that made us cringe for Goethe. Kurt Masur and the New York Philharmonic scored a success, by most reports, with their summertime version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," on Long Island. Now, at Avery Fisher Hall, they are about to take on a trickier project, Grieg's music for Ibsen's "Peer Gynt."



We have known parts of "Peer Gynt"—story and music—since sometime in the fourth grade, when "Anitra's Dance" and "In the Hall of the Mountain King" were highlights, along with the "Toreador Song" and the "1812 Overture," of a music-appreciation course. But it has not worn well with us, nor with the world at large. Part of the problem, perhaps, is that Ibsen seems a close observer of character and a progressive, while Grieg has come to be seen as rather safe, tame, limited. The composer himself seems to have felt something other than full affinity with the drama. He frequently protested against it in letters to his colleagues, saying that he had agreed to do it only for the money (Ibsen had invited him), that the play was "filled with a mixture of witticism and bile from beginning to end, but it will never engage my sympathy," that it was the "most unmusical of subjects," and so on. (We note with dejection that he thought his music for the Mountain King "absolutely reeks of cow pies, exaggerated Norwegian nationalism and trollish self-sufficiency!")

Nonetheless, some of "Peer Gynt," which was first performed in 1876, still seems beautiful, if hardly dramatic; perhaps Mr. Masur can help us believe in the dramatic qualities, too.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7800.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will run through April 18. To celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary at Lincoln Center, the company presents staged acts from three operas: Act III of "Rigoletto" (with Cheryl Studer, Birgitta Svendén, Luciano Pavarotti, Leo Nucci, and Nicolai Ghiaurov); Act III of "Otello" (with Mirella Freni, Placido Domingo, and Justino Díaz); and Act II of "Die Fledermaus" (with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Kilduff, Anne Sofie von Otter, Hermann Prey, and—as is traditional in galas—a succession of surprise guests to sing songs at Prince Orlofsky's merry gathering). Conducted by James Levine. (Sept. 23 at 7.). . . **DON GIOVANNI,** with Carolyn James, Judith Forst, Ruth Ann Swenson, Stanford Olsen, Ferruccio Furlanetto, Timothy Noble, Julien Robbins, and Dimitri Kavrakos; James Levine. (Sept. 24 and Sept. 27 at 8.). . . **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,** with Leona Mitchell, Sumi Jo, Stefania Toczyska, Peter Dvorsky, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. (Sept. 25 and Sept. 28 at 8.). . . With Leona Mitchell, Sumi Jo, Stefania Toczyska, Peter Dvorsky, and Juan Pons; Thomas Fulton. (Oct. 1 at 8.). . . **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,** with Dawn Upshaw, Ruth Welting, Jerry Hadley, Mikael Melbye, and a bass to be announced; James Levine. (Sept. 26 and Sept. 30 at 8.). . . **IDOMENEO,** with Cheryl Studer, Hei-Kyung Hong, Anne Sofie von Otter, and Anthony Rolfe Johnson; James Levine. (Sept. 28 at 1:30 and Oct. 2 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

New York City Opera—**LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,** with Elizabeth Hynes, Maureen O'Flynn, Kathryn Gamberoni, Dean Peterson, and William Stone; conducted by Scott Bergeson. (Sept. 25 at 8 and Sept. 29 at 2.). . . **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA,** with Michele McBride, Joanna Glushak, Susanne Marsee, John Fiorito, John Leslie Wolfe, Brian Quinn, and Arthur Rubin; Chris Nance. (Sept. 26 at 8.). . . **MADAME BUTTERFLY,** with Eva Zseller, Susanne Marsee, Rick Moon, and William Stone; Chris Nance. (Sept. 27 at 8.). . . **DIE TOTE STADT,** a revival of the early masterpiece by the precocious Erich Wolfgang Korngold. (He wrote it at the age of twenty, long before leaving Vienna for Hollywood, where he would compose scores for such films as "The Sea Hawk," "The Sea Wolf," and "King's Row.") With Stephanie Sundine, Robynne Redmon, John Absalom, and Richard Byrne; George Manahan. (Sept. 28 at 2 and Oct. 2 at 8.). . . **LES PÊCHEURS DE PERLES,** with Gail Dobish, John Fowler, Patryk Wroblewski, and Matthew Lau; Mark Gibson. (Sept. 28 and Oct. 1 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Sept. 24 at 8: Leonard Slatkin conducts three symphonies: Walton's First, Barber's First, and Haydn's Sixtieth. . . .¶ Sept. 26 and Sept. 28 at 8, Sept. 27 at 11 A.M., and Oct. 1 at 7:30: Kurt Masur conducts Bach's Cantata No. 202 (the wedding cantata "Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten," with soprano Edith Wiens), and Grieg's incidental music to "Peer Gynt" (featuring the New York Choral Artists). Bellina Logan and Len Cariou will read portions of Ibsen's text in the Grieg.

Saito Kinen Orchestra—In the opening concert of Carnegie Hall's second century, Seiji Ozawa conducts the Japanese orchestra (founded in 1984 as an ensemble of students and colleagues of the late music educator Hideo Saito) in a Mozart divertimento, Bartók's First Violin Concerto (with soloist Isaac Stern), and Brahms' Second Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 24 at 7:30.)

Juilliard Symphony—Otto-Werner Mueller conducts a Rossini overture, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (featuring Susan Kim). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Sept. 27 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Manhattan School of Music Symphony Orchestra—Leonard Slatkin conducts Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," in an orchestration by Leo Funtek. In creating his instrumentation, Funtek (who was born in Slovenia, was educated in Leipzig, and spent most of his professional life in Finland) returned to the original Viktor Alexandrovich Hartmann drawings and watercolors that had inspired Mussorgsky's piano classic, yielding a reading that is intensely atmospheric, if less colorful than Ravel's better-known version. The program is rounded out with Stravinsky's 1919 version of "Firebird" and Rachmaninoff's First Piano Concerto (with Jung Wong Gin), both conducted by Glen Cortese. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sept. 27 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Junge Deutsche Philharmonie—Michael Gielen conducts the Frankfurt-based youth orchestra in the "Symphony in One Movement" by Bernd Alois Zimmermann, Schubert's Ninth Symphony, and Brahms' Double Concerto, with violinist Christian Tetzlaff and cellist Yo-Yo Ma. (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 30 at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti directs two works of mournful mien: Petrassi's "Coro di Morti" and Mozart's Requiem; with soprano Arleen Auger, mezzo-soprano Susanne Mentzer, tenor Jozef Kundlak, bass Simon Estes, and the Westminster Symphonic Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 1 at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—James DePreist, conductor of the Oregon Symphony, leads Mahler's Ninth Symphony and Mozart's Piano Concerto in E-Flat, K. 482 (with a student pianist to be announced). (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 2 at 8.)

RECITALS

Four Nations Ensemble—The period-instrument players embark on a season-long "musical grand tour" of Europe, with their first stop being Paris (later "visits" will feature Vienna, Leipzig, and Madrid). In this concert, harpsichordist Andrew Appel performs solo works by two Couperins (Louis and his nephew François, "le Grand") and Rameau. Violinist Ryan Brown assists him in a sonata by Jean-Joseph Cassëa de Mondonville, and cellist Loretta O'Sullivan joins both for a trio by Johann Schobert. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sept. 25 at 8.). . . **NOTE:** On Sept. 24 at 8, also at Merkin Concert Hall, Mr. Appel will be joined by harpsichordist James Richman and harpsichord builders Willard Martin and John Koster to discuss and demonstrate the instrument.

Gina Bachauer Competition Winners—The three winners of Juilliard's most recent Gina Bachauer International Piano Scholarship Competition share a recital, each focussing on a discrete area of the piano's repertoire. Myra Choi (from California) performs the "Roman Sketches" of the American Impressionist Charles Tomlinson Griffes; Avner Arad (from Israel) turns to stalwart classics by Mozart and Chopin; and Adrian Oetiker (from Switzerland) goes Russian, playing Scriabin's Second Sonata and works by Rachmaninoff and Prokofiev. (Paul Recital Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. Sept. 25 at 9. No tickets necessary.)

Bargemusic—Presenting chamber music by Schubert, Brahms, Dvořák, and György Ligeti. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Sept. 26 at 7:30 and Sept. 29 at 4.)

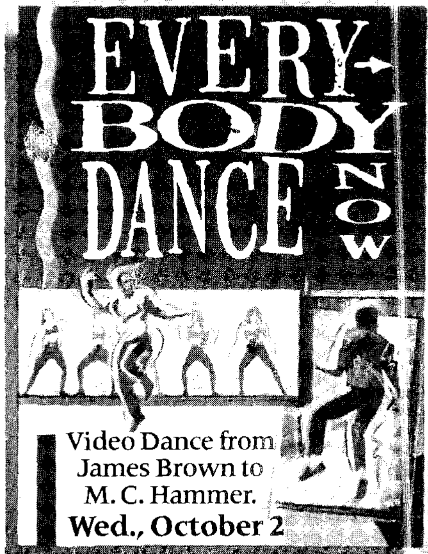
Music Today—John McGlinn conducts the ensemble in a program that includes Milhaud's "La Création du Monde" and excerpts from Weill's 1934 stage work "Marie Galante" (with soprano Angelina Réaux). A benefit concert. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sept. 26 at 8.)

Unstücke Ensemble—A seven-member group performs aleatoric works by its director, Michael Kosch. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Sept. 27 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

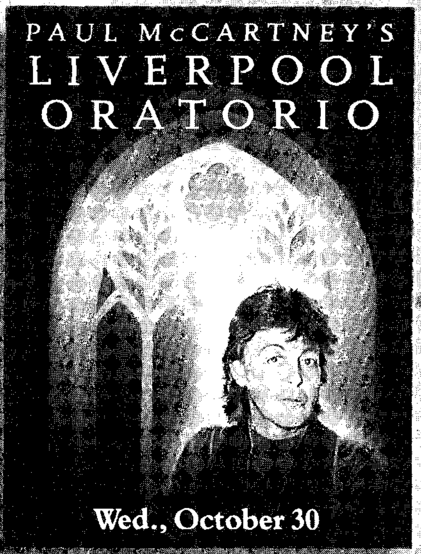
Andrew Bolotowsky—According to the philosopher Theophrastus (a disciple of Aristotle), "the sound of the flute will cure epilepsy and sciatic gout." Persons suffering from these diseases, as well as unafflicted music-

Great Performances

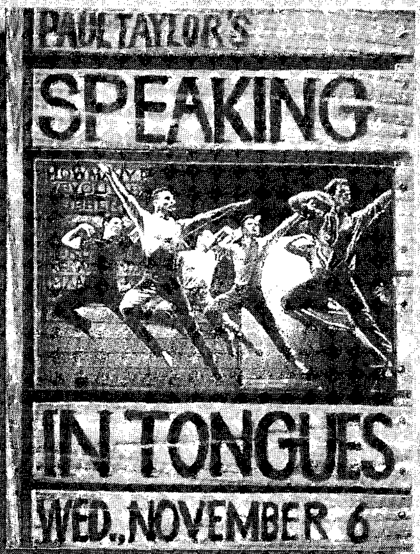
SPECIAL TV THAT GOES BEYOND THE "TV SPECIAL."

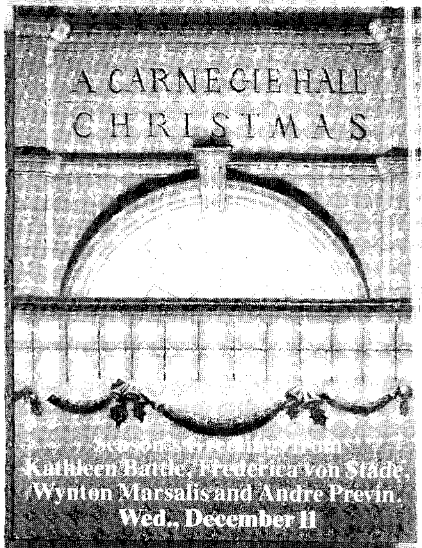

EVERY-BODY DANCE NOW

Video Dance from James Brown to M. C. Hammer.
Wed., October 2

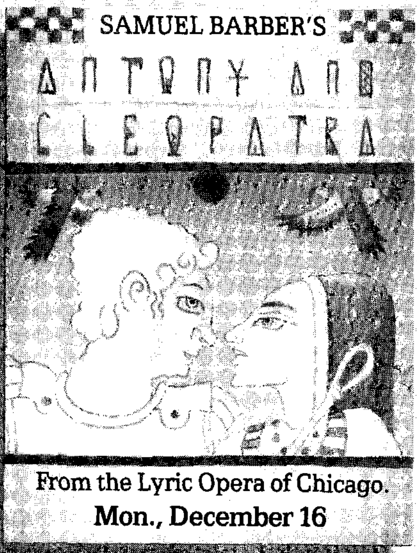

PAUL McCARTNEY'S
LIVERPOOL ORATORIO

Wed., October 30

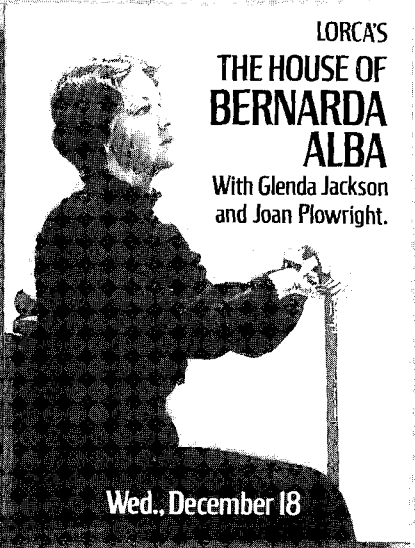

PAUL TAYLOR'S
SPEAKING IN TONGUES
WED., NOVEMBER 6


A CARNEGIE HALL CHRISTMAS

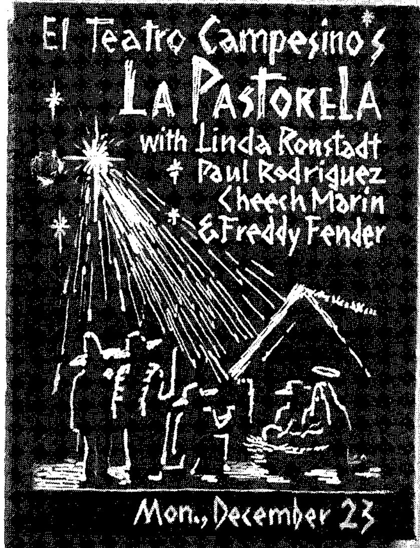
Season's Greetings from Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Wynton Marsalis and André Previn.
Wed., December 11

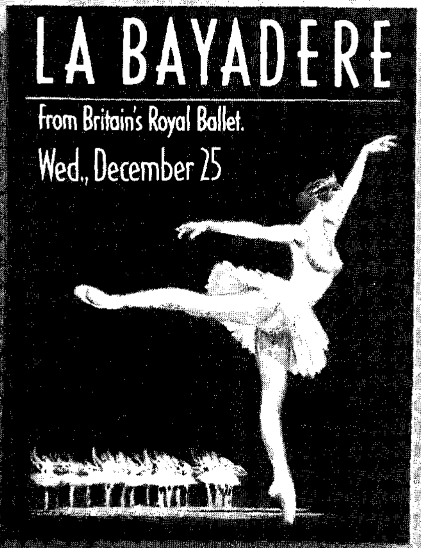

SAMUEL BARBER'S
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

From the Lyric Opera of Chicago.
Mon., December 16


LORCA'S
THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA

With Glenda Jackson and Joan Plowright.
Wed., December 18


El Teatro Campesino's
La Pastorela
with Linda Ronstadt
Paul Rodriguez
Cheech Marin
& Freddy Fender
Mon., December 23


LA BAYADERE

From Britain's Royal Ballet.
Wed., December 25

GREGORY HINES' TAP DANCE IN AMERICA
October 11 (Repeat)

SWINGING OUT WITH HARRY CONNICK, JR.
October 18 (Repeat)

BEATRIX POTTER'S THE TAILOR OF GLOUCESTER
December 24 (Repeat)

Catch all these Specials on PBS.

Check local listings for time and channel.
Dates may vary in some areas.

The Corporation for Public Broadcasting, The National Endowment for the Arts, and Public Television Stations.

TEXACO

A national presentation of Thirteen/WNET in New York.

MUSIC—Cont'd

lovers, may wish to drop in on Mr. Bolotowsky's seven-hour-long unaccompanied recital, the length of their stay to be determined by the intensity of their interest or the severity of their illness. The flutist will perform on at least nine varieties of the instrument, including the complete array of modern orchestral flutes (from piping piccolo down to sultry bass), as well as the penny whistle, ocarina, and shakuhachi. The composers represented are too numerous to mention; we stopped counting at fifty. (Anita Shapolsky gallery, 99 Spring St. Sept. 28, from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

Nancy Garniez—The pianist presents works by Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Fauré, and Louise Talma. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Sept. 28 at 5:30.)

Carolyn Lee—A pianist who seeks to emulate the late Liberace presents—as a reviewer once put it—"a show that South Floridians and all adult groups should not miss." (Weill Recital Hall. Sept. 29 at 2.)

Simon Gledhill—The twenty-five-year-old organist flies in from his native England to whomp the mighty Wurlitzer in what was formerly the famed Brooklyn Paramount Theatre (and is today a cavernous college gymnasium). The instrument's three thousand pipes are augmented by a pair of xylophones, a set of sleigh bells, an upright piano, castanets, bird whistles, and other special effects, all controlled from the ornate four-manual console, which is constructed so as to rise on hydraulic lifts out of the orchestra pit into the amphitheatre. Presented by the New York Theatre Organ Society. (Schwartz Athletic Center, Brooklyn Campus, Long Island University, Flatbush and DeKalb Aves., Brooklyn. Sept. 29 at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music of Erik Bergman—Members of the Washington Music Ensemble perform works by the Finnish composer, in celebration of his eightieth birthday. (Weill Recital Hall. Sept. 29 at 8:30.)

David Murray—The double-bass player, assisted by pianist Mary Ann Brown, performs original compositions and arrangements, including music by Bach and Bottesini. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Oct. 1 at 6. Admission by contribution.)

Alan and Alvin Chow—The pianists (who are brothers) perform solo and duo works. (Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th St. Oct. 1 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Menahem Pressler—The pianist (a founding member of the Beaux Arts Trio) joins members of the New York Chamber Soloists in chamber works by Mozart. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7799. Oct. 1 at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—The pianist opens his season of "Keyboard Conversations" with a lecture-recital on Brahms' late keyboard works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Parnassus—Anthony Korf conducts the modern-music ensemble in the U.S. première of Elliott Carter's "Scrivo in Vento" (featuring flutist Keith Underwood), Schoenberg's Serenade, Op. 24 (featuring baritone Nathaniel Watson), and works by Donald Martino, György Kurtág, and Matthew Greenbaum. (Ethical Cultural Society, 2 W. 64th St. Oct. 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-4197.)

Partita Chamber Ensemble—Performing chamber music by Ives, Brahms, and Hindemith. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Oct. 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-0165.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Crowded House—Here's an Australian-based band that writes pop songs that would have impressed the Beatles. In its seven-year career, the group, which at times seems to be a more concise version of Squeeze, has released three albums, the latest of which, "Woodface," is particularly strong. Its fourteen songs are filled with the wistful melodies and pitch-perfect harmonies at which the band excels. Neil Finn, leader and chief songwriter, knows the value of three-minute ballads and performs them more effectively than most. For this tour, the band promises to rock out a little more, but it's slow numbers, like "Don't Dream It's Over," that will leave the audience in pieces. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Claire Bloom

The Pogues—After a punkish start in the early eighties, this carousing Irish rock band—built around the breathless rasp of lead singer Shane MacGowan and the eccentric instrumentation of guitar, accordion, fiddle, whistle, and mandolin—began making spacious, lyrical, and stylistically exotic records that were steeped in all the music they heard while touring around the world. The last three albums, "If I Should Fall from Grace with God," "Peace & Love," and "Hell's Ditch," run the gamut from lovely ballads and rock-and-roll jigs to Turkish jazz and hopped-up mariachi music. Some of these subtler new accents don't quite survive the manic wall of noise that makes up the Pogues' live sound, but whether in the studio or in concert, few bands can bash and slur and shrug their way into your heart with such aplomb and conviction. (Beacon Theatre. Sept. 26-27 at 8.)

Rod Stewart—Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Sept. 24 and Sept. 26-27 at 8.

Little Feat—Beacon Theatre. Sept. 24 at 8.

Steve Ross—92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Sept. 25 at 8.

Barry Manilow—Paramount (formerly the Felt Forum), Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Sept. 25-28 at 8.

Nana Mouskouri—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 26 at 8.

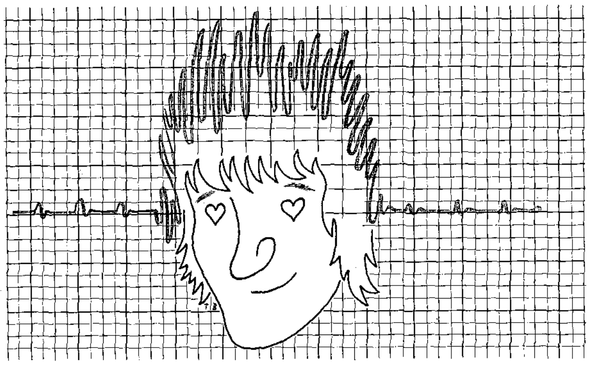
Procol Harum—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sept. 26 at 8.

Richard Stoltzman—Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Sept. 27 at 7.

Gloria Estefan and Miami Sound Machine—Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Sept. 27-28 at 8.

Gordon Lightfoot—Carnegie Hall. Sept. 27 at 8.

Salsa Concert—With Celia Cruz, José Alberto, Joe Arroyo, Tito Nieves, Tony Vega, and others. (Meadowlands Arena. Sept. 28 at 7.)



Rod Stewart

Peter Allen—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sept. 28 at 8.

Eric Johnson—Beacon Theatre. Sept. 28 at 8.

Soh Daiko—Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Sept. 28 at 2 and 8 and Sept. 29 at 3.

Luther Vandross—With Lisa Fischer, Sinbad, and Sounds of Blackness. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 2-3 and Oct. 5-6 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, Sept. 24-26 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, Sept. 27 at 7:40, and Sept. 28-29 at 1:40.

Yankees—Vs. the Baltimore Orioles, Oct. 1-3 at 7:30.

Jets—Vs. the Miami Dolphins, Sept. 29 at 4.

Rangers—Vs. the Devils, Sept. 23 at 7:30, an exhibition game.

Islanders—Vs. the Devils, Sept. 24 at 7:35, an exhibition game.

Devils—Vs. the Islanders, Sept. 30 at 7:45, an exhibition game.

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and the Yankees at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000. The Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands; for tickets, call 1-516 538-6600. The Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils play at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Vosburgh is Sept. 28. . . . At the Meadowlands: Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Sept. 30, at 7:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8, Tuesdays at 1, and Sundays at 6.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Claire Bloom—The actress will re-create heroines from a handful of classic, mostly fictional works. Anyone who has caught the dramatic portraits Ms. Bloom has performed around town in recent years knows the pieces will be something more than Garden Club-variety impersonations. Sept. 26 at 8: "Jane Eyre.". . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 8: "Anna Karenina.". . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 8: "The Turn of the Screw.". . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 3: "A Room of One's Own" and "Mrs. Dalloway." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Lectures—Sept. 25 at 6: Ann Beattie talks about fiction. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd Street. 930-0571.). . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 6: Betty Fussell gives a talk about corn. (Kolping Society, 165 E. 88th St. For reservations, call 362-2178.). . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: A lecture, with slides, called "Henry James' and Edith Wharton's Washington Square." (La Maison Française, New York University, 16 Washington Mews. For reservations, call 777-1089.)

Readings—Sept. 26 at 7: Calvin Trillin reads from "American Stories." (Brentano's, 597 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶Sept. 26 at 7:30: Diane Wood Middlebrook reads from her biography of Anne Sexton. (Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶Sept. 27 at 8: Nadine Gordimer reads from her new collection of stories. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. For information about tickets, call 875-4124.). . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 7: Donald Hall reads from his own poetry. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. For information about tickets, call 427-5665.). . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 7:30: Gwendolyn Brooks reads from her own poetry. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Walks—Sept. 28 at 11:30: A tour of Brooklyn Heights. Sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. (For reservations, call 265-2663.). . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 1: A tour of Chinatown and Little Italy. Sponsored by Citywalks. (For reservations, call 989-2456.)

Memorandum—The New York Armory Antiques Show, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St., will take place Sept. 25, from 4 to 9; Sept. 26-28, from noon to 9; and Sept. 29, from noon to 6. Tickets are available at the door. . . . ¶ Autumn will begin at 7:48 A.M. on Sept. 23.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Slacker" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Femme Nikita" (†).
Theatre 4: The 23rd International Tournée of Animation.
Theatre 5: Through Sept. 26: "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll" (†). From Sept. 27: "Thousand Pieces of Gold" (directed by Nancy Kelly), with Rosalind Chao, Dennis Dun, Chris Cooper, and Michael Paul Chan.
Theatre 6: "Trust" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"My Name Is Julia Ross" (1945, Joseph H. Lewis), with Nina Foch, Dame May Whitty, and George Macready; and "The Big Combo" (see center column).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Barton Fink" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†). From Sept. 27: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 3: "Barton Fink" (†).

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Indian Runner" (Sean Penn), with David Morse.
Theatre 2: "Dead Again" (†).
Theatre 3: "Showdown in Little Toyko" (Mark L. Lester), with Dolph Lundgren and Brandon Lee.
Theatre 4: "Liebestraum" (Mike Figgis) with Kevin Anderson, Pamela Gidley, Bill Pullman, and Kim Novak.
Theatre 5: "Livin' Large!" (Michael Schultz), with Terrence (T. C.) Carson.
Theatre 6: "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 7: "Dead Again" (†).

Cinema Village 12th Street, 22 E. 12th. (924-[illegible]363)
"Eating" (Henry Jaglom).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. 529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Miracle" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Doctor" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Matter of Degrees" (W. T. Morgan).
Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "101 Dalmatians" (1961), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and (evenings only) "Naked Tango" (Leonard Schrader).
Theatre 5: "Undertow" (Thomas Mazziotti), with Peter Dobson.
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 26: "Blood and Concrete" (Jeffrey Reiner), with Billy Zane, Jennifer Beals, and Darren McGavin. From Sept. 27: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.
Theatre 7: "Where" (Gabor Szabo; in Hungarian).

Cinema Village 3rd Avenue, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Festival of Animation 1991."

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. ([illegible]60-8000)
Theatre 1: "McBain" (James Glickenhaus), with Christopher Walken and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 2: "Late for Dinner" (W. D. Richter), with Brian Wimmer and Peter Berg.
Theatre 3: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 4: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 5: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 26: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner. From Sept. 27: "Necessary Roughness" (Stan Dragoti), with Scott Bakula, Robert Loggia, Harley Jane Kozak, Sinbad, and Hector Elizondo.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Doctor" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Late for Dinner" (W. D. Richter), with Brian Wimmer and Peter Berg.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-654[illegible])
Theatre 1: "Boyz N the Hood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 26: "Doc Hollywood" (†). From Sept. 27: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.
Theatre 4: "Livin' Large!" (Michael Schultz), with Terrence (T. C.) Carson.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 26: "Showdown in Little Toyko" (Mark L. Lester), with Dolph Lundgren and Brandon Lee. From Sept. 27: "Necessary Roughness" (Stan Dragoti), with Scott Bakula, Robert Loggia, Harley Jane Kozak, Sinbad, and Hector Elizondo.
Theatre 2: "Dead Again" (†).
Theatre 3: "McBain" (James Glickenhaus), with Christopher Walken and Maria Conchita Alonso.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Defenseless" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"McBain" (James Glickenhaus), with Christopher Walken and Maria Conchita Alonso.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Doc Hollywood" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Doctor" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Hot Shots!" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Sept. 28: "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll" (†).
From Sept. 29: "My Own Private Idaho" (Gus Van Sant), with River Phoenix, Keanu Reeves, James Russo, and William Richert.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare" (Rachel Talalay), with Robert Englund and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 2: "Livin' Large!" (Michael Schultz), with Terrence (T. C.) Carson.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 26: "City Slickers" (†).
From Sept. 27: "Necessary Roughness" (Stan Dragoti), with Scott Bakula, Robert Loggia, Harley Jane Kozak, Sinbad, and Hector Elizondo.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 2: "Barton Fink" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 26: "Paradise" (Mary Agnes Donoghue), with Melanie Griffith, Don Johnson, and Elijah Wood. From Sept. 27: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.
Theatre 2: "Naked Tango" (Leonard Schrader).
Theatre 3: "Undertow" (Thomas Mazziotti), with Peter Dobson.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Commitments" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Dead Again" (†).
Theatre 2: "Late for Dinner" (W. D. Richter), with Brian Wimmer and Peter Berg.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Story of Boys and Girls" (Pupi Avati, in Italian).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Pope Must Die" (Peter Richardson), with Robbie Coltrane, Beverly D'Angelo, and Herbert Lom.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 26: "Dead Again" (†).
From Sept. 27: "Necessary Roughness" (Stan Dragoti), with Scott Bakula, Robert Loggia, Harley Jane Kozak, Sinbad, and Hector Elizondo.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare" (Rachel Talalay), with Robert Englund and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 2: "Livin' Large!" (Michael Schultz), with Terrence (T. C.) Carson.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: "Showdown in Little Toyko" (Mark L. Lester), with Dolph Lundgren and Brandon Lee. From Sept. 27: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Black Lizard" (1968, directed by Kinji Fukasaku; in Japanese). From Oct. 2: "Takeover: Heroes of the New American Depression" (Peter Kinoy and Pamela Yates) and "To the Moon, Alice" (1989, Jessie Nelson).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Paris Is Burning" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare" (Rachel Talalay), with Robert Englund and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 28: "McBain" (James Glickenhaus), with Christopher Walken and

"The Big Combo by Philip Yordan"—that's the title credit to this amusingly pulpy 1955 crime movie, playing at the Public Theatre. The reputation of the director, Joseph H. Lewis, has ballooned because of the cult fervor for "Gun Crazy," his feral 1949 version of the Bonnie-and-Clyde legend. But Yordan, the screenwriter, is probably responsible for this picture's liveliest gimmicks. "Combo" doesn't refer to a jazz group but to "the Combination" (read: Mob or Mafia), here headed by one of movie gangland's old reliables, Richard Conte. Cornel Wilde stars as the police lieutenant determined to bring Conte down. Wilde's real-life wife, Jean Wallace, plays the swing character—a cultured blonde who's Conte's latest moll and Wilde's obsession. The cop believes he can turn the gal against Conte.

Yordan allegedly put his name alone on many scripts written or co-written by other (often blacklisted) writers, yet his work on "The Big Combo" is undisputed. He contributes some intriguing peculiarities. For example, Brian Donlevy, as Conte's ex-boss and current flunky, wears a hearing aid that becomes Conte's prime tool of torture and the source of Lewis's most celebrated directorial effects. For this kind of rabid B-movie, it's also piquant that Conte's most effective defense against exposure turns out to be the writ of habeas corpus. Lee Van Cleef and Earl Holliman, as Conte's hit men, combine with Donlevy to form a generational study of film thug-hood. And if Lewis is all punch, no jab, he does have a junk-yard visual panache. He goes in for Cheapside chiaroscuro. It pays off when Wallace uses a spotlight to trace Conte's zigzag flight on foot through a night-blackened airport.

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Maria Conchita Alonso. From Sept. 29: “My Own Private Idaho” (Gus Van Sant), with River Phoenix, Keanu Reeves, James Russo, and William Richert.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
“Thelma & Louise” (†).

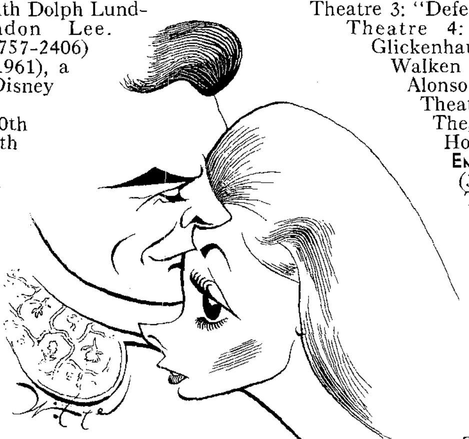
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: “Late for Dinner” (W. D. Richter), with Brian Wimmer and Peter Berg.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: “City Slickers” (†). From Sept. 27: “Necessary Roughness” (Stan Dragoti), with Scott Bakula, Robert Loggia, Harley Jane Kozak, Sinbad, and Hector Elizondo.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: “Truly, Madly, Deeply” (†).
Theatre 2: “My Mother's Castle” (Yves Robert, in French), with Julien Ciamaca.
Theatre 3: “My Father's Glory” (Yves Robert, in French), with Julien Ciamaca.
Theatre 4: “The Pope Must Die” (Peter Richardson), with Robbie Coltrane, Beverly D'Angelo, and Herbert Lom.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: “Dead Again” (†).
Theatre 2: “Rambling Rose” (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 3: “The Commitments” (†).
Theatre 4: “Defenseless” (†).
Theatre 5: “Boyz N the Hood” (†).
Theatre 6: “The Commitments” (†).
Theatre 7: Through Sept. 26: “Rambling Rose.” From Sept. 27: “Deceived” (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.
Theatre 8: “Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare” (Rachel Talalay), with Robert Englund and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 9: “Livin' Large!” (Michael Schultz), with Terrence (T. C.) Carson.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: “Undertow” (Thomas Mazziotti), with Peter Dobson.
Theatre 2: “Hot Shots!” (†).
Theatre 3: “Showdown in Little Toyko” (Mark L. Lester), with Dolph Lundgren and Brandon Lee.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
“101 Dalmatians” (1961), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.



At the Anthology Film Archives, Sean Connery and Tippi Hedren in “Marnie”

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: “An Angel at My Table” (†).
Theatre 2: “Child's Play 3” (Jack Bender).
Theatre 3: “City Slickers” (†).
Theatre 4: “Regarding Henry” (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Annette Bening, and Mikki Allen.
Theatre 5: “Double Impact” (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 6: “Thelma & Louise”(†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
“The Commitments” (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
“The Indian Runner” (Sean Penn), with David Morse.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Sept 26: “Thelma & Louise” (†). From Sept. 27: “The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe” (John Bailey), with Lily Tomlin.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: “Barton Fink” (†).
Theatre 2: “Barton Fink” (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
“Dogfight” (Nancy Savoca), with River Phoenix and Lili Taylor.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
“Defenseless” (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
“The Doctor” (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
“The Commitments” (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: “Uranus” (Claude Berri, in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Philippe Noiret, Michel Blanc, Gérard Desarthe, Gérard Depardieu, and Daniel Prevost.
Theatre 2: “Europa Europa” (†).
Theatre 3: “Paris Is Burning” (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
“Rambling Rose” (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: “Late for Dinner” (W. D. Richter), with Brian Wimmer and Peter Berg.
Theatre 2: “The Fisher King” (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 26: “Showdown in *Little Toyko” (Mark L. Lester), with Dolph* Lundgren and Brandon Lee. From Sept. 27: “Necessary Roughness” (Stan Dragoti), with Scott Bakula.
Theatre 4: “Dead Again” (†).
Theatre 5: “Terminator 2: Judgment Day” (†).
Theatre 6: “McBain” (James Glickenhaus), with Christopher Walken and Maria Conchita Alonso.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: “Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare” (Rachel Talalay), with Robert Englund and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: “Defenseless” (†). From Sept. 27: “Deceived” (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: “Livin' Large!” (Michael Schultz), with Terrence (T. C.) Carson.
Theatre 2: “Hot Shots!” (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 26: “Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves” (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner. From Sept. 27: “The Fisher King” (directed by Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 2: “Terminator 2: Judgment Day” (†).
Theatre 3: “Defenseless” (†).
Theatre 4: “McBain” (James Glickenhaus), with Christopher Walken and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 5: “Hot Shots!” (†).
Theatre 6: “Boyz N the Hood” (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Sept. 26: “True Identity” (Charles Lane), with Lenny Henry, Frank Langella, and Lane. From Sept. 27: “Deceived” (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: “Late for Dinner” (W. D. Richter), with Brian Wimmer and Peter Berg.
Theatre 2: “Body Parts” (Eric Red), with Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 26: (Separate admissions) “Jungle Fever” (Spike Lee), with Wesley Snipes and Annabella Sciorra; and “Do the Right Thing” (1989, Lee), with Danny Aiello and Lee. From Sept. 27: “True Identity” (Charles Lane), with Lenny Henry, Frank Langella, and Lane.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Sept. 26: “Dead Again” (†)
From Sept. 27: “Necessary Roughness” (Stan Dragoti), with Scott Bakula, Robert Loggia, Harley Jane Kozak, Sinbad, and Hector Elizondo.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: “Livin' Large!” (Michael Schultz), with Terrence (T. C.) Carson.
Theatre 2: “Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare” (Rachel Talalay), with Robert Englund and Lisa Zane.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: “Showdown in Little Toyko” (Mark L. Lester), with Dolph Lundgren and Brandon Lee.
Theatre 2: “Showdown in Little Toyko.”

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Sept. 23: “A Chinese Ghost Story” (1987, Ching Siu-Tung).
Sept. 24-25: “A Better Tomorrow” (1986, John Woo).
Sept. 26: “Peking Opera Blues” (†).
Sept. 27-28: “Project A II” (1987, Jackie Chan), with Chan.
Sept. 29-30: “A Chinese Ghost Story II” (1990, Ching Siu-Tung).
Oct. 1-2: “The Killer” (1989, John Woo).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 23: “Alexander Nevsky” (1938, Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov; and “Ballad of a Soldier” (1959, Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian).
Sept. 24: “Slaughterhouse-Five” (1972, George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks; and “Catch-22” (1970, Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin.
Sept. 25: “Waterloo Bridge” (1940, Mervyn LeRoy), with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor; and “Sidewalks of London” (1938, Tim Whelan), with Charles Laughton, Vivien Leigh, and Rex Harrison.
Sept. 26: “Woman in the Dunes” (1964, Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and “Face of Another” (1966, Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai and Okada.
Sept. 27-28: “The Lady from Shanghai” (1948, Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Welles, and Everett Sloane; and “Gilda” (1946, Charles Vidor), with Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.
Sept. 29: “The Trouble with Harry” (1955, Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine; and “Lifeboat” (†).
Sept. 30: “Kamikaze '89” (1982, Wolf Gremm; in German), with Rainer Werner Fassbinder; and “Nosferatu, the Vampyre” (1979, Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.
Oct. 1: “Midnight” (1939, Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche; and “Three-Cornered Moon” (1933, Elliott Nugent), with Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, and Mary Boland.
Oct. 2: “Mr. Arkadin”(1955, Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff; and “The Stranger” (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Sept. 23 at 12:30, 3, and 6: A program of British award-winnning commercials—BABA 1991. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 2:30 and Sept. 24 at 6: “Shanghai Express” (1932, directed by Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Anna May Wong, and Warner Oland. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6: “An Impossible Voyage” (1904, Georges Méliès; silent) and “Zero City” (1989, Karen Shaknazarov). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 2:30 and Sept. 29 at 5: “Emperor of the North Pole” (1973, Robert Aldrich), with Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine, and Keith Carradine. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 3 and Sept. 26 at 6: “Blue Express” (1929, Ilya Trauberg; silent). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6 and Sept. 26 at 3: “Train of the Suicides” (1931, Edmond T. Gréville; in French, with no English subtitles), with Georges Colin. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 2:30 and Sept. 28 at 2: “The Major and the Minor” (1942, Billy Wilder), with Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6 and Sept. 27 at 1: “Lawrence of Arabia” (1962, David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 3 and Sept. 29 at 2:30: “The Train Rolls On” (1974, Chris Marker); and “Black Train” (1970, Pál Schiffer; in Hungarian). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6 and Sept. 29 at 2: “Palm Beach Story” (1942, Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, and Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6 and Sept. 29 at 5:30: “Miles of Smiles, Years of Struggle” (1983, Jack Santino and Paul Wagner); and “Trouble Behind” (1990, Robbie Henson). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2:30 and Sept. 30 at 6: “Routine Pleasures” (1986, Jean-Pierre Gorin). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 5 and Sept. 30 at 2:30: “Some Like It Hot” (1959, Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 5:30 and Sept. 30 at 3: “Wavelength” (1967, Michael Snow). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6 and Oct. 1 at 3: “I Was Born, But. . .” (1932, Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2:30: “The Guard” (1989,

There is an easier way to hear the Saint Louis Symphony in your home.

Just listen to National Public Radio.

Every week, you'll hear the works of the greatest composers of all time, and our time, performed by the world-renowned Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra.

And all you have to do to hear these concert performances at home is check your local NPR listings. And tune in.

Which is nice. Considering your other option is almost impossible to orchestrate.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

Southwestern Bell is proud to support this series from the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra. Leonard Slatkin, Music Director and Conductor.

Aleksandr Rogoschkin; in Russian).... ¶ Oct. 1 at 6: "Zentropa" (1991, Lars Von Trier).... ¶ Oct. 1 at 6: "The Hero" (1966, Satyajit Ray; in Bengali).

New York Film Festival—A seventeen-day series of international films—Sept. 23 at 6:15 and Sept. 24 at 9:15: "The Suspended Step of the Stork" (Theo Angelopoulos, Greece/France).... ¶ Sept. 23 at 9:15: "No Life King" (Jun Ichikawa, Japan).... ¶ Sept. 24 at 6:15 and Sept. 26 at 9:15: "Inventory" (Krzysztof Zanussi, Germany/Poland).... ¶ Sept. 25 at 6:15: "The Other Eye" (Johanna Heer and Werner Schmiedel, Austria).... ¶ Sept. 25 at 9:30: "Jacquot de Nantes" (Agnès Varda, France).... ¶ Sept. 26 at 6:15 and Sept. 28 at 9: "The Adjuster" (Atom Egoyan, Canada).... ¶ Sept. 27 at 6:15 and Sept. 28 at 2:45: "Woman of the Port" (Arturo Ripstein, Mexico/United States).... ¶ Sept. 27 at 9:15 and Sept. 28 at midnight: "My Own Private Idaho" (Gus Van Sant, United States).... ¶ Sept. 28 at 12:30: "A Room in Town" (1982, Jacques Demy; France).... ¶ Sept. 28 at 5:45 and Sept. 29 at 1:30: "Prospero's Books" (Peter Greenaway, Netherlands/Great Britain).... ¶ Sept. 29 at 4:30: "Locked-Up Time" (Sibylle Schönemann, Germany).... ¶ Sept. 29 at 7:15 and Oct. 2 at 11:15: "Beauty and the Beast" (Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise, United States), an animated film.... ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30 and Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Life on a String" (Chen Kaige, China/Great Britain/Germany).... ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:15 and Oct. 1 at 6:15: "The Rapture" (Michael Tolkin, United States).... ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:15: "Flaming Creatures" (Jack Smith, United States), "The Making of 'Monsters'" (John Greyson, Canada), and "Opening the 19th Century: 1896" (Ken Jacobs, United States).... ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: "La Belle Noiseuse" (Jacques Rivette, Switzerland/France). (Alice Tully Hall. For tickets, call 875-5050.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Four silent Paramount comedies made at the Astoria Studios, with piano accompaniment. Sept. 28 at 2: "Too Many Kisses" (1925, Paul Sloane), with Richard Dix, Frances Howard, and William Powell.... ¶ Sept. 28 at 4: "It's the Old Army Game" (1926, Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields and Louise Brooks.... ¶ Sept. 29 at 2: "The Show-Off" (1926, Mal St. Clair), with Ford Sterling and Brooks.... ¶ Sept. 29 at 4: "So's Your Old Man" (1926, Gregory La Cava), with Fields, Alice Joyce, and Buddy Rogers.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Sept. 25 at 7, Sept. 26-27 at 8, and Sept. 28 at 6: "The Three Panelled Mirror" (1927, a French silent film) and "Le Tempestaire" (1947, in French), both by Jean Epstein.... ¶ Sept. 25 at 8:30: "The Rules of the Game" (1939, Jean Renoir; in French).... ¶ Sept. 26 at 9:30: "Triumph of the Will" (1935, Leni Riefenstahl).... ¶ Sept. 27 at 9:30 and Sept. 28 at 8: Six short films from the twenties by Fernard Leger, Man Ray, and others.... ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:30: Four short films by Harry Smith.... ¶ Sept. 29 at 2: "Marnie" (1964, Alfred Hitchcock), with Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery, Diane Baker, and Martin Gabel. The film will be followed with a talk by Donald O. Chankin.... ¶ Sept. 29 at 6: "Olympia" (1938, Riefenstahl).... ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30: A program of four short films by Sidney Peterson.... ¶ Oct. 2 at 8: A program of short films by Ron Rice, Hans Richter, and Paul Sharits.... ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "Francesco, Giullare di Dio" (1949, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with no English subtitles).

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Oct. 1 at noon: "Great Expectations" (1946, David Lean), with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness.

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—In its new home, the museum video showings include "Jack Benny: The Radio and Television Work," "The Artist at Work," "From Stage & Screen," and "Witness to History." The museum hours are Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—A program of films from Korea. Sept. 27 at 7: "The General's Son" (1990, Im Kwon-taek).... ¶ Sept. 28 at 2: "Come, Come, Come Upward!" (1989, Im Kwon-taek).... ¶ Sept. 28 at 5: "My Love, My Bride" (1990, Lee Myung-se).... ¶ Sept. 29 at 2: "School Record Isn't Proportional to Happiness" (1991, Kang Woo-suk).... ¶ Sept. 29 at 5: "The Dream" (1990, Bae Chang-ho).

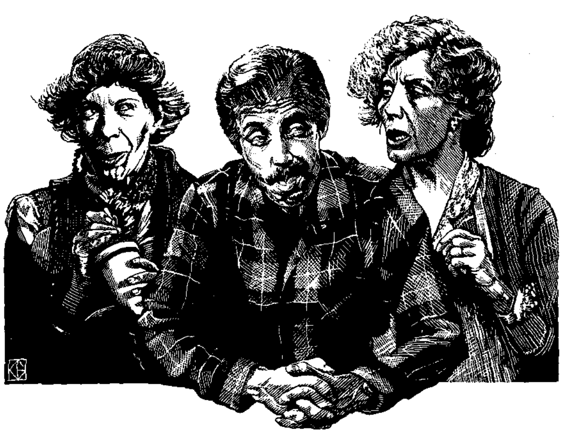
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

An Angel at My Table—Based on the autobiography of the New Zealand novelist and poet Janet Frame. The film covers the first forty years or so of the writer's life—she was born in 1924—and takes close to three hours to tell the story. When it's all over, you feel that you know far too little about Janet Frame and far too much about the film's director, Jane Campion. The movie (which was made as a three-part miniseries for Australian television) is a succession of odd, mannered tableaux, more or less in the style of Campion's 1990 art-house hit, "Sweetie." The compositions emphasize the peculiarities of Janet's appearance, especially in her childhood and awkward adolescence: she has a stiff, frizzy mop of bright-orange hair, and her teeth are badly decayed. The Janet Frame we see in this film doesn't seem to have an inner life, and without that she has no life at all. Even the most dramatic events in her life are treated so flatly and elliptically that we're unable to respond; time after time, we find that we can't orient ourselves in crucial scenes, because the director hasn't bothered to establish the characters or the setting. Writers' lives are weird enough without being subjected to this sort of willful disruption of their emotional continuity. Campion's perverse exercise in biographical filmmaking deserves a new title: "My Incomprehensible Career." Janet is played by three actresses: as a child, by Alexia Keogh; as a young teen-ager, by Karen Fergusson; and, as an adult, by Kerry Fox. Screenplay by Laura Jones.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (World-wide Cinemas.)

Barton Fink—The Coen brothers' macabre comedy about a blocked writer in 1941 Hollywood is densely packed with allusions, clever dialogue, ingenious visual jokes, startling plot twists, and imaginative atmospheric effects, yet it feels thin. It's an empty tour de force, and what's dismaying about the picture is that the filmmakers (Joel Coen directed, Ethan Coen produced, and they wrote the script together) seem inordinately pleased with its hermetic meaninglessness. Fink (John Turturro), the protagonist, is a left-wing New York playwright—obviously based on Clifford Odets—who signs a contract to write screenplays in Hollywood. His first assignment is a wrestling picture for Wallace Beery. He can't get started on it: he sits in his seedy, depressing hotel room, stares at the typewriter, and feels defeated. The Coens treat this emblematic figure of thirties culture with merciless contempt. They quickly expose him as a phony, a buffoon, and a talentless hack, and then spend the rest of the movie punishing him. The picture is designed to visit ever more grotesque indignities on a character who's pitiful from the outset; there's not much fun in that. And there's no fun at all in Turturro's hyperactive performance: the way he plays this leftist intellectual, the movie might as well have been called "The Nutty Pinko." The Coens' interests are purely academic, and their prankish formalism becomes very irritating in the course of the picture. Also with John Goodman, Michael Lerner, John Mahoney, Judy Davis, and Tony Shalhoub. The movie won awards for best picture, best director, and best actor (Turturro) at the 1991 Cannes Film Festival.—T.R. (9/9/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Coronet, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)



At the 57th St. Playhouse, Lily Tomlin in "The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe"

Boyz N the Hood—The writer and director, John Singleton, is a twenty-three-year-old graduate of the U.S.C. film school. This movie, his first, is a classically constructed—and therefore rather predictable—coming-of-age drama about young black men growing up on the mean streets of south-central Los Angeles. The picture conveys a vivid sense of the dangers, both physical and emotional, of day-to-day existence in this ravaged urban environment. It's a war zone, and its inhabitants—the people on the front lines—mostly don't have the luxury of planning long-range survival strategies: they're too busy reacting to the immediate, unremitting daily threats. Singleton's evocation of real people's struggles to find some measure of peace and sanity in these grim urban circumstances is heartfelt and often moving, and the movie provides a welcome corrective to the dehumanizing sensationalism of the local-news version of inner-city life. But the young filmmaker's professionalism and precocious self-assurance sometimes work against his best instincts. Singleton's plot is disappointingly conventional; it obeys screenwriting-class rules. The experience he's dealing with here deserves something more than the tidy dramatic structure that he has imposed on it. We get glimpses of what the movie might have been in the complex, magnetic performance of Ice Cube, a rap star (formerly of N.W.A.), who plays a neighborhood gangster type named Doughboy. Also with Cuba Gooding, Jr., Larry Fishburne, Nia Long, Tyra Ferrell, and Angela Bassett.—T.R. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center.)

City Slickers—This feel-good comedy, directed by Ron Underwood from a script by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, is a depressingly efficient piece of Hollywood product. The hero, Mitch Robbins (Billy Crystal), is a thirty-nine-year-old New York family man who's going through a killer midlife crisis. His wife (Patricia Wettig) gets so fed up with his moping that she virtually orders him to take a vacation with his buddies Ed (Bruno Kirby) and Phil (Daniel Stern); Ed, a daredevil, macho type, has arranged for them to spend two weeks on a real cattle drive out West. Mitch's wife looks him in the eye, and says earnestly, "Go and find your smile"—and, ninety minutes later, there it is, a grin as big as all outdoors. His pals pick up the odd nugget of wisdom along the trail, too. The movie alternates predictable tenderfoot gags (sore behinds, stampedes, and the like) with long, ludicrous passages of group-therapy-on-the-range. Jack Palance, as Curly, the trail boss, manages some dry, macabre comic effects, and the animals are good—they're interesting to look at, and they don't make bad jokes. You can't help sympathizing with the cattle; by the time the movie is over, you know what it feels like to be part of the herd. Also with Helen Slater.—T.R. (6/17/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, 86th Street East Twin, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ 59th Street East Cinema, and Art Greenwich Twin; through Sept. 26.)

The Commitments—Alan Parker's film is a loose, friendly musical comedy about the brief career of an Irish soul band. The Commitments are the brainchild of an energetic young music enthusiast named Jimmy Rabbitte (Robert Arkins), who lives in a poor Dublin neighborhood. He puts together a ten-piece group that learns, eventually, to play precise and spirited versions of soul classics in the Memphis style. The music of the Commitments isn't original, but that doesn't prevent it from being enormously entertaining: the band's hard-won proficiency charms us. Parker concentrates on the day-to-day details of rehearsals and performances; he seems to revel in the complexity of the group's musical, emotional, and sexual interactions, and he does full comic justice to the petty irritations of life in a band. What holds the Commitments together is a combination of Jimmy's ingenuity, their common pleasure in making music, and the daily challenge of responding to their fellow band members' provocations with quick, profane humor. The kids' verbal sparring is another kind of music—maybe the true sound of Dublin soul. Until the last half hour, when the direction gets a little pushy, the picture has an offhand, unassuming grace. Most of the Commitments are played by young Dublin musicians who answered a casting-call advertisement. They're a vivacious and spontaneous crew: Andrew Strong, Angeline Ball, Maria Doyle, Glen Hansard, Kenneth McCluskey, Félim Gormley, Dave Finnegan, Dick Massey, and Michael Aherne. The only professional actors among them are Bronagh Gallagher and Johnny Murphy (as the group's guru, a fiftyish trumpet player known as Joey the Lips). Colm Meaney does a very funny turn as Jimmy's Elvis-worshipping dad. The screenplay is by Dick Clement, Ian La Frenais, and Roddy Doyle, from Doyle's novel. The songs are great—chosen, with unusual intelligence, from the repertoires of Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, and other soul giants.—T.R. (8/26/91) (Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and 62nd & Broadway.)

Dead Again—This murder mystery, directed by Kenneth Branagh from a wildly complicated screenplay by Scott Frank, wears its inanity on its sleeve. It shuttles breezily between the present day, in which an L.A. detective named Mike Church (Branagh) is trying to discover the identity of an attractive amnesiac (Emma Thompson), and the late forties, in which a European composer and conductor (also Branagh) may or may not have murdered his pianist wife (also Thompson). These stories are, of course, connected: the amnesiac might even be a reincarnation of the conductor's wife, stabbed to death with a pair of scissors forty years earlier. Branagh makes no attempt to disguise the script's preposterousness. He revels in it, both as actor and as director. The mood of the picture is both frivolous and spooky, and the suspense often seems a function of sheer giddiness: as the movie dances, with drunken insouciance, toward the simultaneous climaxes of its two stories, the tension we feel is partly fear that Branagh won't be able to maintain his precarious balance. Finally, the picture does come crashing down. When it's time to wrap up the mystery, the movie leaves too many of the plot's enigmas unresolved, and Branagh's insouciance loses its charm. Throughout, he has toyed affectionately with mystery-fiction conventions and old-movie style, and his dash and flair have carried us along. But the botched conclusion casts a bit of a pall over the reckless fun that the movie has given us. In the end, Branagh's approach to the genre seems negligent, insultingly cavalier. Also with Derek Jacobi, Andy Garcia, Hanna Schygulla, and (in a hilarious cameo) Robin Williams.—T.R. (9/9/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Sept. 26.)

Defenseless—The tail doesn't wag the dog, it merely swats some of the fleas that infest this mongrel thriller. Barbara Hershey is the thousandth smart female lawyer since "Jagged Edge" to fall for a shady client, in this case J. T. Walsh: he turns out to be married to Hershey's college roommate (played by Mary Beth Hurt). Sam Shepard is the male lead—the cop who investigates Walsh's murder. The movie starts out flip, squeezing laughs from the sleaziness of the porno world and the ostentation of L.A.'s nouveau riche; then it becomes hypocritically "moral." James Hicks' script (from a story by Hicks and Jeff Burkhart) brings up legal issues it never rules on. Audiences are likely to raise more objections than the lawyers do. Hershey skillfully skirts breakdown, Hurt is weirdly funny and dissociated, and Shepard milks his taciturnity for humor as well as tension. There's even a slick final twist. But these virtues don't compensate for a narrative that recklessly cuts suspects and victims in and out of the story line. It's the suspense-film equivalent of a gerrymander. Martin Campell directed.—M.S. (34th St. East, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 3, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Sept. 26.)

Doc Hollywood—The cast is amiable, but the movie is routinely ingratiating. Michael J. Fox plays a plastic surgeon en route from Washington, D. C., to Beverly Hills, who crashes his '56 Porsche Speedster in Grady, South Carolina, "the squash capital of the South." There he learns about life beyond liposuction. Grady is a TV-bred baby boomer's fantasy. At times, it's Mayberry with breasts, peopled with likable eccentrics and down-home beauties—including a smart, sexy gal who plans to stay put (Julie Warner) and a live wire who's aching to get out (Bridget Fonda). At other times, it's a racially corrected version of the cultured Dixie in PBS's "The Civil War": Fox's ornery medical superior (Barnard Hughes) recites poetry, and the 58th Grady Squash Festival features a special screening of Buster Keaton's "The General." Fonda gets to ply her ticklish erotic rascality, and Woody Harrelson, as an inexplicably smoldering insurance agent, jolts every scene he's in with aberrant comic energy. But there's a jerry-built climax and a protracted post-climax. Michael Caton-Jones directed; Peter Seaman, Jeffrey Price, and Daniel Pyne wrote the script, from Laurian Leggett's adaptation of "What? . . . Dead Again?" by Neil Shulman, M.D.—M.S. (Sutton. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas; through Sept. 26.)

The Doctor—Although it's sure to hook some viewers who want to see the medical establishment get knocked, this is no exposé—it's yet another story of identity crisis in the professional class, a fraternal, if not identical, twin of "Regarding Henry." William Hurt plays the surgical golden boy who develops a case of galloping humanity after he's diagnosed with throat cancer; Christine Lahti and Charlie Korsmo play his neglected wife and son; Elizabeth Perkins is the life-force who inspires him (she's suffering from a Grade IV brain tumor); and, in matched parts, Mandy Patinkin is a callous Jewish doctor (Hurt's longtime partner) and Adam Arkin is a saintly Jewish doctor (who shows Hurt correct values). The director, Randa Haines, titillates the audience with a barrage of doctors' jokes and then tries to prove that the cynical professionalism of hospital staffs is no laughing matter. In effect, the movie goes from comic shtick to problem-drama shtick, and fuses them. Hurt's performance is the type usually described as "accomplished," but what exactly does it accomplish? It's a careful embodiment of a clammed-up individual; not a hint of zest or dirt or soulfulness seeps out. The script, credited to Robert Caswell, is loosely based on "A Taste of My Own Medicine," by Ed Rosenbaum, M.D.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Gramercy, Sutton, and Loews Paramount.)

Europa Europa—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His

AUCTIONS AT SWANN

October 8 at 10 a.m. & 1 p.m.
19th & 20th Century
PHOTOGRAPHS

Lotte Jacobi. *Lotte Lenya,* one of ten silver prints in *Portraits Before 1940: Portfolio I.* 1978.

Illustrated Catalogue $25

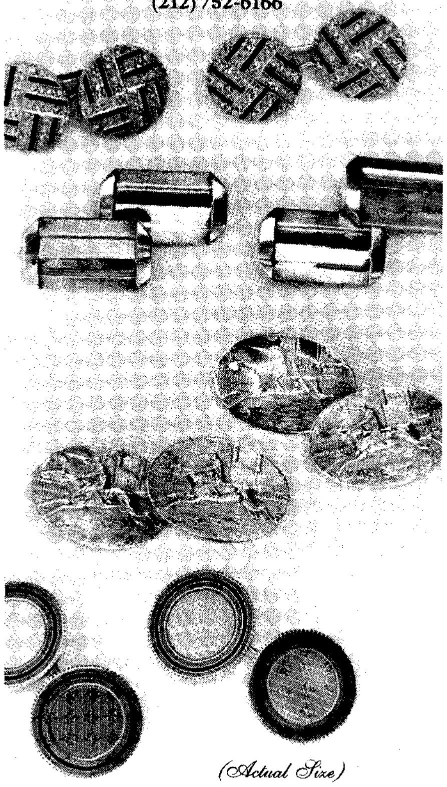
October 17 at 10:30 a.m.
SETS • BINDINGS • LITERATURE
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
PERFORMING ARTS

October 24 at 10:30 a.m.
EARLY PRINTED BOOKS

October 31 at 10:30 a.m.
BIBLIOGRAPHY
Catalogues each $10

SWANN GALLERIES
104 East 25 Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

James Robinson INC
Antique & Period Jewelry
15 EAST 57th STREET, NY 10022-2556
(212) 752-6166



(*Actual Size*)

family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness. By the time he is initiated into the Hitler Youth, he has already run through several identities, and has proved himself capable of playing his roles with conviction and enthusiasm. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Lincoln Plaza.)

La Femme Nikita—The end of French cinema as we know it. Written and directed by Luc Besson. With Anne Parillaud, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Tcheky Karyo, and (in a cameo) Jeanne Moreau. In French.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center.)

Hot Shots!—"Good for a few laughs" may be the motto for the "Airplane!" college of filmmaking, but it applies literally to this sputtering spoof of military movies and commercials. The lampoons go all over the globe, in more ways than one. The director, Jim Abrahams, and his co-writer, Pat Proft (who also co-wrote "The Naked Gun 2½," with David Zucker), stab away at the myth of American and Hollywood know-how without proving their own competence at creating momentum or a solid comic personality. The maverick pilot played by Charlie Sheen isn't a magnetic parody figure. He simply stands in for an entire generation of male action stars who are also just stand-ins. And Abrahams' funny treatment of Second World War clichés doesn't mesh with his gloss on the MTV flyboy epic "Top Gun." His movie becomes part of the same junk-food chain as that glorified video game: the ad might as well read, "You've seen the original, you've *bought* the soundtrack, you've rented the cassette, now see the takeoff!" Co-starring Valeria Golino, Cary Elwes, Jon Cryer, the underused Bill Irwin and Lloyd Bridges, and the Chihuahuas Jake and Elwood.—M.S. (Gotham Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Ham-handed, wartime Hitchcock, highly regarded by many, and a big hit. John Steinbeck and Jo Swerling concocted the symbol-laden script about the ordeal of a group of survivors of a torpedoed ship; the script's chief virtue is that it provides a raucous opportunity for Tallulah Bankhead to strut her comic sexiness. The picture made her, for the first time, a popular movie star. She plays a famous mink-coated journalist who develops a yen for John Hodiak, an oiler from the ship's engine room. Others aboard the small boat include Canada Lee as a pickpocket, Henry Hull as a millionaire manufacturer, Heather Angel as a simpleton mother with a new baby, Mary Anderson as a nurse, Hume Cronyn as the ship's radio operator, and, regrettably, in terms of the didactic uses they are put to, Walter Slezak as the U-boat captain and William Bendix as a wounded seaman.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29.)

The Miracle—A beautiful new film by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Company of Wolves"). The setting is the coastal town of Bray, which is a short train ride from Dublin. Two teen-agers, Jimmy (Niall Byrne) and Rose (Lorraine Pilkington), spend most of their days wandering along the seaside promenade and making up stories about the people they run into: taking off from the human material that presents itself to them, the kids trade verbal riffs with the gleeful competitiveness of jamming musicians. One day, they spot a mysterious-looking blond woman (Beverly D'Angelo), and Jimmy becomes obsessed with her. He pursues her, in Bray and in Dublin, with an ardor that's partly sexual and partly something else—a feeling so muddled and inchoate that he can't put a name to it. Jordan turns this simple story into a clear, complete vision of experience: everything we see (and hear) flows into everything else, with an unpredictable rightness. The imagery draws on some pretty outré sources, and the climax—the miracle of the title—is a daring, flamboyant gesture. But Jordan manages to unite everything—the florid imagery, the dark emotional undertones, the flaky comedy, the astonishing physical beauty of the Irish seacoast—into a single, unbroken mood, a smooth arc connecting the past and the present, the familiar and the unforeseen. Also with Donal McCann. The cinematography, by Philippe Rousselot, is extraordinary.—T.R. (7/15/91) (Village East Cinemas.)

Robbie Coltrane in "The Pope Must Die"

Paris Is Burning—Jennie Livingston's documentary about gay black and Latino men who compete in drag balls is a beautiful piece of work—lively, intelligent, exploratory. The drag queens we see here seem to be holding up a mirror to the world of the empowered as they see it in movies, TV shows, and magazines. In the ballroom, some present themselves as elegant, glamorous women in designer outfits, and walk with the hip-swinging slouch of runway models, while others adopt more mundane personas: college students (of both sexes); military men; Wall Street businessmen; aristocrats at play, dressed for yachting or riding to hounds. The criteria by which all these turns are judged is verisimilitude—"realness." The material is almost too rich, too suggestive. Everything about the ball culture signifies so blatantly and so promiscuously that the movie induces a kind of semiotic daze. Livingston is smart enough not to reduce her subjects to the sum of their possible meanings, perhaps because she realizes that the way the drag performers manipulate image and fetishes and the iconography of popular culture is for many of them a sophisticated form of humor. The most self-aware of the gay men in this picture revel in the ironies of their social and sexual identities, and Livingston makes us appreciate the comic grace and the strange wisdom of that approach. Like all the best documentary filmmakers, she does her subjects the honor of allowing them to retain some of their mystery. Edited by Jonathan Oppenheim.—T.R. (3/25/91) (Film Forum, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Peking Opera Blues (1986)—This insanely high-spirited action comedy, by the Hong Kong director Tsui Hark, is more like a great game of pinball than like any other movie you've ever seen. It's all motion, color, and noise. Too much is always happening, and too rapidly: if your reflexes are a touch slow, you're out of luck. The plot, which pits stunning young revolutionaries against rotten old warlords and generals in 1913 Peking, is just a pretext for Hark's imaginative action choreography. When it comes to movement, this director has no conscience: martial-arts violence, slapstick, door-slamming farce, and the stylized gestures of Peking Opera are all pretty much the same to him, and the pop-culture cheekiness with which he mashes them all together is irresistible. The movie is exhausting, brazenly commercial, and mighty silly; it's also sweet-natured, unpredictable, and buoyant. It makes you feel as if you were about eleven years old. With Lin Ching Hsai, Sally Yeh, and Cherie Chung. In Cantonese.—T.R. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 26.)

Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll—A one-man show in which Eric Bogosian plays, in succession, ten characters, none of whom interact with or refer to any of the others; each inhabits his own eerily self-contained world. The surprising thing about this acting tour de force is that its radically disparate parts really add up to something: in rock-and-roll terms, it's a concept album, not just a collection of singles. This picture, directed (erratically) by John McNaughton, was filmed in conc[illegible]-movie style, with multiple cameras and before a paying crowd, and Bogosian looks relaxed and confident. In the past, his performances often felt desperate, coercive; he seems more willing now to allow the audience some freedom in responding to his characters. There's a real progression in the course of the film, from characters who provoke immediate, visceral reactions to characters whose effect on us is more ambiguous. Bogosian warms us up with surefire stuff to prepare us for the riskier, more demanding material in the final part of the show. His last three monologues are the funniest in the movie—probably the finest work he has ever done. In them, he manages to lure the audience into very strange emotional territory. We begin to see the poetic sense of the monologuists' bizarre belief systems; we see, that is, why each of the lunatics and fools in this movie is convinced that his skewed perspective is a comprehensive vision of the world. That's an amazing thing for a comic performer to do.—T.R. (9/23/91) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Sept. 28.)

Slacker—There is no joy in Austin—at least not in the seedy collegiate neighborhood of Richard Linklater's enervating piece of local colorlessness. There's precious little originality, either, despite the resolute nonconformity of Linklater's neo-beatnik characters. Each follows the familiar beat of a different bongo. Sociopaths, Elvis, the J.F.K. assassination, the Lincoln Brigade, Madonna—the same topics come up off campus in Austin as in Cambridge, Mass., or Madison. What's worse, the sophomoric surrealism of the slackers' dialogue is all that Linklater gives you to hang onto. With dozens of one-shot characters who take over for a scene, then pass the baton to the next no-brain, the structure begs comparison to Buñuel's late black comedies, like "The Phantom of Liberty." But watching this movie is more like being stranded in the switchboard of a nightmare party line. The conversational leitmotifs—banal remarks on television and self-serving defenses of passivity—are, well, "heavy." It's tempting to call the film a straightfaced satire, but that would give it too much credit. There's nothing inside Linklater's deadpan.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center.)

The Stranger (1946)—The only conventionally made narrative film that Orson Welles ever directed. He undertook it, apparently, in order to prove that he could stay on a schedule and make the same sort of movies that other directors did; he has said that there is *nothing of himself in it*, and *that* it's his "worst" picture. What he meant was, probably, that it's impersonal—that it has little of the specific Wellesian moviemaking excitement. It's a smooth, proficient, somewhat languorous thriller, handsomely shot (by Russell Metty), with some showy long takes. It's quite watchable, but the script (by Anthony Veiller and, though uncredited, John Huston, from a story by Victor Trivas and Decla Dunning). is clever in a shallow way: the people need more dimensions. Edward G. Robinson plays an F.B.I. war-crimes investigator on the trail of a Nazi arch-criminal (Welles) who has taken a false identity and is living in a small town in Connecticut, teaching in a prep school; his wife (Loretta Young) knows nothing of his past. The small-town details are entertaining, especially the scenes involving Billy House as the canny, fat drugstore proprietor, and Welles introduces some baroque touches and a garish finale, in which he's impaled on a sword at the top of a clock tower. His performance is so flagrantly, boyishly unconvincing—the

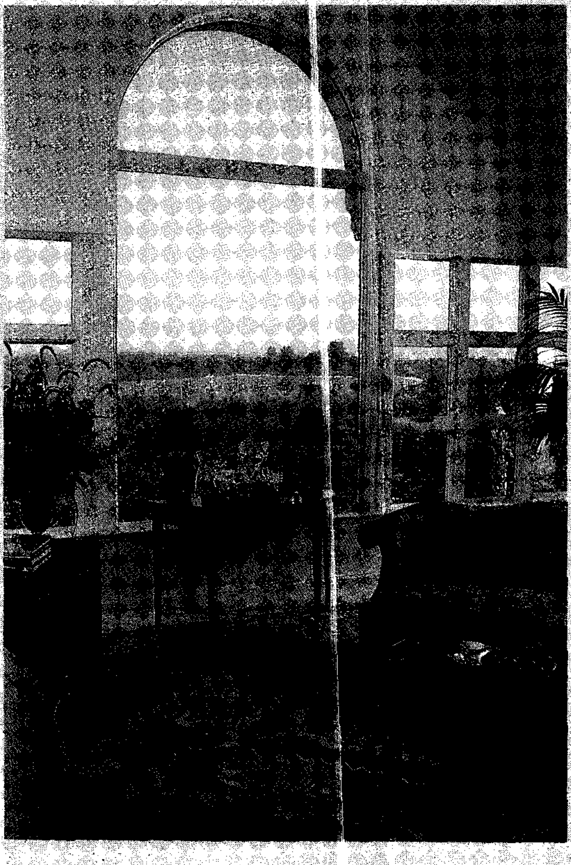
Nazi seems preoccupied by his evil superman thoughts—that it's rather amusing. With Konstantin Shayne, Philip Merivale, Richard Long, and Brian Keith.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 2.)

Terminator 2: Judgment Day—The killer cyborg who was played by Arnold Schwarzenegger in the original "Terminator" (1984) has returned—only this time he's the hero. The first film, which was written and directed by James Cameron, is one of the genre-movie classics of the eighties: a lean, witty science-fiction movie without great pretensions to significance. The sequel, also written (with William Wisher) and directed by Cameron, is far less satisfying. The picture is full of spectacular action sequences and dazzling special effects, but the narrative doesn't have the snap of the original's: it's lumbering and monotonous, and it carries a heavy-handed anti-nuke message. The old, Schwarzenegger-model Terminator (the T-800) has been superseded by a more advanced model, the T-1000 (Robert Patrick), who is sleeker and more versatile. T-800, who represented the ultimate in destructive technology in the first film, seems almost human here: compared to T-1000, he's a vulnerable guy (or guyoid). The whole movie is based on the insane conceit that Arnold Schwarzenegger is the *underdog*. That's a stretch. Also with Linda Hamilton, Edward Furlong, and Joe Morton. Effects by Stan Winston and many, many others.—T.R. (7/29/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Sept. 26.)

Thelma & Louise—The heroines, played by Geena Davis (Thelma) and Susan Sarandon (Louise), are a couple of Arkansas women who set out for a weekend in the mountains and wind up speeding through the Southwest, on the run from the law. (Louise has murdered a man who tried to rape Thelma in a roadhouse parking lot.) The movie, written by Callie Khouri and directed by Ridley Scott, is designed to keep pushing the women farther and farther out there—past the point of no return, into the vanishing point of a vast Western landscape, and, finally, over the edge of the world. It's a pretty shameless outlaw fantasy; the feminist justification that the script provides for the heroines' behavior doesn't make their actions any less preposterous. But you can recognize the crudeness of the movie's narrative devices and still have an awfully good time. There's an exhilarating ease and intuitiveness in the way Davis and Sarandon work together, and the camera lingers on them as if it couldn't get enough of them. Scott's direction gives the story a pleasantly dreamy quality: when Thelma and Louise are on the road, the movie has the look of a mirage, a jewelled shimmer that keeps us half hypnotized. He turns Davis and Sarandon into outlaw princesses, and they're so vivid and likable that they carry us past the plot's most obvious contrivances; a little disbelief seems a small price to pay for being allowed to remain in their company. —T.R. (6/3/91) (Murray Hill Cinemas, 8th St. Playhouse, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 26.)

Truly, Madly, Deeply—A lovely, original comedy about a young woman, named Nina (Juliet Stevenson), who is obsessed with the memory of her dead lover. The writer and director, Anthony Minghella, establishes an unusual, delicately varied mood, and the film moves gracefully from a realistic mode into a fantastic one. One night, Nina's lover, Jamie (Alan Rickman), reappears in her flat, and his presence seems perfectly natural to us: he has emerged from a setting that is already charged with the heroine's feelings for him. Once he's back, she has to confront, in the most concrete way, what it would really mean to live the rest of her life with a dead guy as her significant other: the movie is less a ghost story than a weird kind of domestic comedy. Minghella draws us into a fresh and startlingly humane vision of modern urban life; the details of the heroine's way of living always seem to point beyond themselves, and there's an emotional unity to everything we see. Minghella writes dialogue that sounds casual but somehow takes us straight to the heart of his work's larger concerns, and he directs the actors beautifully. Rickman is unexpectedly romantic here, and very funny besides. And Stevenson gives a radiant performance: she doesn't have a false moment, or a boring one, in the whole picture. Cinematography by Remi Adefarasin. —T.R. (5/6/91) (Quad Cinema.)

Trust—This independent film by the young writer and director Hal Hartley ("The Unbelievable Truth") takes place entirely in a white, middle-class neighborhood in a forlorn-looking Long Island town. His Long Island is a place where anything can happen and almost nothing does—where parents and childen, living together in tight quarters, torment and negotiate with each other just to create some drama for themselves. This picture tells the story of the strange relationship—part romance, part tutorial, part vaudeville act—between a pair of suburban losers, Matthew (Martin Donovan) and Maria (Adrienne Shelly). He's a thirtyish, chain-smoking depressive who lives with his widowed father (John MacKay). She's an adolescent bimbo who, when she announces to her family and her boyfriend that she's pregnant, discovers that this persona isn't going to be much use to her; she decides that she has to change her life. The story moves by surprising leaps, with the rhythm of the main characters' erratic, uncertain progress toward an awareness of possibilities beyond their limited, cramped experience. Hartley keeps the film's tone dry, and makes the threatening, pervasive nothingness of the milieu grotesquely funny. His style is a risky blend of formal abstraction and dramatic realism, and it demands resourceful actors. Donovan has a gangling, dishevelled charm, and his bummed-out line readings are superbly timed; and Shelly brings off Maria's transformation from teen-age temptress to serious young woman with extraordinary ease. Under Hartley's direction, they seem to be inventing an acting style for a brand-new genre: the existentialist comedy of manners. Also with Merritt Nelson, Edie Falco, and Gary Sauer.—T.R. (8/12/91) (Angelika Film Center.)



UNIVERSITY VILLAGE

We provide the luxury. You enjoy the view.

In addition to commanding Charlottesville's most dramatic views of the Blue Ridge Mountains and the University of Virginia, our spectacular homes offer beautiful imported tiles, crown moulding, high ceilings, and picture windows so large they'll take your breath away. Our luxury services include a full-service concierge, complimentary limousine service, a porter, and 24-hour security. And The University Club provides extraordinary amenities including an indoor tennis center, indoor swimming pool, fitness center, health spa, and fine dining.

Please telephone us toll-free to learn more about the special ownership opportunities at Charlottesville's newest community.

UNIVERSITY
VILLAGE

We'll change the way you view retirement!

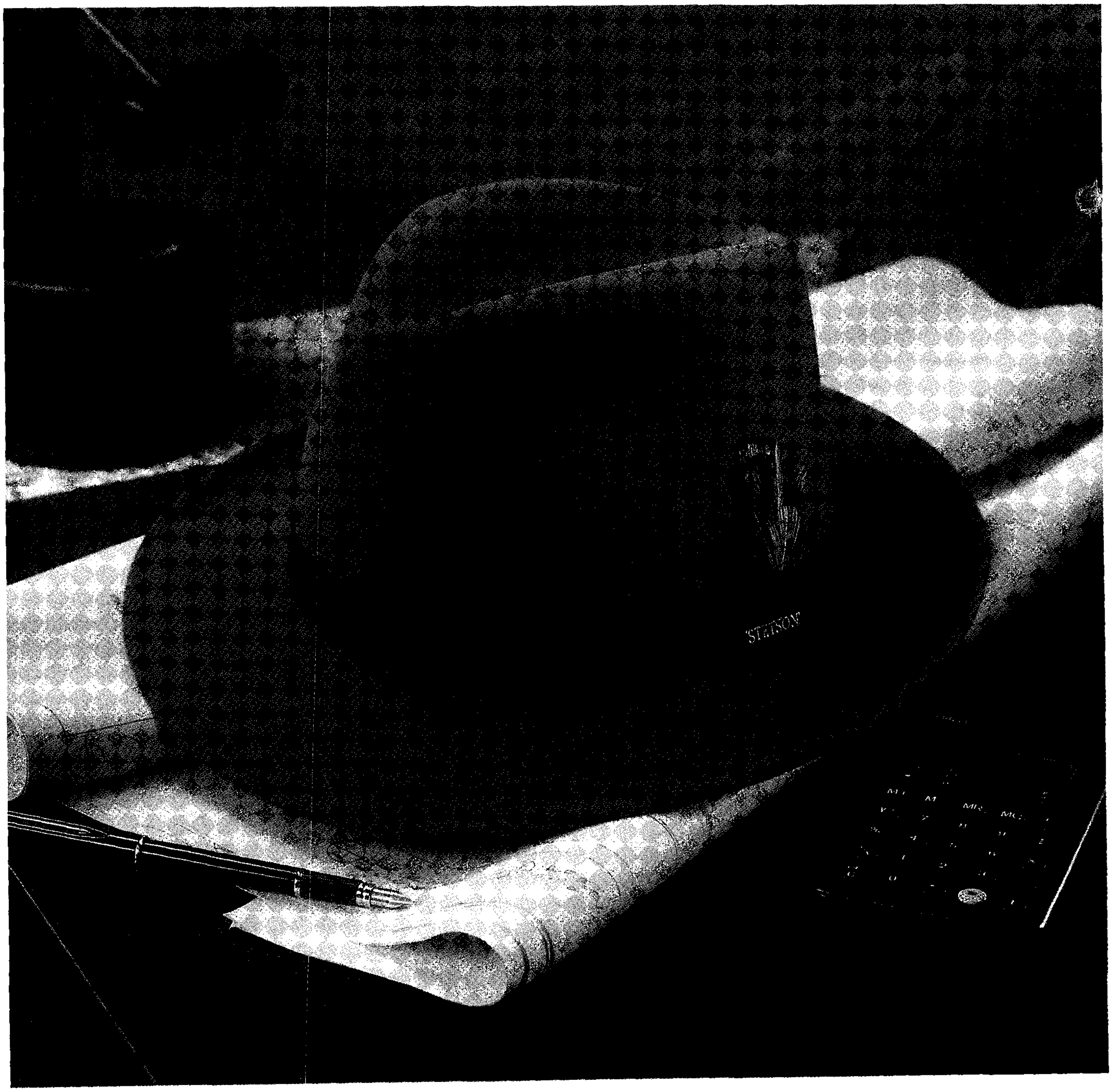
1.800.UVA.LUXURY

2401 Old Ivy Road
Charlottesville, Virginia 22901

Adjoining the University of Virginia
Furnished Models Open Daily

Void where prohibited by law, including New York and New Jersey.

A CAPITALISTIC TOOL.



"THE MALCOLM."

A UNIQUE, LIGHTWEIGHT, CRUSHABLE
FINE FUR-FELT HAT
EXCLUSIVELY FROM . . . YOU KNOW WHO.

STETSON®

4500 STETSON TRAIL, ST. JOSEPH, MO 64502

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DURING the summer, we made a tour of the Paul E. Garber Facility, in Suitland, Maryland—a sort of aerospace garage and warehouse run by the Smithsonian. The facility restores artifacts from our air and space history and also displays exhibits that the Smithsonian doesn't have room for in its main museum, in Washington. At the moment, its collection includes everything from a rusty Polaris missile to a scary-looking platform with propellers underneath. There are also about a hundred and sixty airplanes strewn around as if they'd been played with once and then jumbled together in a giant toy box. The main object of our visit was an enormous dull-aluminum fuselage. The wings had been removed for repair work, and the result was something resembling a gutted house trailer on blocks. The plane, a B-29-45-MO Superfortress, had an "82" painted on the nose, and also the name "Enola Gay." When we walked to the rear of the fuselage, we saw behind it a squat green cigar, like a very long garbage can, with what looked like half of a giant box kite sticking out of one end: an atomic bomb. Richard D. Horigan, Garber's chief of restoration, told us that, as far as possible, everything on the Enola Gay was being restored with authentic materials, including a man-high tire we were just then standing in front of.

We suggested that the authenticity couldn't extend to the bomb.

"No, it's a real one," he said. What was on exhibition was an authentic Mk-1 atomic-bomb casing, he explained. All that was missing was a hundred pounds of uranium, explosive charges, and a triggering device. The bomb we were looking at had been built at the same time as the one used on Hiroshima, and for the same purpose. Twelve such casings were made, Mr. Horigan said, but only one was ever used.

Mr. Horigan gave us a photocopied flight-oriented history of the Enola Gay. About the Mk-1 atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima it said that at "0816 hours" on August 6, 1945, "a 50,000 degree fireball renders 78,150 people dead, 51,000 severely injured and missing, 70,000 structures destroyed and 176,000 people homeless." The use of the word "renders" in this context, and the sight of that antique bomb casing, came back to us every time we opened a paper in the following days and read reassurances about the Soviet Union's nuclear weaponry. "NUCLEAR ARSENAL AS SAFE AS EVER, EXPERTS SAY," the Washington *Post* declared. "NUCLEAR CONTROLS ARE SEEN AS TIGHT" was the *Times* headline. *Newsday* hedged a little, saying, "SOVIET NUCLEAR ARSENAL IN STABLE HANDS—SO FAR." In one *Times* story, though, William E. Colby, a former director of the Central Intelligence Agency, observed, "It's a bloody miracle that one of these eggs has not gotten loose in the last 40 years."

NEW YORK'S
LARGEST SELECTION
LOWEST PRICES
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
SUPPLIERS WELCOME
DESIGNERS WELCOME

The Enola Gay's green cigar showed up in the paper, too. During an August visit to Hawaii, Takashi Hiraoka, the Mayor of Hiroshima, had laid a wreath at the U.S.S. Arizona Memorial and was reported to be interested in attending the fiftieth-anniversary ceremonies at Pearl Harbor on December 7th. According to the *Post*, he was asked whether he thought Japan should apologize for the attack. He replied that the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had not asked for an apology for the atomic bombardment of their cities. And so that was that. Mr. Horigan told us, though, that about two years ago a group of women who called themselves Maids of the Mist had visited the facility. They were survivors of Hiroshima. The group had taken the whole tour but had come specifically for the Enola Gay. "They cried when they saw it," he said.

When we asked Mr. Horigan how he felt about the role of the Enola Gay in history, he informed us that his job was to preserve technology, not history, and went on to say that the plane was being prepared to go on exhibition in Washington in 1995, to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Hiroshima bombardment. As we walked around the tail section, Mr. Horigan stopped by the tail gunner's position—a small bubble with bullet-resistant windows, under which were twin .50-calibre machine-gun barrels. He gave the barrels a push upward, and from inside the tail came a whine of machinery, then the barrels began to rise slowly of their own accord. The noise stopped, and the gun barrels froze again. "You see?" he said. "Everything is functional."

• •

East of Moscow

A FRIEND writes from Irkutsk, in Siberia:

Travelling across the Russian Republic—or, at least, the eastern portion of it—this week has been a strange experience. I had scheduled the trip, my first to any part of the Soviet Union, some months ago—without, of course, anticipating any of the events of the past few weeks—and the society I encountered confounded the expectations of an American politically conditioned by a half century of World War and Cold War. Gone was Communism. Gone also, apparently, was the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. "Buy it while it's still authentic," I was urged by a young peddler trying to sell me a traditional red flag with hammer and sickle.

My reëducation began just a few hours after my plane landed in Moscow. "This is the building of the Central Committee of the Communist Party," said an Intourist guide showing me the city. "Only now, you see, there is no Communist Party for there to be a central committee of. Later, they may reorganize and build again if they can find support. There were not many honest people among them, and most of the money they raised from dues and other fees went into building themselves dachas."

"You've had to change your lecture," I observed as we neared Red Square.

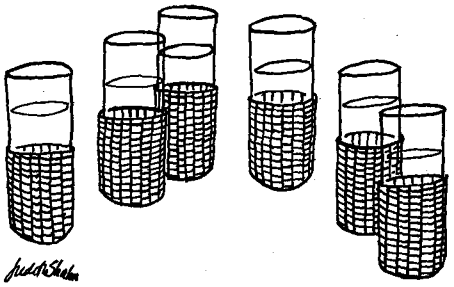
"Yes," she said. "But at least I don't have to make it boring anymore."

A little later, we came to the Russian Parliament building, this city's White House, where resistance to the coup had organized around Boris Yeltsin, the Republic's President. One of several yellow trolleys used as barricades had been left in place, and scrawled across it and the walls of nearby buildings were Cyrillic graffiti. When I asked my guide to translate them, she reluctantly read off two: "We will not let them occupy us," and "We defend Russia." I asked if it was for political reasons that she hesitated to read the others. "No," she said, blushing. "I am holding back because I won't use some of the words I'm reading."

Later, I walked alone to the Lubyanka, the headquarters of the K.G.B., and the adjoining traffic circle, which until a few weeks ago had held the statue of the K.G.B.'s founder, Feliks Dzerzhinsky. All that was to be seen now was a graffiti-smeared pedestal being photographed by half a dozen people, most of them foreigners, like me. Almost trampled underfoot was a small yellow flower, but whether it had been left in memory of Dzerzhinsky or of those who died in the Lubyanka was a mystery. Muscovites, I noticed, swirled around the traffic circle in cars or fought their way through packs of venders at the entrance to a nearby department store without giving this newly historic site a second glance.

It did not surprise me to find Moscow buzzing with talk of its new politics. Television sets in hotels and restaurants, including the ones frequented mostly by tourists, were playing and replaying sessions of the Supreme Soviet and interviews with its leaders, and I could hear the names of Gorbachev, Yeltsin, and Gavriil Popov, the Mayor of Moscow, in the conversations of knots of people I passed on the streets or rode with on the subways and the trolleys. What did surprise me was the complete absence of those names, and of the ideas they have come to represent, once I had passed the city limits. Unless I brought them up myself, I didn't hear them mentioned in the course of travelling four days and three nights on the Trans-Siberian Railway to this Russian city, more than twenty-five hundred miles east of the capital. The talk was still political, and until a few weeks ago would have been considered risky, but the subjects were different.

The politics here is of a more primitive and unsettling kind—states against states and races against races. The first-class carriage that I rode in had the dispirited atmosphere of a divorce court. There were, for example, two construction engineers from Baku, Azerbaijan, on their way to Perm to find wood and, if possible, to acquire it in exchange for several cases of Baku cognac they were carrying in their luggage. When I asked them about Gorbachev, they turned their thumbs down. Why didn't they like him? "He favors Armenia over Azerbaijan. We had it better under Brezhnev—he didn't side with Armenia." Well, then, how did they feel about Yeltsin? Again, thumbs down. "He's Russian, and Russia takes, takes, takes, but never gives anything back to Azerbaijan." But if the Soviet Union broke up, I asked, how would they get the wood to continue building in Baku? One of them laughed, and said, "We have cognac, the Russians want it, and what have they got to trade for it"—he waved a hand toward a stand of birches outside the window—"except trees?"



A few compartments away, Valery, a tennis coach, was returning to his home, in Perm, and he expressed the contrary view. It was the republics that were holding Russia back—primarily, he maintained, because they were dominated by what he called Israeli men.

"You mean Jews?" I asked.

"*Da*," he said. "You know that Dzerzhinsky himself was one? I read that in a magazine."

Nikolai—or Nick, as he asked to be called—came aboard our car at Sverdlovsk, lugging bags full of souvenirs that he hoped to sell to tourists on their way from China to Moscow aboard the trans-Mongolian railway. Nick was wearing Guess jeans, an I.B.M. baseball cap, Ray-Ban sunglasses, and a designer sweater bearing the insignia of Santa Clara University. "I was home on the day the coup was announced, and at first we in Sverdlovsk were a little frightened," he told me. "If it wanted to, the Army could make it rough for us here. But then everything calmed down quickly. Yeltsin, Gorbachev—I don't care who wins. I just want to get out of here, to Western Europe or America. Are there many Russians in New York?"

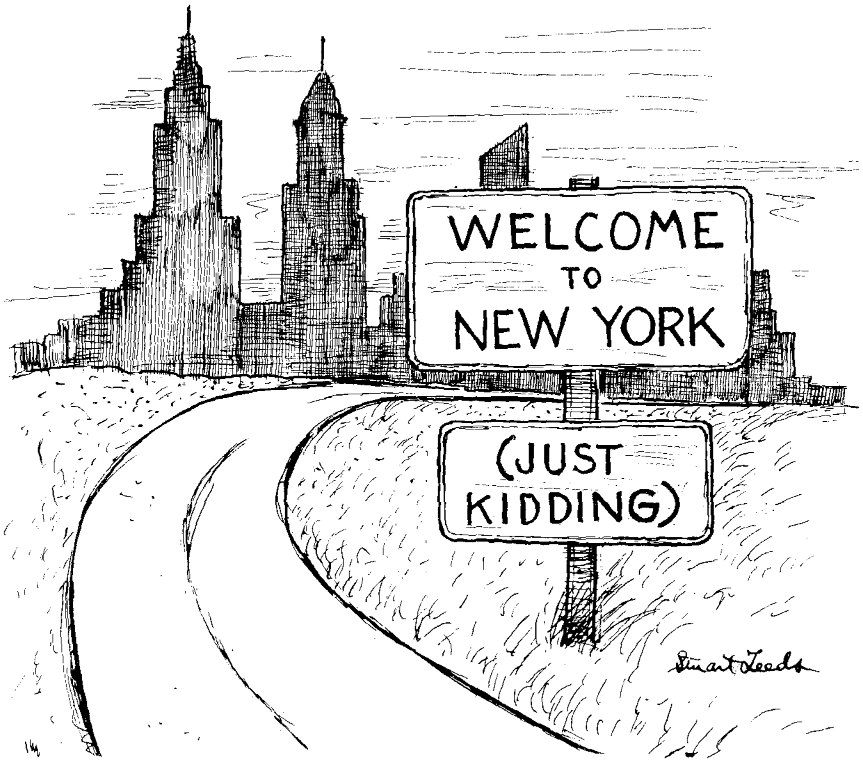
I said there was a sizable community of them in Brighton Beach, in Brooklyn.

"Yes," he said. "I've heard of that. But those people are all from the other republics. They aren't real Russians, so I wouldn't want to live there."

Alexei, an engineer, and his wife, Galina, a pediatrician, joined us at Achinsk and rode with us a night and a day to Angarsk, which is about an hour away from Irkutsk. They couldn't speak or read English, but they pored over pictures in a copy of *Newsweek* I had brought along. "*Gorbachev da, Yeltsin da*," Alexei said. "*Russia, da, da, da. Bolshoi, bolshoi, bolshoi.*" (*Bolshoi*, of course, means "big.") And so it went across Siberia. It didn't end when I arrived here, either. The Intourist representative who picked me up at the Irkutsk station last night was full of questions about what I had observed in Moscow, and not a little disappointed when I told him I hadn't seen a single tank. "We here are all so happy democracy won and now Russia can be free," he said.

"Do you mean free as in a democracy or free of the other republics?" I asked.

He seemed surprised by the question. "Why, both, of course," he said.



Popsiana

WHEN it comes to stuff, we wrote the book. You probably have a copy of it sitting around somewhere—maybe in the closet with the maracas and the snowshoes and the slides of Mt. Hood. So we understand each other, right? Because if we thought you were the kind of person who would waltz into someone's apartment and make sweeping, dismissive gestures and say things like "Those souvenir pens from the Museum of Science and Industry, and that picture of you and your tentmates at Scout camp, and that rock you found on a beach in Scotland, and this shot glass from Luray Caverns, and what about that math workbook you've been saving since fourth grade—what are you going to *do* with all this stuff?" then we would just stop right here. We certainly wouldn't tell you about a trip we took to Flushing the other day to see some of Louis Armstrong's stuff, which was on display in the main library of Queens College.

In 1943, Louis Armstrong bought a house in the Corona section of Queens, and that was where he lived until his death, in 1971. As we reported a few years ago, Queens College came into possession of the house and its contents after Lucille Armstrong, his widow, died, in 1983. Among the items in the house were eight thousand photographs; hundreds of books, records, homemade tapes, and pieces of sheet music; dozens of souvenirs, trophies, letters, and scrapbooks; and hundreds of pages of Armstrong's writings. Once everything is catalogued—a job that is expected to take from two to three years—the Louis Armstrong Archive will open its doors. (The house itself is being renovated, and will someday open as a museum.) The work has finally begun, thanks to an infusion of grant money, and, as a way of celebrating the Armstrong legacy, the college invited a handful of trumpet players and several other musicians to the campus to let them have a look at the goodies and to give them an opportunity to blow Armstrong's five gold-plated horns, which are part of the archive.

We shared the ride over to Queens with Doc Cheatham, one of the designated trumpeters. Mr. Cheatham, a dapper man of eighty-six, has a pencil mustache and a wisp of beard just under his lower lip, and he wore a dark suit set off with splashes of color: a flowered tie, an enamel lapel pin of the Eiffel Tower, a red handkerchief, and purple socks. He told us he first got to know Armstrong in Chicago, in 1926, when Armstrong threw some work his way. "Louis was very good to me," he said. "A lot of musicians from New Orleans, his home town, were very jealous of him. That's why he chose me to fill in for him." Mr. Cheatham said that he was looking forward to playing one of Armstrong's instruments. "Yeah, we'll see what we can do with his trumpets. You know, you shouldn't let a horn sit and sit without being used. If you don't play those instruments, they'll freeze. Someone I know once made a lamp out of a trumpet." He shook his head. "It's just a shame to see a good instrument go to pot."

Musicians who knew Armstrong have been asked to make donations to the archive, and now Mr. Cheatham took his contribution out of a pocket and held it up. It was a tubular piece of dull, discolored brass about three inches long and flaring slightly at one end. "This was the standard mouthpiece back then for cornet and trumpet," he said. "This is about sixty-five years old. It's what Louis would have used—it's what we all used. You don't see these anymore—all the players are dead that had these things."

The Armstrong memorabilia were in a small room off the rotunda of the library, and there we spoke to Michael Cogswell, the curator of the archive. "We've brought seventy-two boxes here from the Armstrong house," he said. "The house wasn't suitable for the archive. Here everything will be kept at sixty-eight degrees and fifty per cent humidity year-round."

Next to a TV monitor showing a documentary on Armstrong stood Dizzy Gillespie, eating a plum and saying hello to various musicians who were threading through the room: the bassist Arvell Shaw and the pianist Marty Napoleon, who played with Armstrong's All Stars; the trumpeters Jon Faddis, Jimmy Owens, and Donald Byrd; the saxophonist Jimmy Heath. (Mr. Heath and Mr. Byrd also teach at the college.) While they were posing for photographs, we took a closer look at the display cases set up around the room. One held several trumpets, nestled in a beat-up leather case; one held manuscripts of "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Struttin' with Some Barbecue"; one held two sheets of legal-pad paper filled with Armstrong's handwriting. Toward the end of his life, when he was in the hospital in New York for long stays, Armstrong wrote pages and pages of reminiscences. These particular pages, concerning his early boyhood, held clues to the origin of the Armstrong spark:

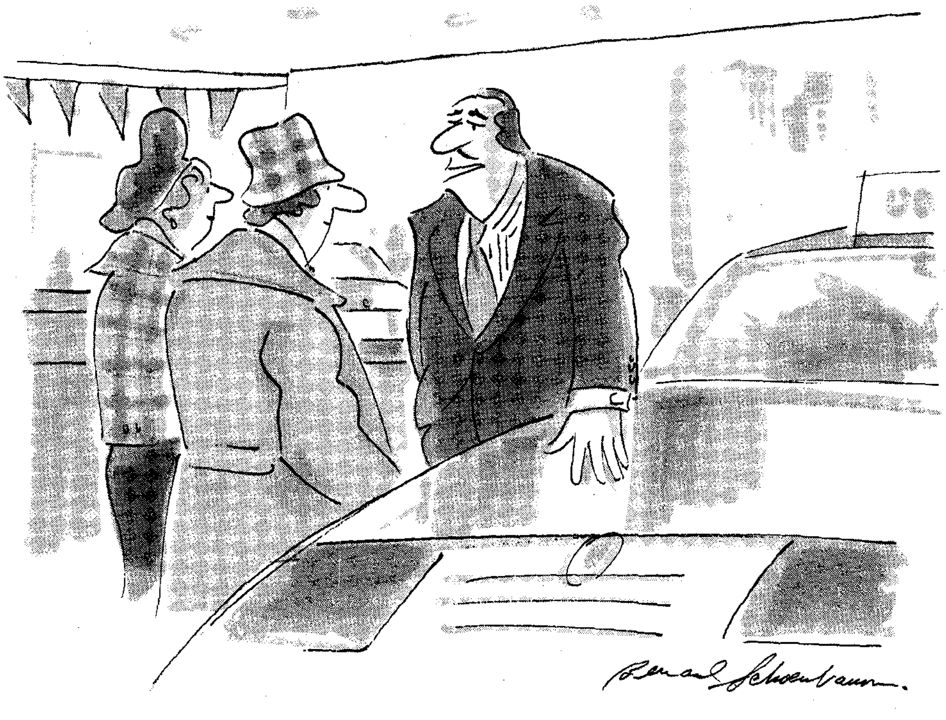
> When I would be on the junk wagon with Alex Karnofsky I had a little tin horn, the kind the people celebrate with. I would . . . blow it, as a call for old rags, bones, bottles or anything that the people had to sell. The kids would bring bottles and receive pennies from Alex. The kids loved the sounds of my tin horn. . . . After blowing the tin horn so long I wondered how I would do blowing a real horn, a cornet was what I had in mind. Sure enough, I saw a little cornet in a pawn shop window—five dollars. My luck was just right. With the Karnofsky loan on my salary, I saved 50¢ a week and bought the horn. All dirty—but was soon pretty to me. After blowing into it awhile, I realized that I could play Home Sweet Home, then here come the blues. From then on, I was a mess and tootin' away.

Nearby, a large scrapbook filled with clippings from Armstrong's first European tour, in 1932, was open to a page of newspaper reviews. In one of them a sourpuss calling himself Bass Clef had written, "I heard Armstrong in Glasgow. . . . It is quite true that he produces notes beyond the legitimate range of the trumpet, but by no stretch of the imagination can these notes be classed as music. They are screeching noises." Other Europeans were more enthusiastic and more enterprising: mounted on one wall, next to Armstrong's passport, was a round blue tin of Louis Armstrong Lip Salve, manufactured by Franz Schüritz, of Mannheim.

Out in the rotunda, the musicians and college officials were assembling. Shirley Strum Kenny, the president of the college, stood on a makeshift stage and spoke with pride of the archive's importance for jazz historians. Mr. Byrd, who is in his late fifties, told of growing up in Detroit and sneaking out of school to see Armstrong and his band when they came to town. When he added, "I had to skip school to see Dizzy, too," you-know-who cried out from the sidelines, "I'm not that old!" Mr. Cheatham spoke about his early days in Chicago, before he met Armstrong. "I got a job washing dishes in a restaurant, making thirty-five dollars a week," he said. "I was thinking about taking my father's advice and going back to school to study dentistry." But then he heard Armstrong at the Vendome Theatre. "People were astounded. It was as if a war had broken out in Chicago, he was so great. When Louis came on, the people would— You never saw anything like it in your life. I decided then that I wasn't going back to school—the heck with school."

The trumpet contingent—Gillespie, Byrd, Faddis, and Owens, now joined by Wynton Marsalis and by Nabate Isles, a fourteen-year-old graduate of the Louis Armstrong Middle School, in Queens, who has been playing the trumpet for six years—collected itself on the stage. Nabate played "St. Louis Blues," and then he and four of his elders took a whack at it together (not including Mr. Gillespie, whose upper lip was suffering from wear and tear that day).

It was right about this time that we began thinking, Got to get some of those stamps. It was Mr. Gillespie's fault, really. He's the one who put the idea in our head. Earlier in the program, he mentioned that he had been trying to get the Postal Service to issue a Louis Armstrong stamp—an honor that he thought was overdue. He said, "I'm going to write a personal letter to the President and say, 'Hey, man, what's happenin'?'"



"If I hard-sell, it's because you need a car like this!"

Marathon

AND so the several billion inhabitants of the planet Sol III celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the network première of "Star Trek." Lots of them did so by congregating at Loews Astor Plaza the other Saturday to watch the five Star Trek feature movies in a one-time-only, noon-to-midnight test of endurance. Some managed to get out a few words in the course of it.

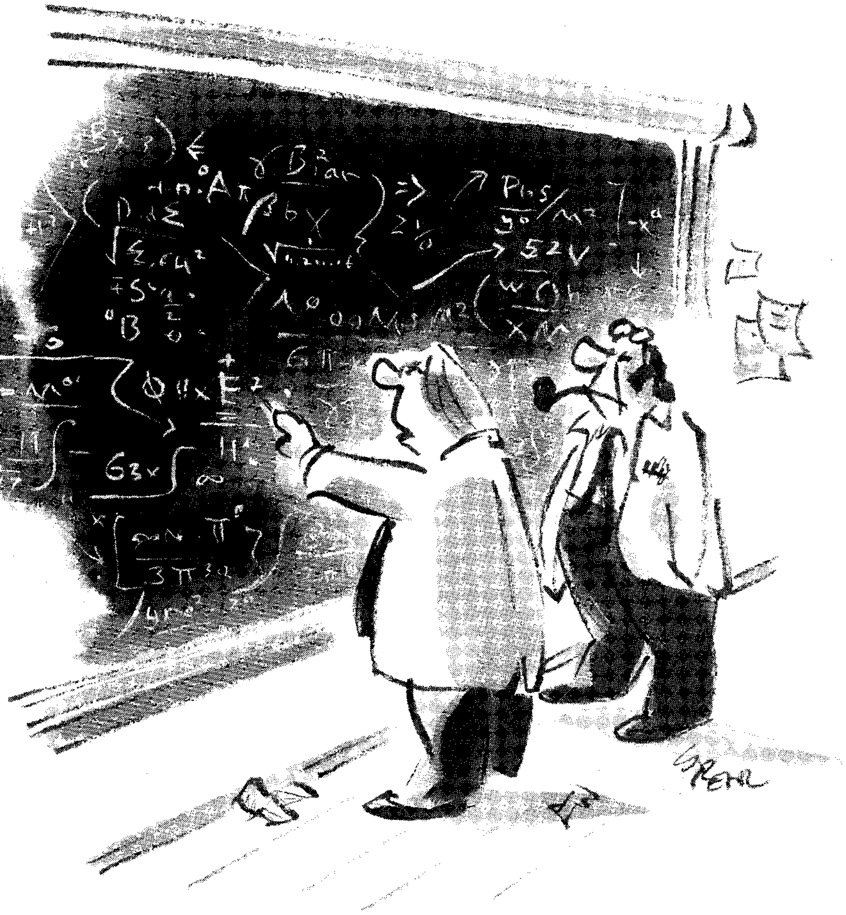
•

STAR TREK I: THE CAPTAIN'S TOUPEE

KEVIN (*wearing polo shirt with embroidered U.S.S. Enterprise where alligator should be*): He had a good one in the TV series. It really became evident, though, in the first movie. There you have a character who went from having one type of hair to a different type of hair, and the second type of hair was obviously not his own. It kind of played with the myth a little.

JEFF (*black dress shirt, shades, nervous glances right and left*): In the twenty-third century, they should have means by which the hair would last longer, I would imagine.

ROBERT (*Elvis Costello baseball cap, John Lennon shades with orange-flecked rims*): That's part of the reason why I'm here to watch the five movies—to see the progression of the technology applied to his toupee. I thought the best special effect in "Star Trek IV" was having him swim underwater without any of his hair coming out. I thought that was pretty impressive.



"*Here's your problem—you forgot the sleaze factor.*"

•

STAR TREK II: THE GIRTH OF SCOTTY

KEVIN: I haven't seen him in a while, so I don't know what to tell you. I mean, if he keeps going the way he's going, he's going to achieve his own orbit—his own planetary mass.

DAVID (*mustache, Captain Kirk/Captain Picard T-shirt*): I think he's O.K. He's probably come up with some navigational thrusters, or something, that he can strap around his belly and move himself around with. No problem—he's an engineer.

•

STAR TREK III: THE DARK SIDE

KEVIN: I had contact with some of these people the last time I went to a convention, and it really put me off. They tried to sell me a glass that Leonard Nimoy had handled—for ten bucks. Supposedly, he was at a dais table and he had a glass he was filling with Evian water. But I said, "That's very nice I've got to go now bye."

ANOTHER ROBERT (*Captain Kirk uniform, plus shades*): I tell my mother, "Mom, this is my gift for being a good boy, what you wanted me to be." I jump into a costume. I just put on a Federation shirt and wear a captain's rank. Every once in a while, I do that at home. I bop around, I take over the Enterprise, I take command. In my living room, I whip out my battery-operated communicator and beam myself into my own little world. My wife is so Trek-disgusted.

FIRST ROBERT: I'm going back to school tomorrow. I think we're probably going to rent all five movies there and play Beer Trek. You get a keg of beer and every time Bones says "He's dead, Jim," you drink. Every time Kirk says "*Gaaah!*" you drink. Every time they beam up, you drink.

•

STAR TREK IV: THE ANGLE

SIGRID (*green leotard, black boots, small black streaks on outer corner of left eyelid, ankhlike thing on chest*): We're selling Federation credits. The person who designed it—I mean, the *artist*—he knows more about it than I do. It has monetary value for the Federation. This is a first edition, a limited-edition thing. This is the first time he's ever done anything like this. It's something that he's excited about, that's why. He originally tried to get Paramount, the big people, interested, and they told him they don't want limited-edition, they want *mega.*

STEVE THE ARTIST (*pressing upon reporter a Federation credit as reporter edges away*): You taking off? Here, have one of these. It could be valuable someday. I don't know what it is with these fans. I think they're too New York-jaded. This has been advertised in *Starlog*—only fifteen dollars. The Franklin Mint wouldn't sell a limited-edition medallion for fifteen dollars.

•

STAR TREK V: THE FRINGE

UNNAMED LIFE FORM (*woolly-faced, sipping lunch, clad in news vender's apron, boom box wrapped in plastic around neck*): No, I'm not going in. I'm professionally insane. No, I don't work for Loews. I'm just here. No, I don't want to talk. I told you, I'm professionally insane.

POST-EUPHORIA

Frankfurt Stock Exchange
Frankfurt, Germany
Dear Sirs:

Specifically speaking, how does a stock exchange work? One would require approximately how many tables and chairs? And then what?

As fledglings, we are excited to be initiating such a body! Having in readiness for our members a fifty-litre samovar, we now await merely your input on final refinements of procedure.

Gratefully,
Free Market Planning
Commissariat

British Humane Society
London, England
Ladies and Gentlemen:

Begging your advisory as per the ensuing hypothetical. Someone on my street, not me, keeps surrealist parasites in his basement as a hobby. Supposing he decided to release them from the holding pen—what would be the safest way? Should he just smash the pen open with a hammer and then run? I heard there is a danger that uninhibited specimens have a difficult transition phase and might form roving packs of killer strays. Is this true, or would they reënter the natural population?

Very truly yours,
Concerned Siberian Citizen
(Ret.)

Editor-in-Chief
Le Monde
Paris, France
Esteemed Colleague:

Our best regards to you and your enchanting wife.

By the way, how do you decide which are the news stories and which are the editorials? Is it by word count or, rather, a collective decision reached by secret ballot? Or perchance you leave this matter in the capable hands of your delightful spouse. In that case, might we consult with her now and then, purely on a professional basis?

With felicitations,
Izvestia Editorial Board

P.S.: Please forgive the ironic idiocy of the above query if yours is one of the Western press organs which have been taking their instructions from us. Someone told us to forget about all that, so we had to.

Supervisor
Cook County Board of Elections
Cook County, Illinois, U.S.A.
Dear Sir or Madam:

Knowing your reputation far and wide, we were just wondering. What if there occurred some voting machines of a highly democratic technology—for example, allowing multiple choice by means of extra slots and levers? Is there some method, in its sophistication a mystery to us, for insuring that a candidate with more votes does not obtain an unfair advantage over a candidate with not so many votes? There could be a situation where the latter is more deserving, due to family needs or health problems, etc., yet is passed aside by a hasty or whimsical electorate for a candidate they think they "want." Then idealism would cry out on its hands and knees to serve a higher justice. Is there a special device for this?

Also, do you happen to know how to get the ballots out of the machine—smash the whole thing open like a piggy bank, or what?

Sincerely,
Supreme Election Reform
Central Committee

Mr. Akio Morita, Chairman
Sony Corporation
Tokyo, Japan
Dear Mr. Morita:

This is not your problem, but in our admiration for your fantastic acumen we hope to presume upon your farseeing wisdom and topnotch business sense.

A woman named Yoko Ono has made us a firm offer of $30,000 in hard currency for eight hundred thousand hectares of state-owned pasture in the northeastern Urals. She asserts managerial skills such that over a five-year period she can transform the area into a profit-making dairy farm equipped with automated milking system, carriage barn, historically restored rustic stone walls, manor house with large deck, hardwood floors, antique lighting, Tulikivi radiant fireplace, all-electric kitchen, aluminum siding, up-to-the-minute recording studio, and much more, and will then rent it back to us on terms to be mutually deferred.

Naturally we are tempted to gobble this while her enthusiasm is still at fever pitch. But the wife of our deputy agro-industrial minister suggests we ask if you know a hard-nosed tactic to sweeten our end of the deal.

Most respectfully,
Land Development
Inspectorate

Hughes Tool Company
U.S.A.
To the Board of Directors:

No doubt it is something out of the blue, receiving a letter from an unknown woman in Russia. I have selected your company because my husband is a fan of your unique oil-drilling equipment, which he appreciates only by remote lore and word of mouth but aspires someday to purchase for his business here. Having started from a single informal kerosene drum in a shed behind our dacha on the Black Sea, he has created over the years quite a formidable oil-and-gas-pumping endeavor, and now stands in position to operate on a mammoth regional scale.

However, I am concerned that he is the victim of a fairy tale about capitalist management principles. A small cohort of men visiting from your state Utah have attained influence over him. They are causing him to discharge fond employees of loyal longevity, and to sign many papers, and now they have him in a reclusion, lying in bed with long fingernails, watching a videotape of a film, "Ocean's Eleven." Recently he sent out to me an elaborate pencil memorandum explaining how I should open herring jars in a certain way so germs from my hair cannot tumble in. He said that titans of capital have to protect themselves from poison elements, but I believe this to be a propaganda romance, indoctrinated by the Utah men. Finally, would it be a fact that executive decision-making power is enhanced by hourly injections of the substance "codeine"? This is what they proclaim, although they themselves are fanatically abstemious when it comes to even vodka or tea.

As I am too typical of our national unfamiliarity with these parts of the free-enterprise system, I pray that you can inform my perspective before it is already too late and I smash open the attic with a hammer.

Desperate

To Whom It May Concern:

I am free. What should I do?

—Veronica Geng

COMMUNITY LIFE

WHEN Olena was a little girl, she had called them lieberries—a fibbing fruit, a story store—and now she had a job in one. She had originally wanted to teach English literature, but when she failed to warm to the graduate study of it, its French-fried theories—a vocabulary of arson!—she'd transferred to library school, where everyone was taught to take care of books, tenderly, as if they were dishes or dolls.

She had learned to read at an early age. Her parents, newly settled in Vermont from Tirgu-Mures in Transylvania, were anxious that their daughter learn to speak English, to blend in with the community in a way they felt they probably never would, and so every Saturday they took her to the children's section of the Rutland library and let her spend time with the librarian, who chose books for her and sometimes even read a page or two out loud, though there was a sign that said "Please be quiet boys and girls." No comma.

Which made it seem to Olena that only the boys had to be quiet. She and the librarian could do whatever they wanted.

She had loved the librarian.

And when Olena's Romanian began to recede altogether, and in its stead bloomed a slow, rich, English-speaking voice, not unlike the librarian's, too womanly for a little girl, the other children on her street became even more afraid of her. "Dracula!" they shouted. "Transylvaniess!" they shrieked, and ran.

"You'll have a new name now," her father told her on the first day of first grade. He had already changed their last name from Todorescu to Resnick. His shop was called Resnick's Furs. "From here on in, you will no longer be Olena. You will have a nice American name, Nell."

"You make to say the name," her mother said. "When the teacher tell you Olena, you say, 'No, Nell.' Say, 'Nell.' "

"Nell," said Olena. But when she got to school the teacher, sensing something dreamy and outcast in her, clasped her hand and exclaimed, "Olena! What a beautiful name!" Olena's heart filled with gratitude and surprise, and she fell in, adoring and mute, close to the teacher's hip.

From there on in, only her parents, in their throaty Romanian accents, ever called her Nell—her secret, jaunty, American self existing only for them.

"Nell, how are the other children at the school?"

"Nell, please to tell us what you do."

Years later, when they were killed in a car crash on the Farm-to-Market Road, and the Nell who had never lived died with them, Olena, numbly rearranging the letters of her own name on the envelopes of the sympathy cards she received, discovered what the letters spelled. Olena: "Alone." The word was a body walled in the cellar of her, a whiff and forecast of doom like an early, rotten spring—and she longed for the Nell-that-never-lived's return. She wished to start over again, to be someone living coltishly in the world, not someone hidden away behind books, with a carefully learned voice and a sad past.

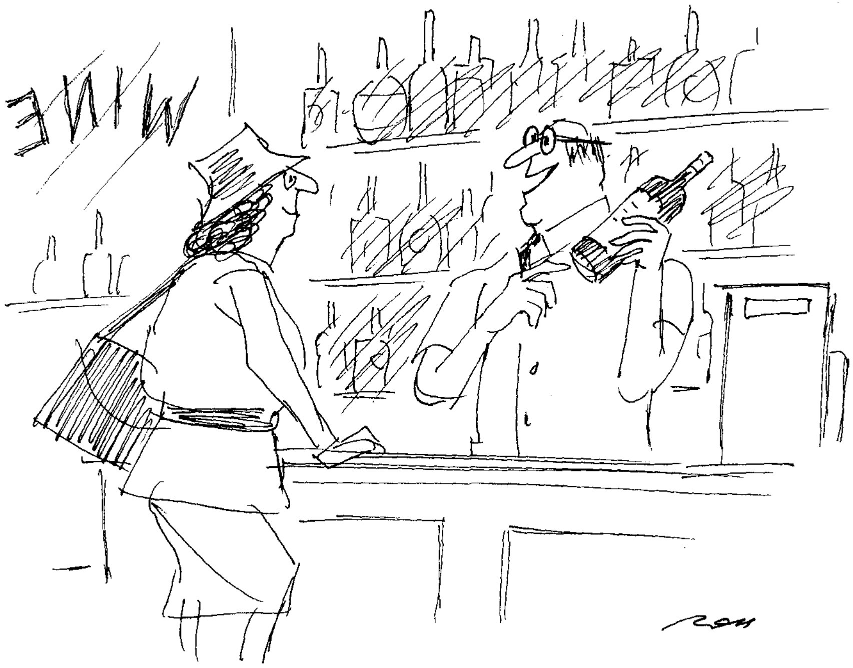
She missed her mother the most.

THE library Olena worked in was one of the most prestigious university libraries in the Midwest. It housed a large collection of rare and foreign books, and she had driven across several states to get there, squinting through the splattered tempera of insects on the windshield, watching for the dark tail of a possible tornado, and getting sick, painfully, in Indiana, along I-80, in the rest rooms of the service plazas named for dead Hoosiers. The ladies' rooms there had had electric eyes for the toilets, the sinks, the hand dryers, and she'd set them all off by staggering in and out of the stalls or leaning into the sinks. "You the only one in here?" asked a cleaning woman. "You the only one in here making this racket?" Olena had smiled, a dog's smile; in the yellowish light everything seemed tragic and ridiculous and unable to stop. The flatness of the terrain gave her vertigo, she decided: that was it. The land was windswept; there were no smells. In Vermont she had felt cradled by mountains. Now, here, she would have to be brave.

But she had no memory of how to be brave. Here, it seemed she had no memories at all. Nothing triggered them. And once in a while, when she gave voice to the fleeting edge of one, it seemed like something she was making up.

OLENA first met Nick at the library in May. She was temporarily positioned at the reference desk, hauled out from her ordinary task as the supervisor of foreign cataloguing, to replace someone who was ill. Nick was researching statistics on municipal-campaign spending in the state. "Haven't stepped into a library since I was eighteen," he said. He looked at least forty.

She showed him where he might look. "Try looking here," she said, writing down the names of indexes, but he



"And it was a good year for the Mets, too!"

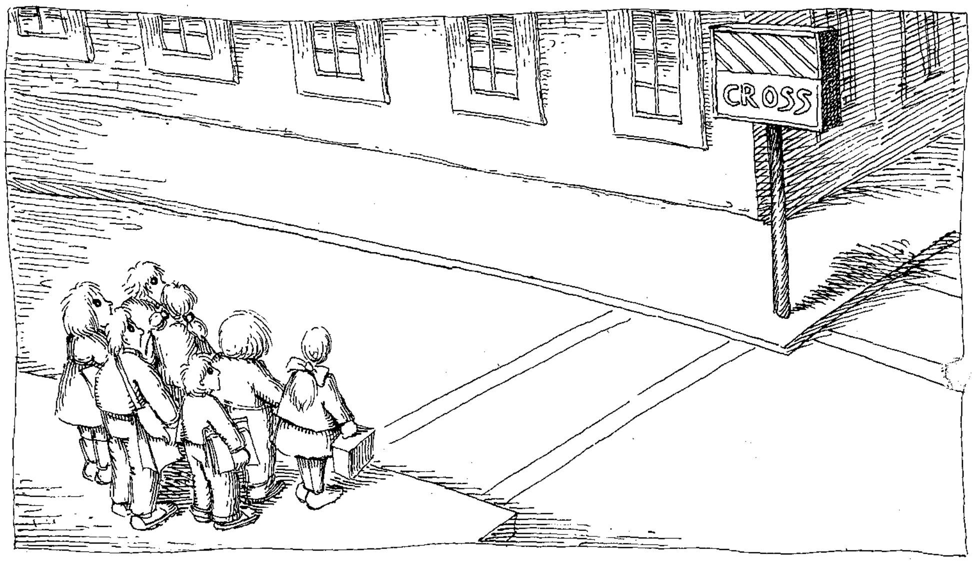
kept looking at *her*. "Or here."

"I'm managing a county-board-seat campaign," he said. "The election's not until the fall, but I'm trying to get a jump on things."

His hair was a coppery brown, threaded through with silver. There was something animated in his eyes, like pond life. "I just wanted to get some comparison figures. Will you have a cup of coffee with me?"

"I don't think so," she said.

But he came back the next day and asked her again.



THE coffee shop near campus was hot and noisy, crowded with students, and Nick loudly ordered espresso for both himself and Olena. She usually didn't like espresso—its gritty, cigarish taste. But a kind of distortion was in the air, something that bent you a little; it caused your usual self to grow slippery, to wander off and shop, to get blurry, bleed, bevel with possibility. She drank fast, with determination and a sense of adventure. "I guess I'll have a second," she said, and wiped her mouth with a napkin.

"I'll get it," said Nick, and when he came back he told her some more about the campaign he was running. "It's important to get the endorsements of the neighborhood associations," he said. He ran a bratwurst and frozen-yogurt stand called Please Squeeze & Bratwursts. He had got to know a lot of people that way. "I feel alive and relevant, living my life like this," he said. "I don't feel like I've sold out."

"Sold out to what?" she asked.

He smiled. "I can tell you're not from around here," he said. He raked his hand through the various metals of his hair. "*Selling out*. Like, doing something you really never wanted to do, and getting paid too much for it."

"Oh," she said.

"When I was a kid, my father said to me, 'Sometimes in life, son, you're going to find you have to do things you don't want to do,' and I looked him right in the eye and said, 'No fucking way.' " Olena laughed. "I mean, you probably always wanted to be a librarian, right?"

She looked at all the crooked diagonals of his face and couldn't tell whether he was serious. "Me?" she said. "I first went to graduate school to be an English professor." She sighed, switched elbows, sinking her chin into her other hand. "I did try," she said. "I read Derrida. I read Lacan. I read 'Reading Lacan.' I read 'Reading "Reading Lacan" '—and that's when I applied to library school."

"I don't know who Lacan is," he said.

"He's, well . . . You see, that's why I like libraries: No whats or whys. Just 'Where is it?' "

"And *where* are you from?" he asked, his face briefly animated by his own clever change of subject. "Originally?" There was, it seemed, a way of spotting those not native to the town. It was a college town, attractive and dull, and it hurried the transients along—the students, gypsies, visiting scholars and comics—with a motion not unlike peristalsis.

"Vermont," she said.

"Vermont!" Nick exclaimed, as if it were exotic, which made her glad she hadn't said something like Transylvania. He leaned toward her, confidentially. "I have to tell you: I own one chair from Ethan Allen."

"You do?" She smiled. "I won't tell anyone."

"Before that, however, I was in prison, and didn't own a stick."

"Really?" she asked. She sat back. Was he telling the truth? As a girl she'd been very gullible, but she had always learned more that way.

"I went to school here," he said. "In the sixties. I bombed a warehouse where the military was storing research supplies. I got twelve years." He paused, searching her eyes to see how she was doing, how *he* was doing. Then he fetched back his gaze, like a piece of jewelry he'd merely wanted to show her, quick. "There wasn't supposed to be anyone there. We'd checked it all out in advance, but this poor asshole named Lawrence Sperry—Larry Sperry! Christ, can you imagine having a name like that?"

"Sure," said Olena.

Nick looked at her suspiciously. "He was in there, working late. He lost a leg and an eye in the explosion. I got the federal pen in Winford. Attempted murder."

The thick coffee coated his lips. He had been looking steadily at her, but now he looked away.

"Would you like a bun?" asked Olena. "I'm going to go get a bun." She stood, but he turned and gazed up at her with such disbelief that she sat back down again, sloppily, sidesaddle. She twisted forward, leaned into the table. "I'm sorry. Is that all true, what you just said? Did that really happen to you?"

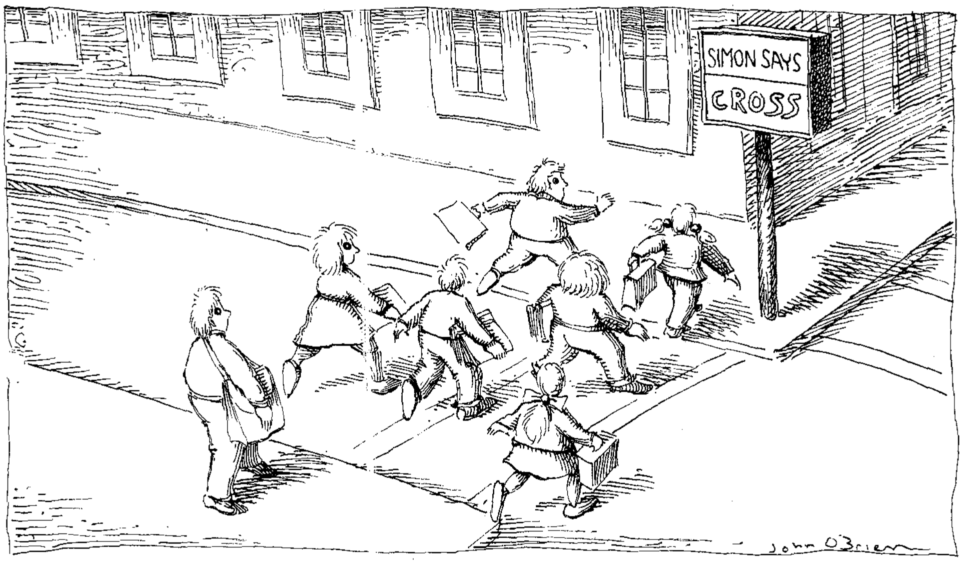
"*What?*" His mouth fell open. "You think I'd make that up?"

"It's just that, well, I work around a lot of literature," she said.

"Literature," he repeated.

She touched his hand. She didn't know what else to do. "Can I cook dinner for you some night? Tonight?"

There was a blaze in his eye, a concentrated seeing. He seemed for a moment able to look right into her, to



know her in a way that was uncluttered by actually knowing her. He seemed to have no information or misinformation, only a kind of photography, factless but true.

"Yes," he said, "you can."

Which was how he came to spend the evening beneath the cheap stained-glass lamp of her dining room, its barroom red, its Schlitz-Tiffany light, and then to spend the night, and not leave.

Olena had never lived with a man before. "Except my father," she said, and Nick studied her eyes, the streak of blankness in them, when she said it. Though she had dated two different boys in college, they were the kind who liked to leave early, to eat breakfast without her, at smoky greasy spoons, to sit at the counter with large men in blue windbreakers, read the paper, get their cups refilled.

She had never been with anyone who had stayed. Anyone who had moved in his box of tapes, his Ethan Allen chair.

Anyone who had had lease problems at his old place.

"I'm trying to bring this thing together," he said, holding her in the middle of the afternoon. "My life, the campaign, my thing with you—I'm trying to get all my birds to land in the same yard." Out the window there was an afternoon moon like a golf ball, pocked and stuck. She looked at the calcified egg of it, its coin face, its blue neighborhood of nothing. Then she looked at him. There was the pond life again in his eyes, and in the rest of his face a hesitant, warm stillness.

"Do you like making love to me?" she asked, at night during a thunderstorm.

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Are you satisfied with me?"

He turned toward her, kissed her. "Yes," he said. "I don't need a show."

She was quiet for a long time. "People are giving shows?"

The rain and wind rushed down the gutters, snapped the branches of the weak trees in the side yard.

He had her inexperience and self-esteem in mind. At the movies, at the beginning, he whispered, "Twentieth Century Fox. Baby, that's you." During a slapstick part, in a library where card catalogues were upended and scattered wildly through the air, she broke into a pale, cold sweat, and he moved toward her, hid her head in his chest, saying, "Don't look, don't look." At the end they would sit through the long credits—gaffer, best boy, key grip. "That's what *we* need to get," he said. "A grip."

"Yes," she said. "And a negative cutter."

Other times he encouraged her to walk around the house naked. "If you got it, do it." He smiled, paused, feigned confusion. "If you do it, have it. If you flaunt it, do it."

"If you have it, got it," she added.

"If you say it, mean it." And he pulled her toward him like a dancing partner with soft shoes and the smiling mouth of love.

But too often she lay awake, wondering. There was something missing. Something wasn't happening to her—or was it to him?—while, all through the summer, thunderstorms set the sky on fire as she lay awake listening for the train sound of a tornado that never came, although the lightning ripped open the night and the trees were lit like things too suddenly remembered, then left indecipherable again in the dark.

"You're not feeling anything, are you?" he finally said. "What's wrong?"

"I'm not sure," she said cryptically. "The rainstorms are so loud in this part of the world." The wind from a storm blew through the screens and caused the door to the bedroom to slam shut. "I don't like a door to slam," she whispered. "It makes me think someone is mad."

At the library there were Romanian books coming in—Olena was to skim them, read them just enough to proffer a brief description for the catalogue listing. It dismayed her that her Romanian was so weak, that it had seemed almost to vanish, a mere handkerchief in a stairwell, and that daily now another book arrived to reprimand her.

She missed her mother the most.

On her lunch break she went to Nick's stand for a frozen yogurt. He looked tired, bedraggled, his hair like sprockets. "You want the Sperry Cherry or the Lemon Bomber?" he asked. These were his joke names, the ones he threatened really to use someday.

"How about apple?" she said.

He cut up an apple and arranged it in a paper dish. He squeezed yogurt from a chrome machine. "There's a fund-raiser tonight for the Teetlebaum campaign."

"Oh," she said. She had been to these fund-raisers before. At first she had liked them, glimpsing corners of the town she would never have seen otherwise, Nick leading her out into them, Nick knowing everyone, so her life seemed filled with possibility, with hopefulness. But finally she felt the events were too full of dreary, glad-handing people talking incessantly of their camping trips out West. They never really spoke to you. They spoke toward you. They spoke at you. They spoke on you, near you. They believed themselves crucial to the welfare of the community. They didn't read books.

"At least they're *contributors to the community*," said Nick. "At least they're not sucking the blood of it—"

"Lapping," she said.

"What?"

"Gnashing and lapping. Not sucking."

He looked at her in a doubtful, worried way. "I looked it up once," she said.

"Whatever." He scowled. "At *least* they care. At *least* they're trying to give something back."

"I'd rather live in Russia," she said.

"I'll be back around ten or so," he said.

"You don't want me to come?" In truth, she wasn't very impressed with Ken Teetlebaum. Perhaps Nick had figured this out. Though Ken had the support of the local leftover left, there was something fatuous and vain about him. He tended to do little isometric leg exercises while you were talking to him. Often he took out a Woolworth's photo of himself and showed it to people. "Look at this," he'd say. "This was back when I had long hair. Can you believe it?" And people would look and see a handsome, teen-aged boy who bore only a slight resemblance to the puffy Ken Teetlebaum of today. "Don't I look like Eric Clapton?"

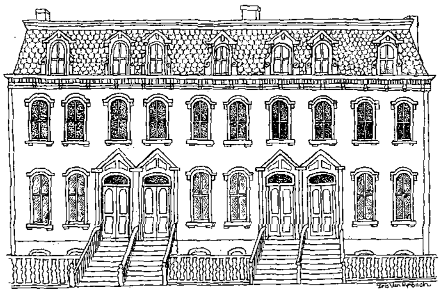
"Eric Clapton would never have sat in a Woolworth's photo booth like some high-school girl," Olena said, in the caustic blurt that sometimes afflicts the shy. Ken looked at her in a laughing, hurt sort of way, and after that he stopped showing the photo around.

"You can come if you want to." Nick reached up, smoothed his hair, and looked handsome again. "Meet me there."

The fund-raiser was in the upstairs room of a local restaurant called Dutch's. She paid ten dollars, went in, and ate a lot of raw cauliflower and hummus before she saw Nick back in a far corner talking to a woman in jeans and a brown blazer. She was the sort of woman that Nick might twist around to look at in restaurants: her fiery auburn hair cut bluntly in a pageboy. She had a pretty face, but the hair was too severe, too separate and tended-to. Olena herself had long, disorganized hair, and she wore it pulled back messily in a clip. When she reached up to wave to Nick, and he looked away without acknowledging her, back toward the auburn pageboy, she kept her hand up and moved it back, to fuss with the clip. She would never fit in here, she thought. Not among these jolly, activist-clerk types. She preferred the quiet poet-clerks of the library. They were delicate and territorial, intellectual, and physically unwell. They sat around at work, thinking up Tom Swifties: *I have to go to the hardware store, he said wrenchingly.*

Would you like a soda? he asked spritely.

They spent weekends at the Mayo Clinic. "An amusement park for hypochondriacs," said a cataloguer named Sarah. "A cross between Lourdes and 'The New Price Is Right,' " said someone else named George. These were the people she liked: the kind you couldn't really live with.



She turned to head toward the ladies' room and bumped into Ken. He gave her a hug hello, and then whispered in her ear, "You live with Nick. Help us think of an issue. I need another issue."

"I'll get you one at the issue store," she said, and pulled away as someone approached him with a heartily extended hand and a false, booming "Here's the man of the hour." In the bathroom she stared at her own reflection. In an attempt at extroversion, she had worn a tunic with large slices of watermelon depicted on the front. What had she been thinking of?

She went into the stall and slid the bolt shut. She read the graffiti on the back of the door: "Anita loves David S." "Christ + Diane W." It was good to

---

NOTHING

Below us the gray fields of England
lie like sacks of cement
as I fill out the landing card
of Her Majesty's Government.

A girl adrift under her Walkman
is sipping her father's vin blanc.
I turn to study the orange juice
and a new moon of stale croissant,

our "continental" breakfast.
I've paid with a handful of dimes
for the vodka spilled at my feet
on the wrinkled New York *Times*.

A pale silver wrinkling, or kneading,
on the green Naugahyde of sea
disturbs the aluminum cowl
of the engine by G.E.,

and a coarse white whisker of ship
blinks in simple Morse code
the danger of Scotch-on-the-rocks
or ice on wet strings of road

across the stubble of Dartmoor,
where dark pools on western slopes
surround broken needles of light
that might be needles of hope.

We are tired, bloodless figures,
the waxworks of Madame Tussaud.
How little we really expect.
How less than little we know.

The bowmen who nocked their arrows
on the fields of Agincourt
protected these gas storage tanks,
the docks of this tiny port,

the small rural railway station,
the zipper of British Rail,
the consolation of life
built on HO scale,

the silver sigh of a river
squeezed from a tube of paint,
the chalky scar of high street,
and a crossing that stares like a saint.

I remember your dying, your anger,
alone in a hospital bed.
The dead help no one living
and the living no one dead.

In minutes we will be landing
at the airport of status quo.
We never escape very far
from the deaths that await us below.

—William Logan

• •

see that even in a town like this people could love each other.

"WHO were you talking to?" Olena asked Nick later, at home.

"Who? What do you mean?"

"The one with the plasticine hair."

"Oh, Erin? She does look like she does something to her hair. It looks like she hennas it."

"It looks like she tacks it against the wall and stands underneath it."

"She's head of the Bayre Corners Neighborhood Association. Come September we're really going to need her endorsement."

Olena sighed, looked away.

"It's the democratic process," said Nick.

"I'd rather have a king and queen," she said.

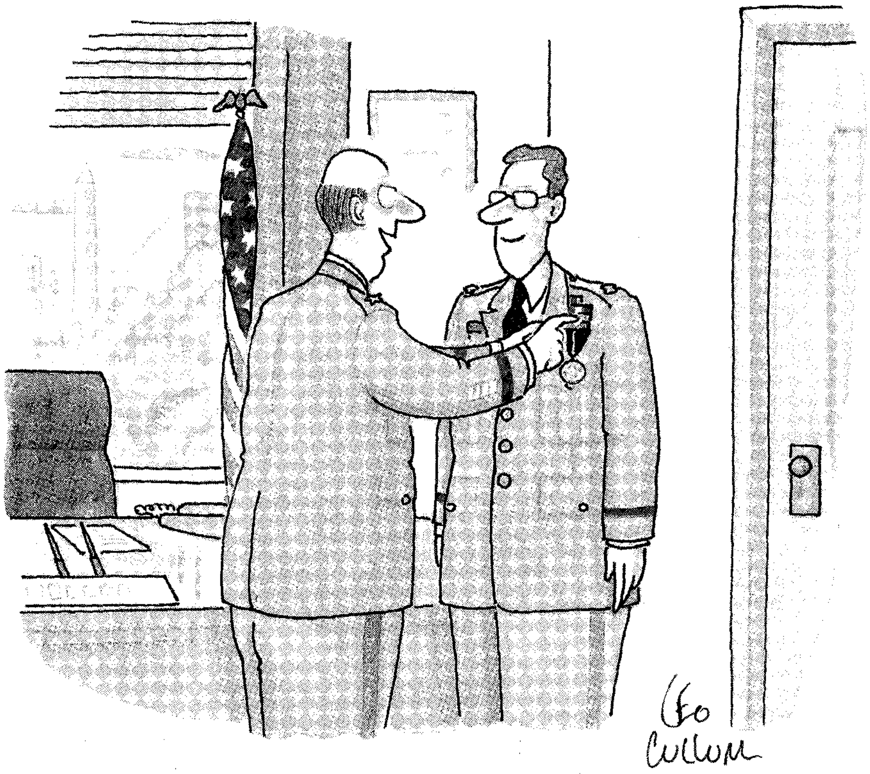
THE following Friday, the night of the Fish-Fry Fund-Raiser at the Labor Temple, was the night Nick slept with Erin of the Bayre Corners Neighborhood Association. He arrived back home at seven in the morning and confessed to Olena, who, when Nick hadn't come home, had downed half a packet of Dramamine to get to sleep.

"I'm sorry," he said, his head in his hands. "It's a sixties thing."

"A sixties thing?" Olena was fuzzy, zonked from the Dramamine.

"You get all involved in a political event, and you find yourselves sleeping together. She's from that era, too. It's also that, I don't know, she just seems to really care about her community. She's got this reaching, expressive side to her. I got caught up in that." He was sitting down, leaning forward on his knees, talking to his shoes. The electric fan was blowing on him; his hair was moving gently, like weeds in water.

"A sixties thing?" Olena repeated. "A sixties thing, what is that—like 'Easy to Be Hard'?" It was the song she remembered best. But now something switched off in her. The bones in her chest hurt. Even the room seemed changed—brighter and awful. Everything had fled her, run away to become something else. She started to perspire under her arms, and her face grew hot. "You're a murderer," she said. "That's finally what you are. That's finally what you'll always be." She began to weep so loudly that Nick got up, closed the windows. Then he came back and held her—who else was there to hold her?—and she held him, too.



"For services rendered, I award you the Medal of Discretion, the better part of valor."

• •

NICK bought Olena a large garnet ring, a cough drop set in brass. He did the dishes ten days in a row. She had a tendency to go to bed right after supper and sleep, heavily, needing the escape. She had become afraid of going out—restaurants, stores, the tension in her shoulders, the fear gripping her face when she was there, as if people knew she was a foreigner and a fool—and for fifteen additional days he did the cooking and shopping. His car was always parked on the outside of the driveway, and hers was always in first, close, blocked off, as if to indicate who most belonged to the community, to the world, and who most belonged tucked away from it, in a house. Perhaps in bed. Perhaps asleep.

"You need more life around you," said Nick, cradling her, though she'd gone stiff and still. His face was plaintive and suntanned, the notes and varnish of a violin. "You need a greater sense of life around you." Outside there was the old-rot smell of rain coming.

"How have you managed to get a suntan when there's been so much rain?" she asked.

"It's summer," he said. "I work outside, remember?"

"There are no sleeve marks," she said. "Where are you going?"

She had become afraid of the community. It was her enemy. Other people, other women.

She had, without realizing it at the time, learned to follow his gaze, learned to know his lust, and when she did go out, to work at least, his desires remained memorized within her. She looked at the attractive women he would look at. She turned to inspect the face that went with every pageboy haircut she saw from behind and passed in her car. She looked at them furtively or squarely—it didn't matter. She appraised their eyes and mouths and wondered about their bodies. She had become him: she longed for these women. But she was also herself, and so she despised them. She lusted after them, but she also wanted to beat them up.

A rapist.

She had become a rapist, driving to work in a car. But for a while it was the only way she could be.

She began to wear his clothes—a

shirt, a pair of socks—to keep him next to her, to try to understand why he had done what he'd done. And in this new empathy, in this pants role, as if in an opera, she thought she understood what it was to make love to a woman, to open the hidden underside of her, a secret food, to thrust yourself up in her, to feel her arching and thrashing like a puppet, to watch her later when she got up and walked around without you, oblivious of the injury you'd done her (you'd surely done her). How could you not love her, gratefully, marvelling? She was so mysterious, so recovered, an unshared thought enlivening her eyes; you wanted to follow her forever.

A man in love. That was a man in love. So different from a woman.

A woman cleaned up the kitchen. A woman gave and hid, gave and hid, like someone with a May basket.

OLENA made an appointment with a doctor. Her insurance covered her only if she went to the university hospital, so she made an appointment there.

"I've made a doctor's appointment," she said to Nick, but he had the water running in the tub and didn't hear her. "To find out if there's anything wrong with me."

When he got out, he approached her with nothing on but a towel. He pulled her close to his chest and lowered her to the floor, right there in the hall by the bathroom door. Something was swooping back and forth in an arc above her. Mayday, Mayday. She froze.

"What was that?" She pushed him away.

"What?" He rolled over on his back and looked.

Something was flying around in the stairwell—a bird.

"A bat," he said.

"Oh, my God!" cried Olena.

"The heat can bring them out in these old rental houses," he said, standing and rewrapping his towel. "Do you have a tennis racket?"

She showed him where it was. "I've only played tennis once," she said. "Do you want to play tennis sometime?" But he proceeded to stalk the bat in the dark stairwell.

"Now, don't get hysterical," he said.

"I'm already hysterical."

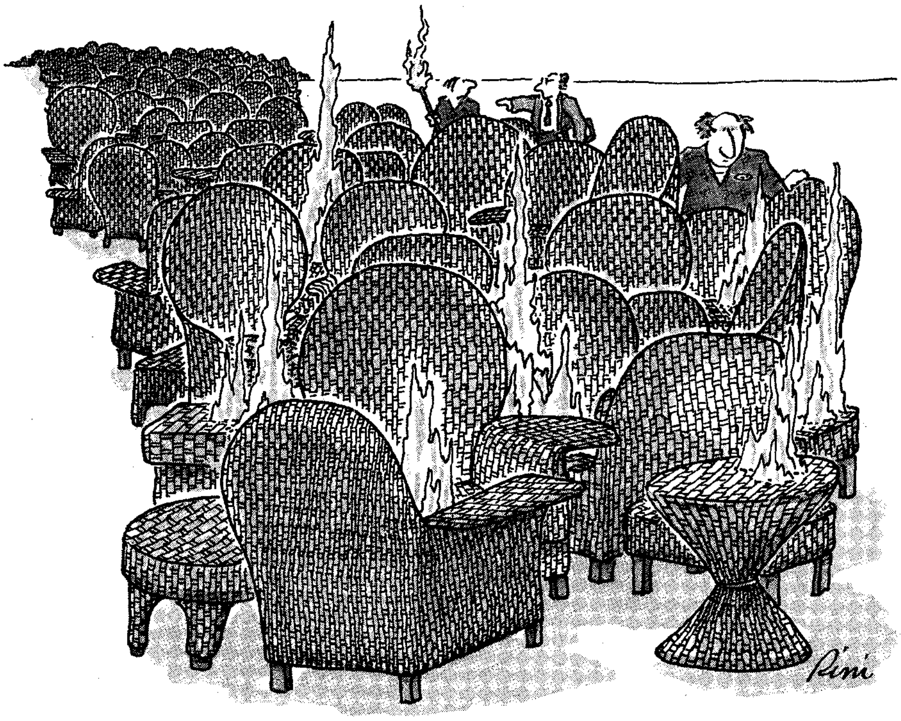
"Don't get— There!" he shouted, and she heard the *thwack* of the racket against the wall, and the soft drop of the bat to the landing.

She suddenly felt sick. "Did you have to kill it?" she said.

"What did you want me to do?"

"I don't know. Capture it. Rough it up a little." She felt guilty, as if her own loathing had brought about its death. "What kind of bat is it?" She tiptoed up to look, to try to glimpse its monkey face, its cat teeth, its pterodactyl wings, like beet leaves. "What kind? Is it a fruit bat?"

Burning Off Last Year's Wicker
to Make Room for New Growth



"Looks pretty straight to me," said Nick. With his fist he tapped Olena's arm lightly, teasingly.

"Will you stop? Maybe it's a brown bat. It's not a vampire bat, is it?"

"I think you have to go to South America for those," he said. "Take your platform shoes!"

She sank down on the steps, pulled her robe tighter. She felt for the light switch and flicked it on. The bat, she could now see, was small and light-colored, its wings folded in like a packed tent—a mouse with backpacking equipment. It had a sweet face, like a deer's, though blood drizzled from its head. It reminded her of a cat she'd seen once as a child, shot in the eye with a BB.

"I can't look anymore," she said, and went back upstairs.

He appeared a half hour later, standing in the doorway. She was in bed, a book propped in her lap—a biography of a French feminist, which she was reading for the hairdo information.

"I had lunch with Erin today," he said.

Olena stared at the page. Snoods. Turbans and snoods. You could go for days in a snood. "Why?"

"A lot of different reasons. For Ken, mostly. Erin's still head of the neighborhood association, and he needs her endorsement. I just wanted to let you know. Listen, you've gotta cut me some slack."

Olena grew hot in the face again. "I've cut you some slack," she said. "I've cut you a whole forest of slack. The whole global slack forest has been cut for you." She closed the book. "I don't know why you cavort with these people. They're nothing but a bunch of clerks."

He'd been trying to look pleasant, but now he winced a little. "Oh, I see," he said. "Miss High-Minded. You whose father made his living off furs. Furs!" He took two steps toward her, then turned and paced back again. "I can't believe I'm living with someone who grew up on the proceeds of tortured animals!"

She was quiet. This lunge at moral

fastidiousness was something she'd noticed a lot in the people around here. They were not good people. They were not kind. They played around and lied to their spouses. But they recycled their newspapers!

"Don't drag my father into this."

"Look, I've spent years of my life working for peace and free expression. I've been in prison already. I've lived in a cage! I don't need to live in another one."

"You and your free expression! You who can't listen to me for two minutes!"

"Listen to you what?"

"Listen to me when I"—here she bit her lip a little—"when I tell you that these people you care about, this hateful Erin Whats-her-name, they're just small, awful, nothing people."

"So they don't read enough books," he said slowly. "Who the fuck cares?"

THE next day Nick was off to a meeting with Ken at the Senior Citizens Association. The host from "Jeopardy" was going to be there, and Ken wanted to shake a few hands, sign up volunteers. The host from "Jeopardy" was going to give a talk.

"I don't get it," Olena said.

"I know." Nick sighed, the pond life treading water in his eyes. "But, well—it's the American way." He grabbed his keys, and the look that quickly passed over his face told her this: she wasn't pretty enough.

"I hate America," she said.

Nonetheless, he called her at the library during a break. She'd been sitting in the back with Sarah, thinking up Tom Swifties, her brain ready to bleed through her ears, when the phone rang. "You should see this," he said. "Some old geezer raises his hand, I call on him, and he stands up and the first thing he says is, 'I had my hand raised for ten whole minutes, and you kept passing over me. I don't like to be passed over. You can't just pass over a guy like me, not at my age.'"

Olena laughed, as Nick wanted her to.

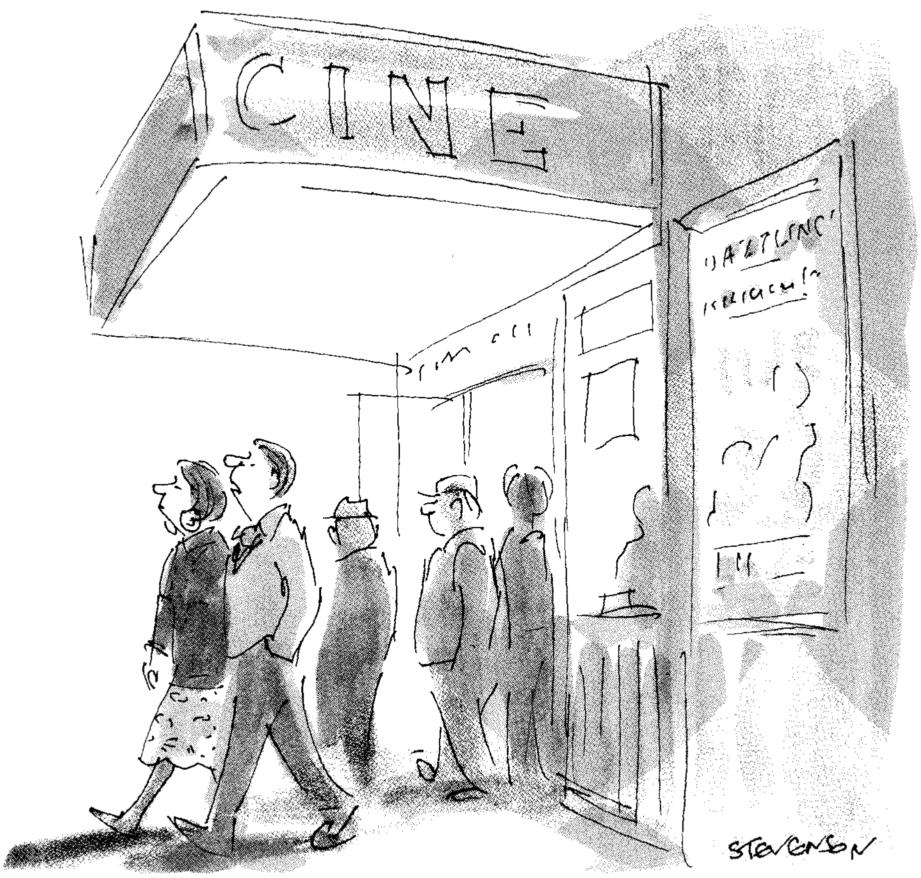
This hot dog's awful, she said frankly.

"We've got all these signs up that say 'Teetlebaum for Tort Reform.'"

"Sounds like a Wallace Stevens poem," she said.

"Yeah. I don't know what I expected. But the swirl of this whole event has not felt right."

She's a real dog, he said cattily.



"Film blanc."

She was quiet, deciding to let him do the work of this call.

"Do you realize that Ken's entire softball team just wrote a letter to the *Star*, calling him a loudmouth and a cheat?"

"Well," she said, "what can you expect from a bunch of grown men who pitch underhand?"

There was some silence. "I care about us," he said finally. "I just want you to know that."

"O.K.," she said.

"I know I'm a pain in the ass to you," he said. "But you're an inspiration to me, you are."

I like a good sled dog, she said huskily.

"Thank you for just—for saying that," she said.

"I just sometimes wish you'd get involved in the community, help out with the campaign. Give of yourself. Connect a little with something."

AT the hospital, Olena got up on the table and pulled the paper gown tight around her, her feet in the stirrups. The doctor took a plastic speculum out of a drawer. "Anything particular seem to be the problem today?" asked the doctor.

"I just want you to look and tell me if there's anything wrong," said Olena.

The doctor studied her carefully. "There's a class of medical students outside. Do you mind if they come in?"

"Excuse me?"

"You know this is a teaching hospital," she said. "We hope that our patients won't mind contributing to the education of our medical students by allowing them in during an examination. It's a way of contributing to the larger medical community, if you will. But it's totally up to you. You can say no."

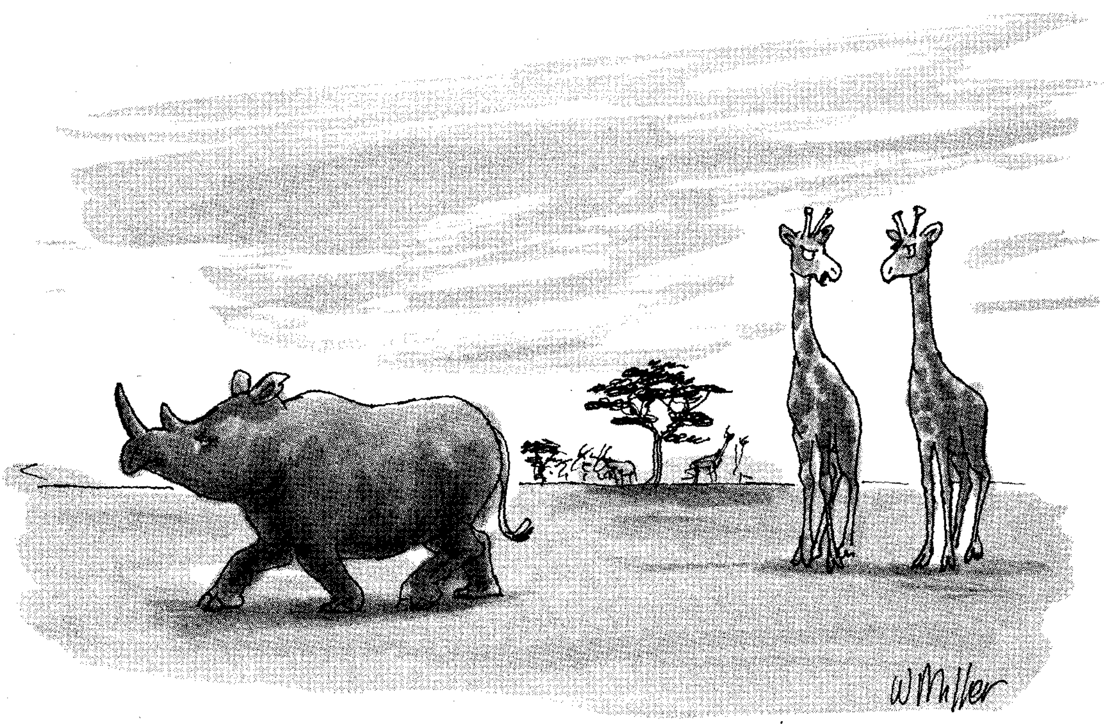
Olena clutched at her paper gown. *There's never been an accident, she said recklessly.* "How many of them are there?"

The doctor smiled quickly. "Seven," she said. "Like dwarfs."

"They'll come in and do what?"

The doctor was growing impatient, looked at her watch. "They'll participate in the examination. It's a learning visit."

Olena sank back down on the table. She didn't feel that she could offer



"It's that 'rarer than thou' attitude that gets me."

herself up this way. *You're only average, he said meanly.*

"All right," she said. "O.K."

Take a bow, he said sternly.

The doctor opened the door and called down the corridor. "Class?"

They were young, more than half of them men, and they gathered around the examination table in a horseshoe shape, looking slightly ashamed, sorry for her, no doubt, the way art students sometimes felt sorry for the shivering model they were about to draw. The doctor pulled up a stool between Olena's feet and inserted the plastic speculum—the stiff, widening arms of it uncomfortable, embarrassing. "Today we will be doing a routine pelvic examination," the doctor announced loudly, and then she got up again, went to a drawer, and passed out rubber gloves to everyone.

Olena went a little blind. A white light, starting at the center, spread to the black edges of her sight. One by one, the hands of the students entered her or pressed on her abdomen, felt hungrily, innocently, for something to learn from her, in her.

She missed her mother the most.

"Next," the doctor was saying. And then again. "All right. Next?"

Olena missed her mother the most. But it was her father's face that suddenly loomed before her now; his face at night in the doorway of her bedroom, coming to check on her before he went to bed; his bewildered face, horrified to find her lying there beneath the covers, touching herself and gasping; his whispered "Nell? Are you O.K.?" and then his vanishing, closing the door loudly, to leave her there, finally forever—to die and leave her there feeling only her own sorrow and disgrace, which she would live in as if it were a coat.

There were rubber fingers in her, moving, wriggling around, but not like the others. She sat up abruptly, and the young student withdrew his hand, moved away. "He didn't do it right," she said to the doctor. She pointed at the student. "He didn't do it correctly!"

"All right, then," said the doctor, looking at Olena with concern and alarm. "All right. You may all leave," she said to the students.

The doctor herself found nothing. "You are perfectly normal," she said. But she suggested that Olena take Vitamin B, and listen quietly to music in the evenings.

Olena staggered out through the hospital parking lot, not finding her car at first, and then, when she found it, strapping herself in tightly, as if she were something wild.

She went back to the library and sat at her desk. Everyone had gone home already. In the margins of her notepad she wrote, "alone as a book, alone as a desk, alone as a library, alone as a pencil, alone as a catalogue, alone as a number, alone as a notepad." Then she, too, left, went home, made herself tea. She felt separate from her body, felt herself dragging it up the stairs as if it were a big handbag, its leathery hollowness something you could cut up and give away, stick things in. She lay between the sheets of her bed, sweating, perhaps from the tea. The world felt over to her, used up, off to one side. There were no more names to live by.

One should live closer. She had lost her place, as in a book.

One should live closer to where one's parents were buried.

Waiting for Nick's return, she felt herself grow dizzy, float up toward the ceiling, and look down on the handbag. Tomorrow she would get an organ donor's card, an eye donor's card, as many cards as she could get. She would show them all to Nick. "Nick! Look at my cards!"

And, when he didn't come home, she remained awake through the long night, through the muffled thud of a bird's hurling itself against the window, through the thunder approaching and leaving like a voice, through the Frankenstein light of the storm. Over her house, in lieu of stars, she felt the bright heads of her mother and father, searching for her, their eyes beamed down from the sky.

"Oh, there you are," they said. "Oh, there you are."

But then they went away again, and she lay waiting, fist in her spine, for the grace and fatigue that would come—surely it must come—of having given so much to the world.

—Lorrie Moore

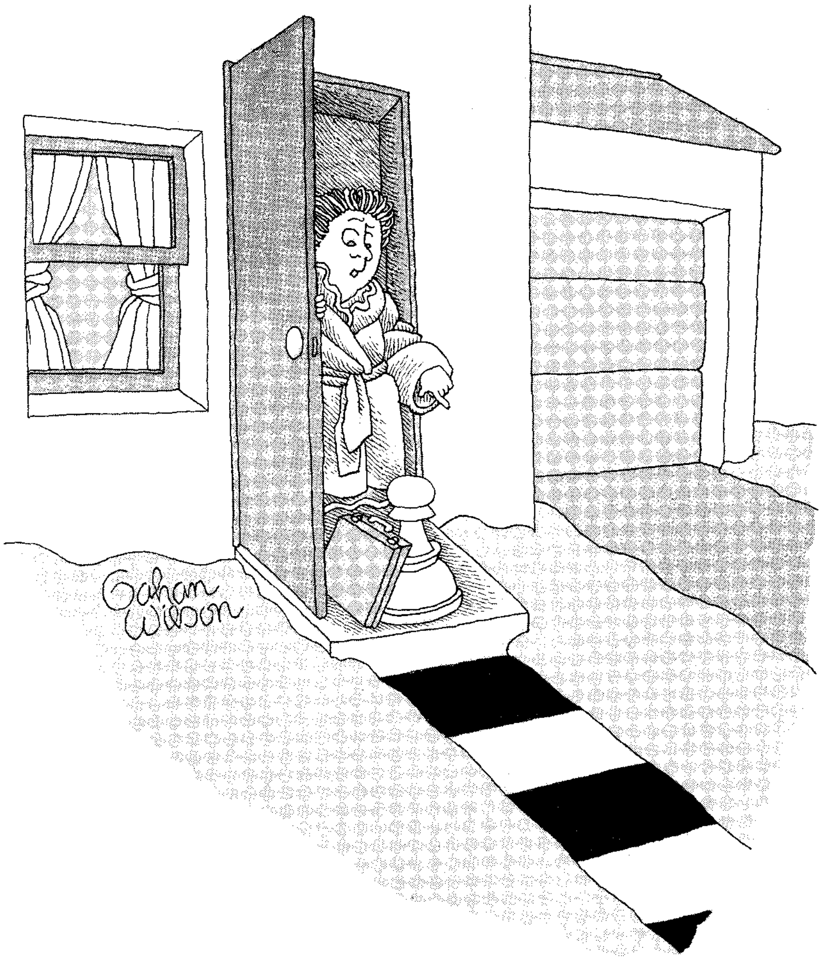
A REPORTER AT LARGE

AFTER THE LIBERATION

THE Bayan Palace is in the desert, about a twenty-minute drive from downtown Kuwait City. It is actually a cluster of eighteen modern buildings, four and five stories high, faced with marble and granite in geometric designs. Erected to accommodate the delegates to the Islamic Conference of 1987, these buildings began their life divided into bedrooms with adjoining bathrooms that had marble tubs and gold-plated fixtures. A structure of a more monumental character stood in their center, containing a large theatre, a library, and a hall with a lofty ceiling and grand chandeliers for the receptions of Sheikh Jabir al-Ahmad al-Sabah, the Emir of Kuwait. It was this building that the Iraqis destroyed before leaving the country last February. They put an artillery shell through the roof, which caused it to collapse into the theatre, and they started a fire in the library, which sent flames through the entire structure. Charred books are still scattered amid overturned shelves; the shattered windows have not yet been replaced; the ornate ceiling of the reception hall lies in heaps on the marble floor; soot covers the exterior walls. Spared by the Iraqis' hasty flight, Bayan's other buildings have since been fitted with desks and telephones and turned over to the Emir's staff and to the staff of the Foreign Ministry, which returned to Kuwait after the Gulf War to find that the Seif Palace, on the seaside, where they used to work, had also been gutted. Until the Seif Palace is repaired, they must make do with surroundings that, though luxurious, are cramped. It is the kind of sacrifice to which Kuwaitis, since liberation, have learned to adjust.

I arrived in Kuwait in early August, eager to see how the country was faring after seven months of occupation and five of freedom. The airport where I landed had been wrecked by the Iraqis and was still not fully repaired, but a few months earlier it had not been operating at all. Driving into the city, I noticed graffiti on a concrete barrier that said, "TANK U AMERICA. . . . MERCI MITERANT. . . . THANK TATCHER," but it seemed to me that, whatever the joy over liberation, the city looked grim. The dwellings on both sides of the freeway, obviously vacant, testified that Kuwait's population had been reduced to a fraction of its prewar level. The burning oil fields, visible as the plane descended, produced a heavy, sooty air, aggravated by the hundred-and-twenty-degree temperature of the summer afternoon. The greenery of which Kuwaitis used to be inordinately proud had all but disappeared. Later, I was told that the Iraqis had never bothered to water the lawns and the trees, and it occurred to me that the desert may have been the biggest victor of the war.

Driving through the downtown shopping streets over the next few days, I saw relatively little damage, but half of the small shops—where people bought shoes and clothing, fast food, airline tickets, videos, jewelry—were shuttered. Most of these shops had been run by non-Kuwaitis, a large majority of whom fled when the Iraqis came. Before the war, less than a third of Kuwait's population of two million consisted of Kuwaitis; the rest was made up of foreigners, who did the real work of the society. The largest group was some four hundred thousand Palestinians. Many of them had been residents for decades, but Kuwait made it clear that they were no longer welcome, because of the sympathy shown toward Saddam Hussein by the Palestine Liberation Organization. Among the other foreigners, there were many Egyptians, and even a few Iraqis, but the bulk were Asians. By this August, fewer than a hundred thousand Palestinians remained, and their numbers were still declining, while tens of thousands of newcomers, almost all of them Asians, were arriving—some legally, many not—to meet the need for labor. Every day that I was in the country, Kuwait seemed to



"Pawn to King Four."

get closer to the place I had known before the war: a few more shops open, another international airline flying out of the airport, new delays on the freeway. The supermarkets had already been stocked with imports, and now the European designers were coming in with their fall lines. One afternoon, I looked out my hotel window and saw speedboats and water-skiers in the marina—a sign that the good old days were coming back.

Once I had cleared the heavy security at the Bayan Palace gate, I entered the compound for an appointment with Sulaiman al-Shaheen, the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Ministry. It was a couple of days after my arrival, and I had turned to Shaheen for help with my scheduling. Shaheen understood that Kuwait, more than many other countries, presents problems for journalists who want to meet with policymakers. Not coincidentally, Kuwait's policymakers all belong to the royal family, the al-Sabahs. There is the Emir, of course, and there is the Prime Minister, Sheikh Saad al-Abdullah al-Sabah, who is also the Crown Prince. The Foreign Minister, Shaheen's boss, is Sheikh Salem al-Sabah. The Defense Minister and the Interior Minister are also al-Sabahs. These men make the key decisions for the country, usually consulting only one another. As al-Sabahs, furthermore, they recognize no duty to render any accounting to the public, much less to answer the questions of a passing journalist. I knew that Shaheen belonged to a distinguished Kuwaiti family whose members had attended Western universities, and I hoped to enlist him as an ally, though I felt the chances were small that I would be more successful than I had been in the past. Shaheen received me, in his small office, in his Kuwaiti regalia: the long, white gown called a *dishdasha*, the white *kufiyya* held on his head by the twisted black rope called an *iqal*. He assured me that he would try his best to obtain audiences for me with policymakers, but it quickly became clear that he had agreed to see me because he had other matters on his mind.

Predictably, Shaheen directed his responses to my first questions to the troublesome matters left unresolved by the war against Iraq. When I asked about the country's recovery, he said that Kuwaitis were not convinced that Saddam had been defeated, and feared that as long as he stayed in power his army might return. Shaheen's assertion corresponded with nearly every conversation I had in the course of almost a month in Kuwait. Even in the exultation of victory, Kuwaitis remain frightened of Saddam and of a revenge that they believe is sure to be fiercer than his earlier visit. They cite the brutal repression of the Kurd and Shiite rebellions in the spring and ongoing military movements in the south of Iraq as evidence of the power that the Iraqis retain. Indeed, in late August, a few days after I left, the Kuwaiti government announced that it had thwarted the infiltration of Bubiyan, an island that Baghdad openly covets, by a unit of Iraqi soldiers. Kuwait asserted a claim—never independently confirmed—of having captured forty-seven soldiers and sunk several boats in the fighting. If the move was designed to keep Kuwait on edge, I had no doubt of its success. Every Kuwaiti, Shaheen said, is apprehensive that the next time the Iraqis choose to arrive in force the West may not be led by a George Bush and a Margaret Thatcher, ready to rally a coalition to drive them out. Only part of their concern is that the West will be indifferent next time; what seems to worry them more is the disdain for their sovereignty that has been shown by other Arabs.

"We keep asking ourselves, 'Why did this happen?'" Shaheen told me. "We were brought up believing that Arabs were the brothers of Arabs, that the large countries could protect the small ones—as Iraq protected us from Iran. This was certainly the belief of the élite in our society. And on the first day of the occupation we learned that the Arabs in Yemen and Jordan and Tunisia were cheering Saddam and denouncing us. Why were they asking for our destruction? Why did they march in the streets shouting that our wealth belonged to all Arabs? This reaction had a huge psychological impact on us, on the people and on their leaders.

"The Palestinians who worked among us for so long say they have a right to share in our land, in our sovereignty. They say they built this country, and most of the Gulf states as well, with their brains and their muscles. I cannot agree with the Palestinians. I tell them that they came here to sell us their services as doctors, teachers, engineers, and they took money for these services. They didn't come here as prophets. If all they wanted was to build a civilization, why didn't they go

COUPLE

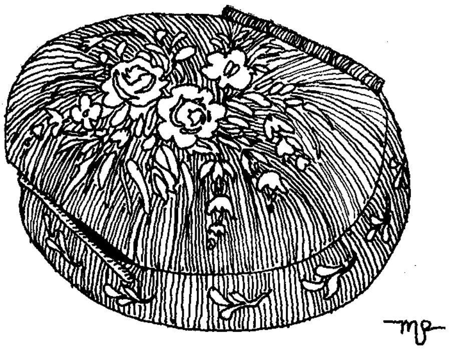
He is hearing out the crickets.
She leans back in a chair
so the light, creaking, can find
her eyes. She stays like that,
braced and at rest, eyes closed,
her eyelids warm. On the
porch of salt he is standing
in shadow, feeling the season
fly down his throat. His heart
will burst: all he can say
is the leaves are turning.

They'll have dinner together.
The little tongue of flame
will sing in the wineglass, the butter
a glitter of liquid gold
running away
through the pale green fingers
of asparagus, the fleshed
wedge of swordfish swimming
in cream, a whiteness of rice,
flowered plates. It will all be there

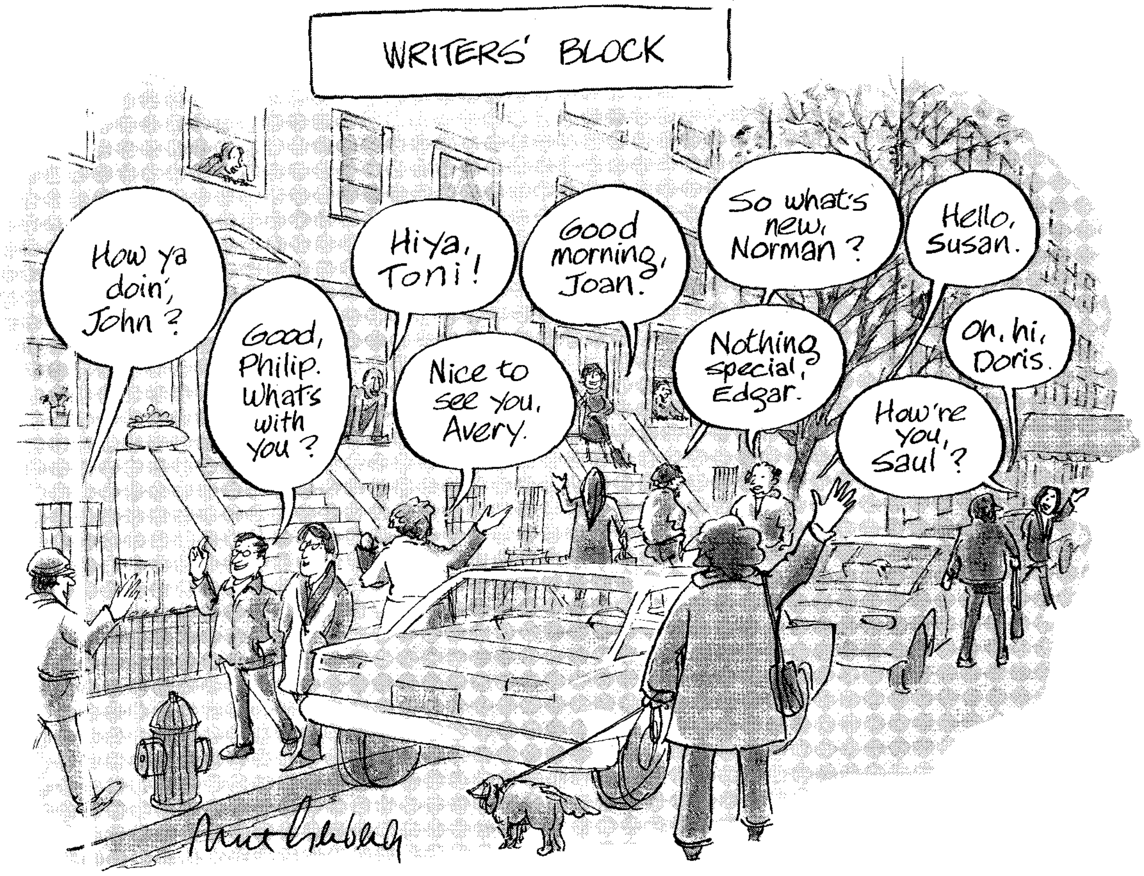
for a moment: their
murmuring talk, the child asleep
upstairs, their dim reflections
in the dark uncurtained glass,
glinting and leaning into one another
with forks suspended, a precious
balance, the image of lips
moving in silence (I am seeing it
now from a great distance), that
tongue of flame pulsing
like a live thing: the full particular
livid taste in their heart.

—Eamon Grennan

• •



to Mauritania or Sudan? They came to exchange their services for money; to demand now that we share our wealth with them is not true to our sovereignty."


WRITERS' BLOCK
How ya doin', John?
Good, Philip. What's with you?
Hiya, Toni!
Nice to see you, Avery.
Good morning, Joan.
So what's new, Norman?
Nothing special, Edgar.
Hello, Susan.
Oh, hi, Doris.
How're you, Saul?

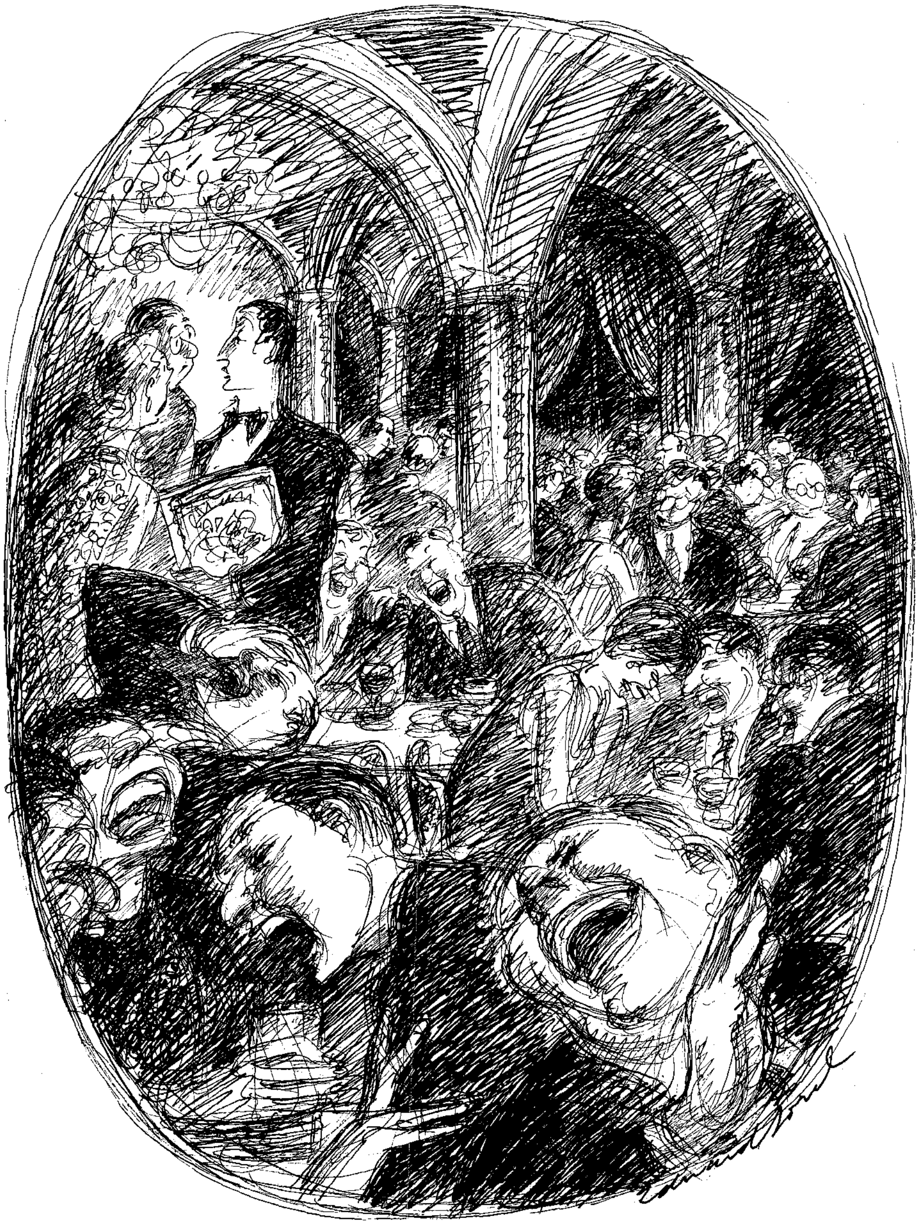
Shaheen then said, "It is true that we are taught, in our schools and by our religion, that we Arabs are one people, one nation, and that we have an obligation to share our good fortune with our brothers. On the other hand, we are an independent state, with every right to use our riches as we choose. Others don't have rights to our wealth; that is the essence of sovereignty. Our dilemma, as Arabs, lies in trying to harmonize those two concepts. The question of sovereignty and the rights surrounding it have got to be reexamined by Arab thinkers and intellectuals."

The fact is that the concept of sovereignty that is embedded in international law is distant from the Arabs' historical experience; the product of European political philosophy, it dates only from the seventeenth century. Islamic law, with its roots in the Koran, has changed little in the past thousand years; it begins with the premise that religion supersedes civil authority. Formulated within a civilization that was essentially nomadic, covering territory that was largely desert, it never articulated notions based on a multiplicity of states separated by fixed borders. The contemporary idea of sovereignty did not arrive in the Middle East until after the First World War, when Britain and France, the victorious Allies, imposed their own political values—and interests—in carving up the provinces of the defeated Ottoman Empire. The notion that all Arabs form a single nation remains a comfortable concept for most Arabs. For Westerners, Iraq's invasion of Kuwait was a patent violation of international codes, but for much of the Arab community it was something worse—a challenge to brotherhood, with legal implications that were fuzzy. "Arab civilization has got to set some sort of balance between Islamic and modern concepts," Shaheen said. "We cannot continue to live on two planes, one moving in the opposite direction from the other."

Though I had not met Shaheen before, I could tell from his troubled facial expressions that he felt himself to be in a kind of psychological disarray. Even in the few days I had been in Kuwait, I had seen what seemed similar expressions among the Kuwaiti acquaintances I had called on. Listening to Shaheen helped me clarify an impression that Kuwaitis, who in the past had struck me as serene and self-assured, even rather cocky, had been disoriented by the experience of the occupation. They seemed to be asking questions about the validity of their culture of privilege—and though by the end of my visit I had concluded that they would probably wind up changing little or nothing, it was apparent that the pains of the inquiry were real.

"The average Kuwaiti family, by which I mean one that is fairly rich, has always been served by others," Shaheen told me. "A family with three or four servants is normal. I can bring in a Sri Lankan to work in my house for a tiny fraction of my salary. I have the money to solve my problems—and the Sri Lankan's. Why shouldn't I use it? Since the occupation, our system has not returned to what it was, and my family asks 'Who does the laundry?' and 'Where is the driver?' When I was a child, my mother prepared all the meals for my brothers and me, but my wife has never had to cook, and doesn't know how. We've been transformed by forty years of easy living. We think money is for buying luxuries. Read Kuwaiti folklore: the fortunate people always have slaves, women, land, jewelry. The aim of wealth is to make possible a lavish life. That is our traditional way of thinking. In your society, a rich man uses his money to develop hobbies, build a library, teach his child piano, promote his favorite charity. But we don't think that way. We don't know how to use money except to provide physical gratification.

"Here in the Foreign Ministry, before the occupation, we were proud that we were the one government agency



"Joking or non-joking?"

• •

that employed only Kuwaitis—except for servants and drivers and cleaners, of course. The bulk of Kuwait's policemen and soldiers were non-Kuwaitis, but since the invasion we have become more sensitive about our security; we are trying to find Kuwaiti recruits, but we are having difficulties. In my neighborhood, after the Iraqis left we asked for volunteers to paint over the pro-Saddam graffiti that covered the walls of our schools, which we wanted to reopen as quickly as possible. People did volunteer, and that was very encouraging, but none of them had ever held a paintbrush before. So they cursed the government, and the government organized courses on how to paint, but now we have foreigners flooding back into Kuwait, so I expect that the volunteers will lose interest. The problem is that Kuwaitis, even if they want to work, no longer have confidence in their own abilities. It's been too long. We need psychological training, to regain the frame of mind to work. We have to figure out how to rebuild our society, by rebuilding ourselves, from scratch."

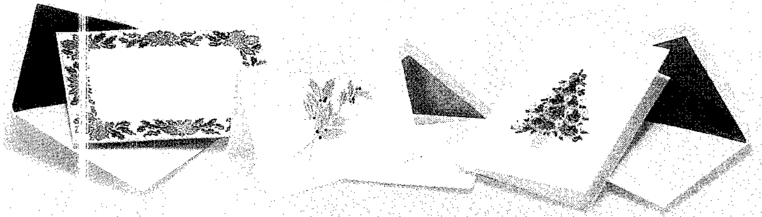
Iraq, adding units day by day, had deployed a hundred thousand men on the Kuwaiti border by the last days of July, 1990, and the Kuwaiti government knew from American satellite photographs and also from its own intelligence sources in Basra that the troops had adopted an offensive posture. Yet, despite months of bickering with Iraq over oil, money, and borders, the al-Sabahs refused to take the menace seriously. At worst, they thought, Saddam might seize frontier territory that contained the disputed oil wells, and two offshore islands that were of greater strategic interest to Iraq than to Kuwait. The Iraqi Army had seized several border posts during a dispute in 1973, and, in time, Kuwait had negotiated its withdrawal. The government now based its plans on a repetition of this scenario, and never for a moment entertained the possibility that Saddam might swallow up the entire country. Sheikh Sabah al-Ahmad, then Foreign Minister, had referred to the worsening tensions in the last days of July as a "summer storm," and Sheikh Nawaf al-Ahmad, then Defense Minister, had actually downgraded the level of alert of Kuwait's small but well-equipped Army. Much of the Kuwaiti officer corps was off on vacation. As for the Kuwaiti people, all except those who regularly monitored foreign radio knew little about the crisis, because censorship had banned any mention of it in local newspapers and broadcasts.

It was from relatives in Europe or the United States who phoned with the news early on August 2nd that many Kuwaitis first learned that the country had been invaded. The government permitted an announcement of the 2 A.M. attack only late that morning, by which time civilian installations had been bombarded and tanks were filing down the boulevards of Kuwait City. But by then the Emir was safely across the border in Saudi Arabia. So was the Defense Minister, who was in charge of organizing the nation's defenses. Sheikh Fahd al-Ahmad al-Sabah, a brother of the Emir, stayed to fight alongside his troops at the Dasman Palace, the Emir's official residence, and was killed. That was the only resistance put up by the Kuwaiti Army, and Sheikh Fahd, in dying for his country, was unique. The other senior members of the royal family fled.

"The government never brought the realities of the crisis to the people of Kuwait," said Ahmad al-Sadoun, who is a major figure in the democratic opposition. Sadoun was the speaker of Kuwait's National Assembly when, in

THINK OF THEM AS VERY THIN CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

No printed card can ever rival the vivid color, bold relief and rich texture of a Crane Christmas card. Because all of our lovely seasonal vignettes are copperplate engraved on our very finest 100% cotton-fiber papers. Which explains why a Crane greeting is invariably well received. Whether it's considered a very thin present. Or a very substantial card.



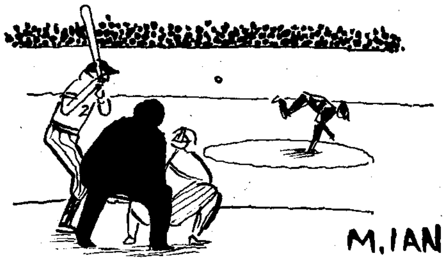
CRANE
Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Mass. 01226

1986, the Emir dismissed it and suspended the constitution. He received me in a spacious *diwaniyya*—the room set aside in most Kuwaiti houses for recurring meetings of male friends and relatives. Like most Kuwaitis, Sadoun uses the impersonal term "government" when he is attacking the royal family. "The government had an obligation to tell us what was going on last July, but it chose to keep us in the dark," he said. "The international media were warning us of the danger, and several of us who were following the story often discussed it, but the government kept insisting that the Iraqis were bluffing. In earlier times, the al-Sabahs were known as skillful diplomats, able to maneuver to keep the country's enemies at bay. Those skills kept Kuwait free from assault by more powerful neighbors—the Iraqis, the Iranians, the Saudis, and, earlier, the Turks. In our two-hundred-year history, Kuwait was never invaded and never had a real war. But the diplomacy of an earlier generation of al-Sabahs was the product of an open society, when the public had an influence on decisions."

Sadoun may have exaggerated the power of the public, but it is true that until recently the al-Sabahs did not exercise unlimited power in Kuwait. More than two centuries ago, the al-Sabahs were members of a tribe that came in from the desert, and when the tribe settled in what became Kuwait the principal families divided up responsibilities, one running commerce, a second the maritime trades, and a third the local administration. The al-Sabahs took over administration, but they depended on the trading and shipping families for the resources. The system provided a check, unique to the Arab world, upon the power of the ruler—creating, in effect, the political underpinning of constitutionalism. The dependency of the al-Sabahs upon the local merchant élite lasted until the nineteen-fifties, when the revenues from Kuwait's oil wells began to flow. Then, under the contracts with the Western oil producers, it flowed—as it did in all the oil sheikhdoms of the Gulf—not to some state treasury but directly into the royal pocketbook. In 1962, a year after Kuwait received its independence from Great Britain, Emir Abdullah, a monarch of unusually liberal views, reached an agreement with the merchants to govern under the terms of a constitution. To neighboring Saudi Arabia and the emirates, a constitution was heresy, and they have never ceased to urge the al-Sabahs to repudiate it. The constitution remains the law of the land, however—in theory, at least—and the al-Sabahs, with a fortune in oil revenues at their disposal, have consistently sought to enlarge their powers under it, against the vigorous but futile opposition of the merchant princes.

Sadoun told me that in the months before the invasion popular ferment against the al-Sabahs was rising. The opposition, whose aim was to restore the 1962 constitution, was led by a diverse group of thirty members of the dismissed parliament. They circulated a petition, which was signed by tens of thousands of Kuwaitis, and organized mass rallies, which were held weekly throughout the winter, reaching a peak of thirty thousand demonstrators. The police harassed the demonstrators, he said, and once used tear gas against them, but the Emir finally recognized that the regime was in danger, and on January 20th he delivered a televised speech in which he promised a dialogue with the people. However, that dialogue turned into a unilateral decision not to restore civil liberties or to recall parliament but to establish a new body, called the National Council, which would be popularly elected but have no legislative powers. The group of thirty refused to accept the new body, Sadoun said, and, in the spring, boycotted the election.

"I think it is possible that we could have avoided this catastrophe with Iraq, but we lost everything with the end of democracy," Sadoun said. "We don't challenge the right of the al-Sabahs to govern. There is no sentiment for a revolution or a coup. But we do challenge their autocracy. The al-Sabahs regard major public questions as 'family business,' on which other Kuwaitis cannot intrude. The family feels and acts as if it were superior to the country, and, inevitably, it makes mistakes. Having provoked the Iraqis, the al-Sabahs should have figured out a way to defuse their anger. Taking Iraq on was a bad mistake."



Abdullah al-Nibari, another member of the group of thirty, was even harsher in criticizing the family. Educated at the University of Cairo and at Oxford, he now edits an opposition newspaper and works at organizing Kuwaitis against the government. Nibari invited me to his large and comfortable house, and we talked—interrupted now and then by his small children and their Asian nannies—in a parlor furnished in traditional Arab style and decorated with desert landscapes.

"We believe that the government should have stayed in Kuwait after the invasion," Nibari said. This was a position widely shared by Kuwaitis I met. Many said that it was proper for the Emir himself, as the symbol of the state, to leave, on the ground that his freedom sent a message to the world that Kuwait remained alive. But it was largely held—among those who stayed behind, at least—that the government as a whole, and particularly its al-Sabah members, should have been in Kuwait to share the fate of the people. "The Army, with the Minister of Defense gone, and the police, with the Minister of the Interior gone, were without instructions," Nibari went on. "Some of our reserve soldiers put on their uniforms and rushed to the camps, ready to fight, and no one was there to give them assignments. None of the ministers were heard from until they reached Saudi Arabia. The al-Sabahs played into the hands of the Iraqis, who wanted all Kuwaitis out of the country. They set the pattern for everyone else. Most Kuwaitis think that the government was unwise. Many believe that it was cowardly."

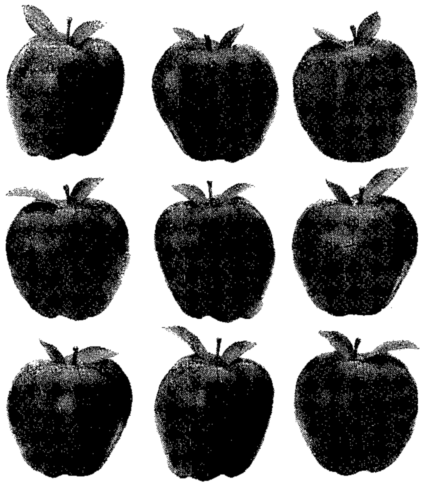
THE history of Kuwait under the occupation is likely to be written and rewritten in the years to come. It is the history of two hundred thousand Kuwaitis, roughly a third of their population. An equal number were vacationing abroad at the time of the invasion, and about the same number left after the Iraqis arrived. The behavior of those who stayed has already given rise, like Europe under the Nazis, to a range of myths, many of them self-servingly created, some of them hotly disputed. Most notably, the Muslim fundamentalists, who had formed a clandestine organization called the

Islamic Constitutional Movement (suggesting a dedication both to religion and to the constitution), claim to have been the spearhead of resistance to the Iraqis. Secular Kuwaitis, while acknowledging the contribution of the fundamentalists, insist that the claim is highly exaggerated, if not total nonsense. There is one point, however, that the evidence makes clear: whatever resistance to the Iraqis took place was generated from within—by the Kuwaitis who stayed, and not by those who left. And there is abundant evidence, I believe, that the Kuwaitis who stayed conducted themselves, on the whole, honorably, and even valiantly. They demonstrated a genuine sense of patriotism, redeeming in substantial measure the humiliation of an army that laid down its arms and a government that ran away.

The resistance started almost immediately, when the Iraqis tried to implement a plan for setting up a Quisling-style regime composed of opposition Kuwaitis. At the time, Kuwait was still reverberating from the street clashes in the spring, which had been led largely by the secular nationalists who had supported Saddam most strongly during the Iran-Iraq War. It is entirely possible that Saddam, given his total misunderstanding of the function of free expression, believed that the opposition to the Emir would rally to his side. Proclaiming that he had entered Kuwait to save it from the Emir's abuses, he went looking for opposition figures to join him. Ahmad al-Sadoun told me that he himself went into hiding for several weeks, then escaped across the border. The Iraqis tried blackmailing at least one major opposition figure, to no avail. They also found Faisal Saneh, a Kuwaiti member of the international Baath Party, which rules in Baghdad, but he, too, refused to take part in the scheme, so they took him away, probably to an Iraqi prison; he has not been heard from since. Finally, Iraq announced a Cabinet of nine Kuwaitis, apparently from the Army. Presumably Bedouins, none of them were known to the public. But it seems they never took office, and that Saddam was forced to abandon his plan. Shortly thereafter, Saddam proclaimed that Kuwait would be the nineteenth province of Iraq.

Kuwaitis say that in the first weeks of the occupation armed bands, composed mostly of teen-agers, fought Iraqis in various parts of the city, firing at trucks and jeeps. At first, the occupiers took only limited measures in their own defense, apparently in the hope of winning over the population, but by the end of August it was clear that resistance was growing, and they began to pick up prisoners, more or less at random. Some were never seen again. Others were tortured and released, as a lesson to their neighbors. In the first week of September, the Iraqis instituted a program, which took forty or fifty victims, of arresting suspects, torturing them, taking them home for a momentary reunion with their families, and then shooting them and leaving their bodies on the sidewalk. A good number were women. By mid-September, the Iraqi brutality had made its point, and organized resistance ceased. Free-lance car-bombing, exacting a heavy toll in Iraqi lives, continued for another month or so, but by November it, too, had come to a halt.

Meanwhile, leaders were emerging who built organizations to conduct passive resistance, which the Iraqis generally resigned themselves to accepting. With few exceptions, Kuwaitis boycotted their workplaces—including banks, hospitals, municipal services, and the police—and refused to send their children to school. They painted out street signs to confuse the outsiders. They produced counterfeit identity papers to protect individuals, including some of the younger al-Sabahs, who were sought by the enemy. A few Kuwaitis, using satellite telephones and fax machines, passed information of military value to offices in Saudi Arabia, but most of the leaders opted for the prudence of civil disobedience. Even now, it is hard to identify more than a handful of those leaders. One of them was Sheikh Ali Salim al-Ali, a thirty-four-year-old nephew of the Emir, who had been abroad and actually managed to get back into Kuwait two days after the occupation began. Another was Abdul Aziz Sultan, a banker and member of an old merchant family. But there were many leaders, and their work was made easier by a consensus among Kuwaitis not to coöperate with the occupiers. So Kuwaitis willingly did things that they had never done before: they collected trash, baked bread, drove trucks, cleaned streets, manned counters at retail-sales



9 hotels
in the Big Apple
where you get
top-of-the-line suites
at bottom-line rates.

Pick one.

Locations from Midtown
to the Upper Eastside:
Beekman Tower Hotel, Dumont Plaza,
Eastgate Tower, Lyden Gardens,
Lyden House, Plaza Fifty,
Shelburne Murray Hill,
Southgate Tower or Surrey Hotel.

Daily, monthly and weekly rates available. For reservations or a brochure, call your travel consultant or 1-800-ME-SUITE, Ext. 183.

MANHATTAN EAST
SUITE HOTELS
Get the better of New York.™

© 1991 Manhattan East Suite Hotels

"We're planning a very long shelf life together."

• •

co-ops. Women actually did housework. Those who shared this experience maintain that popular morale had never been so high—that Kuwaitis had never enjoyed such a feeling of bonding.

But, living in a country where no food is grown, Kuwaitis still needed to be fed. And so the leaders of the resistance set up networks, through neighborhood mosques and *diwaniyyas*, to distribute money for the purchase of necessities—taking pride, it should be noted, in keeping careful accounts for later settlement. At first, they used currency from stocks within the country made available by rich Kuwaitis, and disbursed it only to the needy. Then, before warehoused food and currency ran out, in September, they made contact with Kuwait's government-in-exile in Saudi Arabia, and it responded by setting up a program to smuggle in Iraqi currency on a regular basis, for distribution to all Kuwaitis. The Iraqis, who kept the marketing structure intact, imported food from the Basra region, and did little to disrupt normal trade. It was a compromise the Iraqis could live with, and it provided the Kuwaitis with money for food and also for occasional bribes to soften the edges of military rule.

The system was not available to non-Kuwaitis, however, and most notably not to the two hundred thousand Palestinians who stayed in Kuwait throughout the occupation. They were forgotten when rich Kuwaitis made money available for distribution, and their needs were dismissed when the government set up its program for distributing funds from abroad. Kuwaiti functionaries who boycotted their jobs were made to understand that their salaries would in time be paid; Palestinians, who for four decades had been the backbone of the Kuwaiti civil service, knew very well that theirs would not.

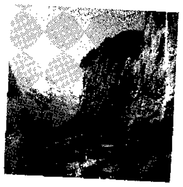
Part of the reason that Kuwaitis turned their backs on the Palestinians, of course, was Yasir Arafat's embrace of Saddam after he invaded Kuwait. It was hard to make the case to Kuwaitis that the P.L.O. was reacting not against Kuwait but against America's longstanding support of Israel and indifference to the Palestinian cause. The Kuwaitis pointed out, quite justly, that after their own long and faithful support of the Palestinians' rights, the Palestinians were in no way justified in shrugging off Kuwaiti human rights.

But, whatever the Palestinians' sins, Kuwaitis could scarcely dispute the fact that Palestinians who lived in Kuwait had faced condescension, a relentless want of generosity, a withering snobbishness, and a steadfast refusal on the part of Kuwaitis to share their own good luck. During the occupation, the tables were turned. Kuwaitis did not seem to understand why Palestinians, without income, went to their jobs and sent their children to school; many Palestinians went further and worked hand in glove with the Iraqis. They joined in the looting of stores, they identified Kuwaitis who were trying to hide, they backed up the Iraqis at checkpoints. On the other hand, many Palestinians exploited the privileges the Iraqis gave them to save the businesses of their Kuwaiti employers, or to move forbidden items around the city in their cars in order to help Kuwaitis, or to hide in their own homes Kuwaitis' private treasures. On some occasions, Palestinians saved Kuwaiti lives. Nevertheless, Kuwaitis were convinced that the Palestinians, as a community, prospered under the occupation, while they suffered.

The suffering began on the first day, when the Iraqi soldiers stormed through the retail stores and took everything in sight; they even invited civilians from the Basra region to come join the looting. As a gesture of defiance toward the United States, their principal antagonist, they burned Safeway supermarkets and other property of apparent American ownership. They also selected houses of military value, many of them along the seashore, and confiscated them; they dug trenches and built fortifications in the gardens, and almost invariably they looted the interior. By September, the tension diminished, apparently because the economic embargo seemed to substitute the promise of a protracted standoff for an earlier sense of urgency. Then Washington sent in more troops, increasing the likelihood of war, and the tension rose to a new level. Kuwaitis were subjected to growing harassment from short-tempered Iraqi guards at checkpoints, from tightly enforced night curfews, from the constant threat of house searches, arbitrary arrests, and the random confiscation of cars and other goods. When

EUROPEAN EXCELLENCE

OLD WORLD NEW FRONTIERS



Ten thousand years ago, Europe was covered with ice. Today's climate is distinctly more congenial. The landscape blooms with expectation. Political walls have tumbled down. Trade barriers are primed for the economic nuptials of 1992's Common Market. Yet, blessedly, the nations of Europe remain as protective of their individual styles as were van Gogh and Chanel.

From baklava to nouvelle cuisine, from the Bridge of Sighs to Barcelona's brand-new Olympic village, from kilts to couture, gondolas to satellites, everything Old World is suddenly new again.

AUSTRIA

Salzburg, "die shoene Stadt," is one of the world's most beautiful cities as well as being the Baroque birthplace of Mozart. Local-boy-makes-good celebrations commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of his death this December. In addition, there's the annual Mozart festival for a little night music, a piece of Mozartkugeln (candy), and an interactive video that tells you everything you've always wanted to know about him.

Those prone to schussing should head for Innsbruck, site of Winter Olympics past. The Alps (which cover two-thirds of Austria) are visible from every cobblestone street in this ancient city, the gateway to skiing even in the middle of summer.

A bustling thoroughfare in Salzburg

Whether it's the zithery whine of the "Third Man" theme (that Ferris wheel still turns at the Prater) or a Strauss one-two-three that brings you to Vienna, it is the rampant elegance of the former Hapsburg capital that sets its tempo from Schönbrunn Palace to Mayerling, from the Vienna Boys' Choir to the Lipizzaner stallions.

BENELUX COUNTRIES

Rethink Benelux for the nineties. Hold onto Brueghel and Rembrandt. Don't lose Franck, Simenon, or Poirot. But bear in mind that Brussels, currently capital of the European Community, will likely become "the capital of Europe" in 1993. With food to match: its stunning cuisine makes grown gourmets cry. To prove just how tooned-in Brussels is, there's a Belgian Comic Strip Center. Did we mention touring the chocolate factories? Or a trip to the medieval town of Bruges? Or that this very same Belgium developed Europe's first genetically engineered human vaccine against hepatitis B?

Poet Joyce Kilmer wrote that only God can make a tree. Undaunted, the Dutch have managed to make land. Their tug of war with the voracious North Sea has almost doubled the size of the country. Amsterdam, with more museums per square foot than any other city in the world, is itself an architectural monument to the "Golden Age" of the early sixteen-hundreds. A pair of double-A excursions are to the flower auction in Aalsmeer, and to Alkmaar for the open-air cheese market, another riot of color as white-suited men with colored hats cover the cobblestones with wheels of yellow cheese. In the event you're watching your cholesterol, there are always diamonds.

Luxembourg City had its origins as an ancient road crossing used by the Romans on their way to Germany. Today, as one of three seats for the European Community, it's still a crossroads for Eurocrats. Second only to Switzerland as a banking center, Luxembourg has more one- and two-star Michelin restaurants, per capita, than France.

Flowers flourish at La Grand Place market, Brussels

BRITAIN

There's a new tenant at 10 Downing Street, and the Brits and the French have finally met halfway, if only underwater, as the "chunnel" comes closer to reality. There's a new waterside complex in London called the Docklands, where futuristic buildings share the quay with seventeenth-century bits and pieces. And the new financial center of London is to be located at Canary Wharf in a community known as Isle of Dogs. Don't panic. They're still trooping the color and changing the guard. They still wear bowler hats and drive on the wrong side of the road. They still speak English and still think we don't. Everything is the same as when London was the capital of the greatest empire the world has ever known.

Brighton, an hour south of London by train, is nearly upstaged by the kitsch confection of its Royal Pavillion — a princely Arabian Nights fantasy. West of London is Bath, where you find the Royal Crescent, the quintessential English street. A spa-lover's dream come true, Bath has 115-degree mineral springs. Literary lights glow everywhere: Thomas Hardy lived in Dorset, Kipling near Brighton. Jane Austen spent years in Bath, the Brontës took walks on the Yorkshire moors, and Mel Gibson's recent screenwriter hailed from Stratford-upon-Avon.

Charming Pulteney Bridge in Bath

Scotland has Glasgow, where blood pressures average lower than in London. Inverness, in the Highlands, is most famous for its golf courses and the shyest of all monsters at Loch Ness. Edinburgh is dominated by its castle high on a rocky ledge. Walk along the Royal Mile, then stop at a pub for the drink of choice — yes, scotch.

Think of Wales and immediate images spring to mind: poets and writers in their couplets, coal miners in their green valleys, and unpronounceable place names. Cardiff is at once cosmopolitan and historic, with an architecturally arresting civic center, canopied Victorian arcades, and an eleventh-century castle.

THE DANUBE COUNTRIES

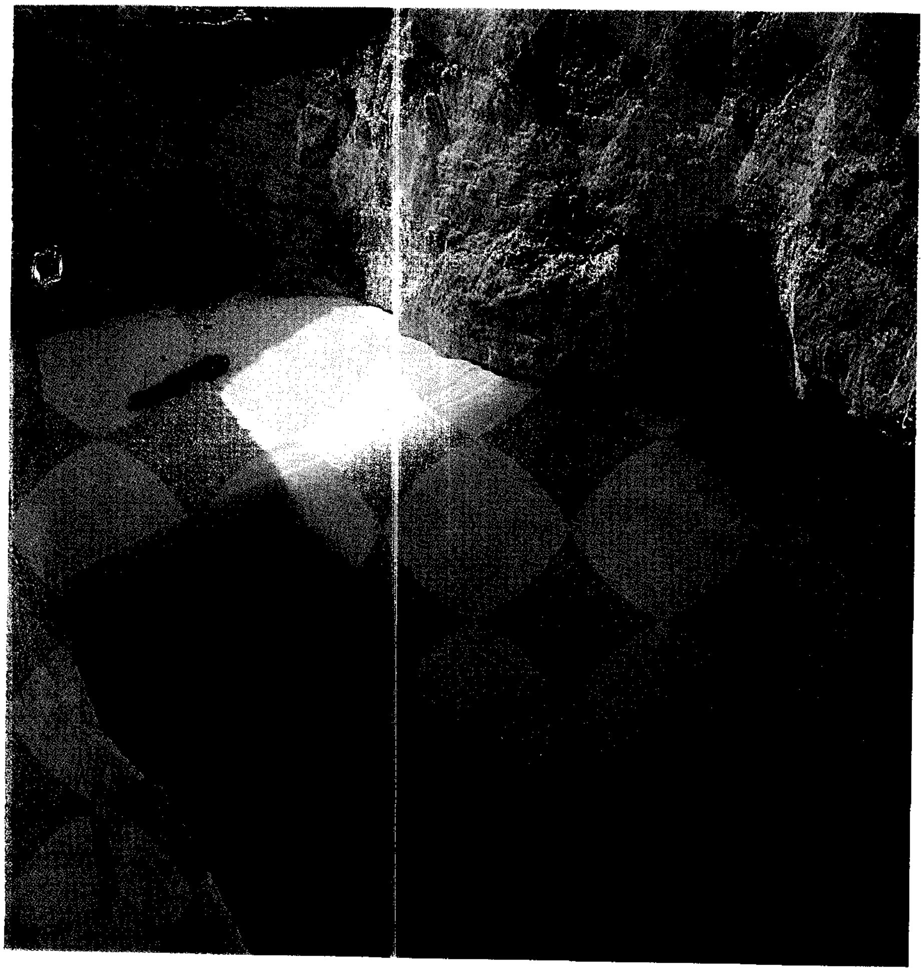
The Danube is Europe's official ambassador of deja vu: it winds through Germany and Austria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, then moves into Yugoslavia, Romania, and Bulgaria. There are memories everywhere. Smetana, Molnár, Bartók, and Lizst. The waltzes of Strauss. The terrors of Kafka.

One can stroll Prague for hours without ever being aware of the twentieth century. The Old Town Square is one of the world's architectural treasures, as is Prague Castle, the Cathedral of St. Vitus, and medieval Hradcany Square.

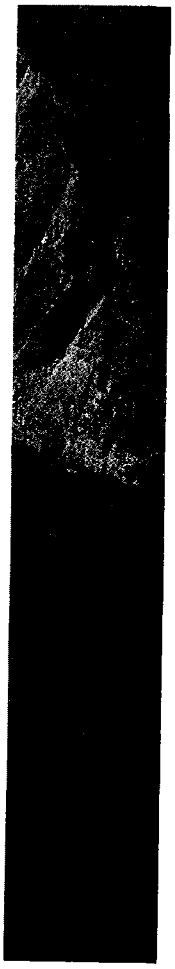
Czechoslovakia's obsessive romanticism extends to spas at Marienbad (Mariánské Lázne) and Karlsbad (Karlovy Vary) that evoke images of opulent indulgences never to be seen again. Beer, always on tap in Czechoslovakia, is nowhere more in character than in Prague's U Kalicha. While the cartoon-muraled restaurant celebrates its literary hero, the Good Soldier Schweik, the Czechs are toasting the new script being written for them by Vaclav Havel.

Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, mal good use of its Adriatic Coa

The best goulash in Hungary is the delicious city of Budapest. Buda, with townhouses and mini-palaces, reflects a kinder, gentler time. Pest, across the Danube, is the center of commerce and government (read: shopping and restaurants). The best view is from Buda's Castle Hill; the best browsing is in Pest; and the most fun is at the



SEDUCED BY OVER 30,000 BEACHES, NO WONDER ULYSSES TOOK TEN YEARS TO GET HOME



ULYSSES, KING OF ITHACA. THE INGENIOUS VICTOR OF THE TEN YEAR TROJAN WAR WHO TOOK AS LONG TO GET HOME. POSSIBLY DUE TO AN INNER WAR. A CONFLICT BETWEEN THE URGE TO GET HOME AND THE ATTRACTIONS ENCOUNTERED EN ROUTE.

A ROUTE ACROSS TURQUOISE SEAS DOTTED BY MORE THAN 2,000 ISLANDS. THE INVITATION OF 15,000 KILOMETRES OF SUN DRENCHED COASTLINE, REVEALING THE HIDDEN DELIGHTS OF 30,000 BEACHES. NEVER ENDING SUMMERS WHERE THE SUN SHINES FOR ALL OF 330 DAYS. THESE ARE THE SEAS WHICH THE GODS TRAVERSED. THESE ARE THE SEAS THAT AWAIT YOU IN GREECE.

TAKE YOUR TIME SOAKING UP THE SUN. SUMMER IS LONG AND, BESIDES, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE ANOTHER.

THE GODS COULD HAVE MADE THEIR BEACHES ANYWHERE. THEY CHOSE THE COASTLINE OF GREECE.

ΕΛΛΑΣ

GREECE

Chosen by the Gods

OLYMPIC AIRWAYS

FOR MORE INFORMATION, PLEASE CONTACT THE GREEK NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION:
NEW YORK OLYMPIC TOWER, 645 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10022. TELEPHONE (212) 421-5777 **CHICAGO** 168 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, SUITE 600, CHICAGO, IL 60601. TELEPHONE (312) 782-1084 **LOS ANGELES** 611 WEST SIXTH STREET, SUITE 2198, LOS ANGELES, CA 90017. TELEPHONE (213) 626-6696

Nagykorösi flea market. But the city's hidden treasure is its status as a spa: medicinal baths can be found all over town.

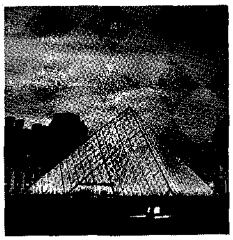
The Danube continues through Yugoslavia's capital, Belgrade. Spend a day by going to the National Museum's historical collections, then debrief over a Turkish coffee in Republic Square. Walk along Knez Mihailova toward Kalemegdan Park, passing some of the city's premier shops.

FRANCE

The French have created an art form out of living. Their national monopoly on the *quality of life guarantees instant access to the* perks of civilization. These are to be found on the streets and in the cafés, in museums and theatres, in bookstalls and boutiques from Brittany to Marseilles.

As they once welcomed promising artists, France has embraced emerging technologies. Its TGV high-speed trains have set new world records, as did the Concorde developed with Britain. The French aerospace industry is a prime contractor for the European space shuttle. And to make sure they keep us on our toes, they reinvented cooking and called it nouvelle cuisine.

Only the French would have dared improve upon Paris: the high-tech Pompidou Center (with one of the best museum shops in town) and the restoration of the Marais with its winding streets and seventeenth-century architecture have created new pockets of Right Bank chic. The nation that claims *plus ça change* . . . has changed a railway station into the Musée d'Orsay, and planted glitzy I. M. Pei glass pyramids in the midst of the splendor of the Louvre.


Nineteenth and twenty-first centuries meet at the Louvre

The map of France reads like a superlative wine and cheese tasting: Champagne, Burgundy, Bordeaux, Cognac, Brie, Camembert, Roquefort. To satisfy both body and soul, begin in Lyon (the gastronomic capital), head for Provence where the sun and the mistral wind feed the soul, and *finis* with that most spectacular of desserts, the Riviera.

GERMANY

The legendary German love affair with music was established by Bach and Handel in the seventeen-hundreds. The country's passion for irony and cynicism (a defense against sentiment and romance) burst into song with theatre pieces by Brecht and Weill. But one must go outside the theatre to experience the tragedy and triumph that is Germany. One must visit Berlin.

First, follow the Kurfürstendamm, with its neon glitter and boutique chic. Head for the Egyptian Museum, and to the Charlottenburg Palace for a look at the trappings of Prussian royalty. Then start walking through the city's outdoor museum: the remnants of the Wall, the Brandenburg Gate, the Kaiser-Wilhelm Memorial Church Tower, and Old Berlin's most famous boulevard, Unter den Linden.

Heidelberg Castle with the Theodor Bridge in the foreground

With cartographers having a field day ever since East met West in Berlin, German scientists have set their sights on the moon. In coöperation with NASA, Germany's best-known optics company launched a satellite last June containing the world's largest X-ray telescope in order to look for hot clouds produced by supernovas and exploding stars. Where is Wagner when you need him?

Heidelberg with its castle and student princes, Cologne with its cathedral, Baden-Baden with its manicured spas, the sleek piece of business equipment known as Frankfurt, and the gemütlichkeit of Munich all offer seductions worthy of a nation that produced the Lorelei.

GREECE

Sunglasses should be illegal in Greece. The luminous lemon sun, the bright blue Aegean, dazzling white stucco cottages, and banks of flowers amid columns that toppled long ago should be seen in the full glare of their glory. Greece is not ancient, it is the eternal throne of promise. Neither the beginning nor the end of civilization, it is simply the center of all civilization. The only approach is to abandon the concept of travel for that of an odyssey.

Athens is a polyglot: old, new, boisterous, majestic. From the Parthenon to the Plaka, from the elegant shops on Kolonaki Square to the Monastiraki flea market, from the sound of the bouzouki to the taste of ouzo. But for the essence of Greece, one must head to Delphi, wander through the olive groves and stand in the isolation of the Temple of Apollo. One must go to the Dodecanese Islands and see Rhodes or to the Cyclades to see Delos and Mykonos. One only knows Greece after sailing its waters.

Mykonos, Greece, and all that sea

IRELAND

If Ireland had a king, he'd be a writer, bursting with passions as robust as the landscape. *Ireland is in love with words* — Shaw, O'Casey, Yeats, Synge, Wilde, Swift, Beckett, and Joyce — all heroes in a romance that bloomed this year with the opening of Dublin's innovative Irish Writers' Museum. Other colorful literary characters, those in the illuminated Book of Kells, remain on display at Trinity College Library.

Designated the European Cultural Capital for 1991, gorgeously Georgian Dublin has been celebrating all year by opening a new National Museum of Modern Art, and reopening Dublin Castle after extensive renovation. You can still catch the Dublin Theatre Festival, an international military tattoo, an exhibition on the Hungarian Renaissance, and visits from British, Swiss, and German orchestras.

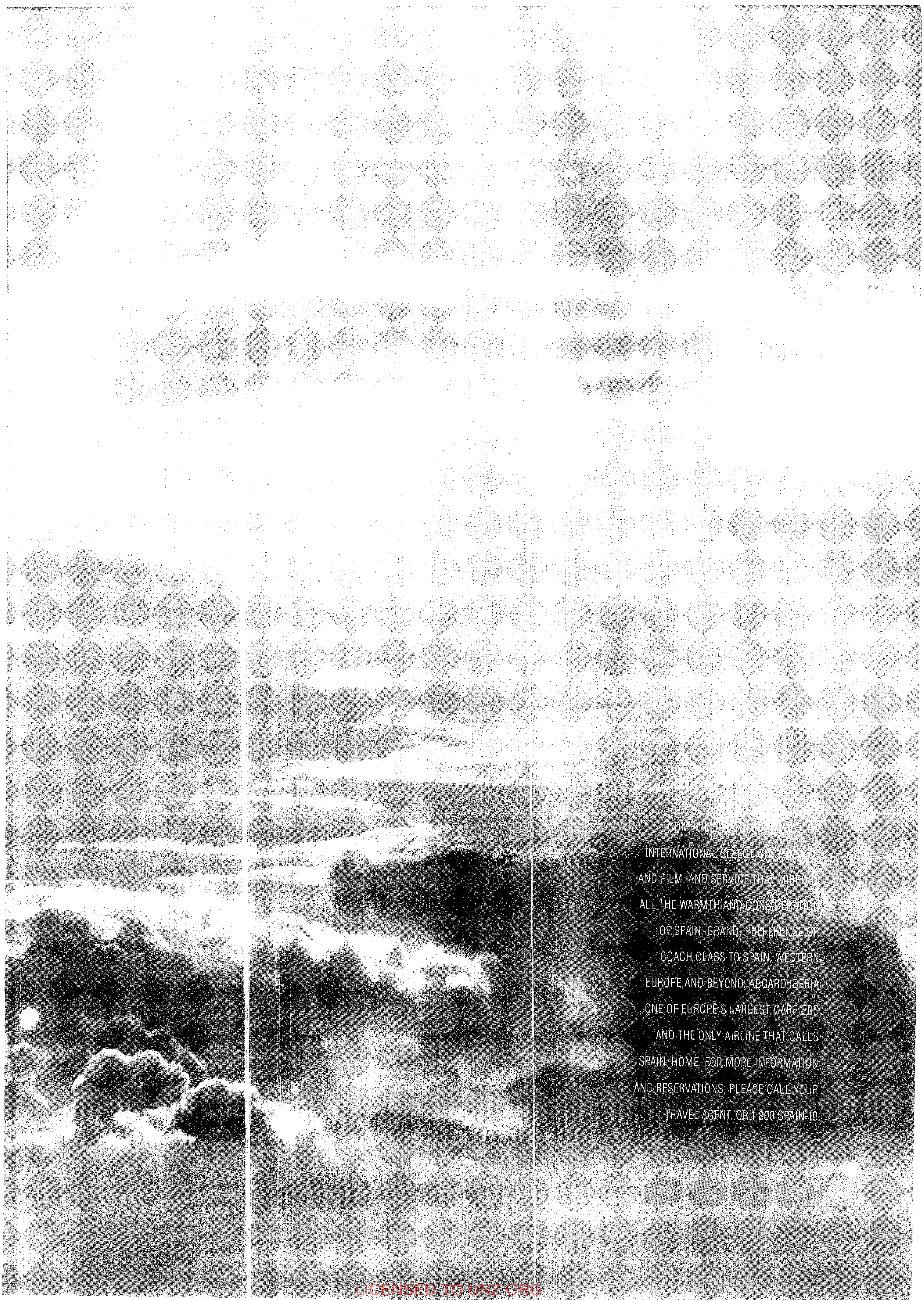
Ireland's recycling of its magnificent castles into luxury hotels makes the journey from Dublin to Cork (with Blarney just a stone's throw and Tiperrary not such a long way) a particular joy — especially if you're headed for the annual Guinness Jazz Festival in late October.

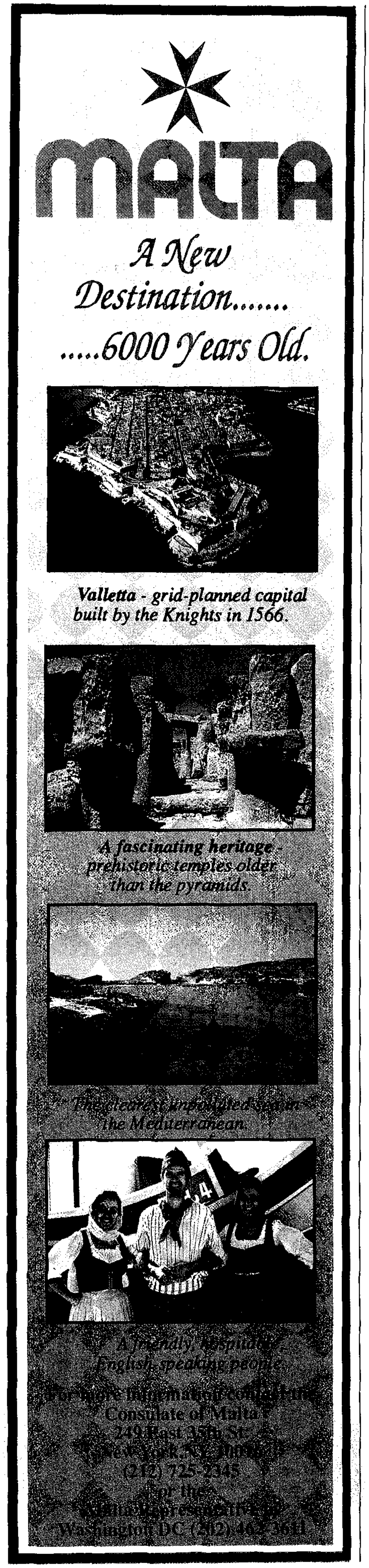
Dublin's Halfpenny Bridge is now toll-free

ITALY

Italy is a state of mind, a geographic accommodation. Long before there was an Italy, there was Rome. The ruins in the Forum are Roman, not Italian. To this day, the order of precedence extends even to food: the Romans cook *alla romana,* not nearly as spicy or tomato-rich as in other regions. Unlike world capitals in which monuments are displayed with fanfare, Rome treats them

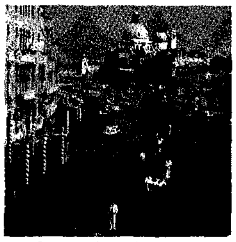
Stephen Johnson, Robert Everts, George Grigoriou, Oliver Benn

COMPLIMENTARY [illegible]
INTERNATIONAL SELECTION OF [illegible]
AND FILM. AND SERVICE THAT MIRRORS
ALL THE WARMTH AND CONSIDERATION
OF SPAIN. GRAND, PREFERENCE OR
COACH CLASS TO SPAIN, WESTERN
EUROPE AND BEYOND. ABOARD IBERIA.
ONE OF EUROPE'S LARGEST CARRIERS
AND THE ONLY AIRLINE THAT CALLS
SPAIN, HOME. FOR MORE INFORMATION
AND RESERVATIONS, PLEASE CALL YOUR
TRAVEL AGENT, OR 1 800-SPAIN-IB.


MALTA
A New Destination.......
.....6000 Years Old.
Valletta - grid-planned capital built by the Knights in 1566.
A fascinating heritage - prehistoric temples older than the pyramids.
The clearest unpolluted sea in the Mediterranean.
A friendly, hospitable English speaking people.
For more information contact the Consulate of Malta
249 East 35th St.
New York, NY 10016
(212) 725-2345
or the
Malta Representative
Washington DC (202) 462-3611

like traffic signals — they're around every corner for those who care to look. Look at the Colosseum as framed by the Arch of Constantine, the Forum as seen from the Campidoglio, the Bernini fountains in the Piazza Navona from a table at Tre Scalini, and view Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel ceiling as you lie on the floor — everyone does it. Brings new meaning to the term "overhead."

Florence was the birthplace of the Renaissance. Underwritten by a grant from the Medicis, a burst of creative passion, still unequalled, emerged from man's soul in the Middle Ages. Stand at the edge of the Piazzale Michelangelo, high above the Arno, for a view unchanged for centuries. Walk across the Ponte Vecchio to the heart-stoppingly beautiful Piazza della Signoria, and if you're still breathing, on to the Duomo, the Botticelli Rooms at the Uffizi, and Michelangelo's *David* at the Accademia Gallery.


The heart of Venice is the Grand Canal

Venice has the best fantasy life in Europe. Few experiences on the planet compare to one's first ride down the Grand Canal. Forget about death in Venice. For one shining moment, cleanliness is not next to Godliness: Venice is.

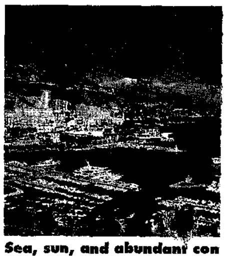
The drop-dead chic of Milan (home of Italy's major Duomo, the Galleria, and La Scala) is the perfect *digestivo* to the boisterous street life of the opera known as Naples.

MALTA

Once a British crown colony, today a free republic, this was the site of the 1989 Bush-Gorbachev summit. A balmy climate, Ancient Phoenician ruins, caverns with Stone and Bronze Age relics, and the Baroque majesty of its capital, Valletta, are the main reasons for booking onto the hydrofoil from Sicily. Those absorbed by Greek mythology should head for the island of Gozo — it's said to be where Ulysses met Calypso in one of history's great detours.

MONACO

Monaco makes Gullivers of us all: one can walk across the entire principality in an hour. But Monaco is not about size. And despite the tabloid headlines, neither is Monaco about gossip. Monaco is not even about money. It is about luxury. Monaco is where one watches the privileged class enjoy their privileges. The Place du Casino and the Avenue des Beaux Arts are lined with shops, the harbor is lined with yachts, and, in late May, the streets are lined with racing cars competing in the Grand Prix. As much an attraction as the Prince's Palace and the Casino is La Condamine, the open-air Mediterranean market filled with flowers, fruits, and vegetables. Try a piece of *socca,* a pancake made with chick pea flour, or enjoy a slice of *pissaladiere* (a type of onion tart) while wandering around the port.


Sea, sun, and abundant con —it must be Monaco

SCANDINAVIA

Denmark, Norway, Finland, and Sweden are cold in the winter, but there are few places where you'll get a warmer reception.

Denmark is the country that invented "Once upon a time." Tivoli, twenty acres of enchantment in the middle of Copenhagen, offers international entertainment, elegant restaurants, a merry-go-round, a lake, and gardens — all illuminated by thousands of multicolored lights. Most of downtown has been rezoned for pedestrians — that's how good the shopping is. The Stroget is a group of streets lined with boutiques and galleries. Don't miss medieval Elsinore — a place it's better to be than not to be.

Sibelius and Santa Claus (whose personal address is Arctic Circle, SF-96930 Rovaniemi, Finland) are both from Finland, called Europe's last unspoiled wilderness. But there's nothing primitive about the fashionable Esplanade, with its showcase of designer shops and fine restaurants. Dedicated trekkers should book themselves onto a reindeer safari in Lapland. With an eye toward the future, the Finns have been working on HDTV, and were recently credited for discovering Xylitol, a natural sugar substitute.

One enters Norway humming Grieg, envisioning Munch, and listening for the echo of a door slamming as Nora exits into Ibsen's immortality. But we are not prepared for all the geography. Forests and fjords, mountains and lakes, the eloquently beautiful train ride between Oslo and Bergen, an excursion to Lillehammer where the 1994

MONT BLANC
THE ART OF WRITING
MEISTERSTÜCK - DEEPEST BLACK

TOURNEAU®

NEW YORK • BAL HARBOUR • GENEVA

NEW YORK 500 MADISON AVE. AT 52ND ST. 635 MADISON AVE. AT 59TH ST. 200 W 34TH ST. AT 7TH AVE. **FLORIDA** BAL HARBOUR SHOPS, 9700 COLLINS AVE.
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS WELCOME (212) 758-6234. OUTSIDE NY 1-800-348-3332. **CORPORATE SALES/EXECUTIVE GIFTS**, Ell (212) 888-2955 OR 1-800-332-9511.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Audemars Piguet

ONLY THE FEW WILL OWN A CEO DUAL ZONE

For the few who cross the Atlantic as often as they cross the Potomac. Dual zone watch with automatic movement; power reserve and date in 18K gold. $15,500.

AUDEMARS PIGUET
THE TOURNEAU POLICY
BUY · SELL · TRADE

SHOP *at* HOME SERVICE—
BUY, SELL *or* TRADE.

If you have a fine watch (working or not) that you've been saving or not wearing ... now you can recoup its hidden value! Call **(212) 758-6234** *for free appraisal information.*

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK
BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED **1-800-348-3332.**

FINNWAY WEEKEND ADVENTURES

HELSINKI WEEKEND
5 days from $499* including airfare
HELSINKI, STOCKHOLM & BALTIC CRUISE
6 days from $599* including airfare
HELSINKI & SILJA CRUISE TO STOCKHOLM
6 days from $599* including airfare
STOCKHOLM & SILJA CRUISE TO HELSINKI
6 days from $599* including airfare

And you fly roundtrip on
FINNAIR

For more information and reservations, call your travel professional or FinnWay.

FinnWay inc.
800-526-4927
354 Eisenhower Parkway, Livingston, NJ 07039
201-535-1610

*Price per person double occupancy.
Price varies from $499 to $799, depending on tour and date of departure. Ships' registry: Finland

LONDON PALM BEACH
The Chesterfield Hotel
Call 1-800-CHESTR-1 For Best Package Rates
♦♦♦♦
Four Diamond Service
Two Diamond Prices
- Richly-appointed guest rooms and suites
- Gourmet restaurants • English Afternoon Tea

In London's elite Mayfair District.	*On the exclusive Palm Beach Resort Island.*
35 Charles Street, Mayfair London W1X 8LX, England	363 Cocoanut Row Palm Beach, FL 33480

Waghenaers Great Sea Chart of Europe (1592)

One of a range of fine Cartographic Jigsaws from England. For people who prefer the real thing, luxury jigsaws; handcut wooden pieces in a drawstring cotton bag within a hinged book box. 630 pcs.Priced at $150 to include duty and delivery, we honour your $ cheque/Amex and ship by air forthwith. Please send your cheque or request for more information to:-

Nicholas Speare (G.B.) Limited
The Granary, Gt. Abington, Cambridgeshire, CB1 6AE, England

THE
PELHAM
HOTEL
London

In the Tradition of Excellence

15/16 Cromwell Place, London, SW7 2LA
Telephone: 071-589 8288, Fax: 071-584 8444
Telex: 8814714 Tudor G
USA Toll Free:- 1-800-553-6671

Winter Olympics will be held as Norwegians turn their climate into sport.

Sweden is the Texas of Scandinavia. Everything is larger than life. From the Vikings to Garbo, the Swedes offer a physical and emotional smorgasbord as irresistible as it is contradictory. Stockholm's architecture is Gothic, medieval, and decidedly Swedish modern. Speed-demons will board the new X2000 train that links Stockholm to Göteburg on the craggy coast. Växjö is where you'll find some of the world's finest glassblowers at work.

Copenhagen's Nyhavn Canal has long attracted sailors

SPAIN

Whether you're looking for your place in the sun or hoping to find a romantic castle in the mountains, there's an aspect of Spain that's just right. From the beaches of the Costa del Sol and the Costa Brava to the courtyards of Moorish Granada to the tiny mountaintop towns, Spain's vistas seem to go on forever.

No one ever seems to sleep in Madrid. There is an exuberance that goes around the clock. There's no telling what's likely to happen in '92 when Madrid becomes the European Cultural Capital. Music, film, theatre, and dance will be represented in a continuous outpouring of international performance art. The Plaza Mayor is where everyone comes for a fino (dry sherry) and tapas, tidbits that guarantee safe passage until the 10 P.M. dinner hour. The Prado, with its El Greco, Velázquez, and Goya collections, is the most manageable of museums. Chic shops line Calle Serrano, but the real fun is at the Rastro, a weekly flea market.

Radiating from Madrid are Segovia (if you see only one castle in your life, it must be the Alcázar), the walled city of Avila, and Toledo, a city still possessed by El Greco.

Barcelona, site of the 1992 Summer Olympics which will host 165 countries, is Paris with palm trees, La Bohéme gone south. Home to Picasso and Dalí, it explodes with the nearly mystical architecture of Gaudí, who proved that life can exist without right angles. Food in Barcelona takes full advantage of the adjacent Mediterranean: it is difficult to dine better than along the beach area known as Barceloneta.

Castles in Spain have been converted into luxury hotels at government-controlled prices. But bureaucratic pride burst its buttons with a decision to declare the entire city of Seville the official Spanish "pavillion" for Expo '92, the first universal exposition since 1970 in Osaka. New hotels, a new airport, and exhibits from 110 countries promise an explosion of creature comforts.

SWITZERLAND

Imagine a nation in which cleanliness is a passion, where efficiency is de rigueur, where it's often cozy indoors, and where nature's most spectacular beauty is just outside everyone's door. Welcome to Switzerland, a country of contrasts.

A national passion for precision that turned watches into status symbols has applied itself to the science of robotics, developing machines to give people more time to enjoy the scenery, and scenery, after all, is what Switzerland is all about. The best view is from a cable car as it rises above rolling meadows and towering forests to reach the snow-capped peaks.

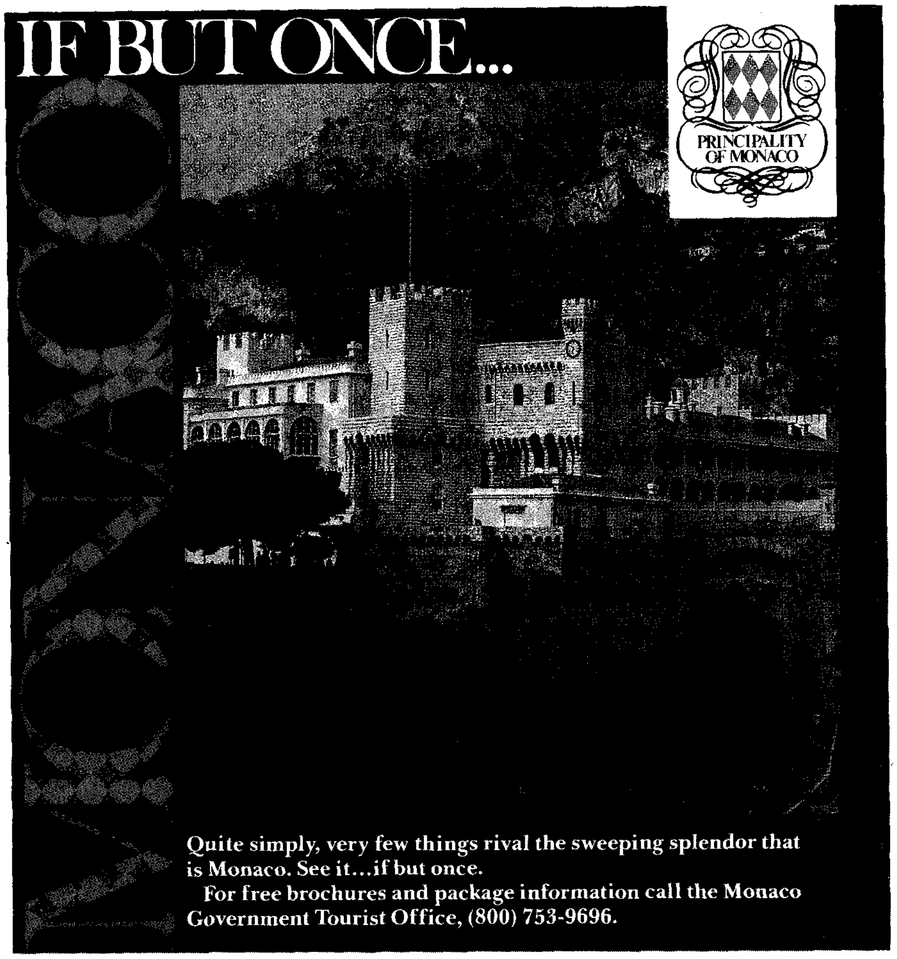
The capital city of Bern has been granted World Landmark status by UNESCO (putting it in the same company as the Pyramids and the Taj Mahal) because of its perfectly preserved medieval architecture. Although its sheltered walkways house some of the city's finest shops, everyone winds up at the Clock Tower that once was a city gate.

In Zurich, money talks. One of the great banking capitals of the world, and the largest city in Switzerland, Zurich keeps a low profile once out of the shadow of the banks and superglitz shops that line the Bahnhofstrasse. The river is stocked with swans, and there are cobblestone streets, medieval squares, and sprawling cafés (Lenin wrote a speech or two at the Café Odeon).

Switzerland, the
enery touches the sky

Geneva, the grand dame of Swiss cities, has always been the official home of good causes like the Red Cross. As such, it has attracted a very international crowd: this is where Calvin made his split from the Roman Catholic church, and Rousseau, Voltaire, and Jorge Luis Borges chose to live.

Nan and Ivan Lyons are the authors of Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe, *as well as other novels and travel books.*



IF BUT ONCE...

PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO

Quite simply, very few things rival the sweeping splendor that is Monaco. See it...if but once.
For free brochures and package information call the Monaco Government Tourist Office, (800) 753-9696.

NUMBER SIXTEEN

Four Victorian Town Houses form this exquisite hotel with the unique atmosphere of the home in the heart of South Kensington.

16 SUMNER PLACE, LONDON SW7 3EG
TEL: 071-589 5232 TELEX: 266638
FAX: 071-584 8615

From England's Graceful Regency Era

Comes this lovely Queen Anne style dolls house. Having six large rooms built around a grand central staircase, it is the perfect Christmas gift for doll's house lovers and their children. Handcrafted in Derbyshire, it is made entirely in wood and stands 33" x 20" x 44". Opening from the front, the Queen Anne comes either painted & flatpacked with everything necessary to light and decorate or completely built, decorated and lit (only ten built houses are available this year). Prices range from $2450 to $4550 and include duty & delivery.

For more information please write to

Nicholas Speare (G.B.) Limited
The Granary, Great Abington, Cambridgeshire, England or fax us on 011 44 462 482644.

HOTEL AIGLE NOIR
77300 FONTAINEBLEAU
Tél. (1) 64 22 32 65
1 (800) 879 54 89

A classic French hotel en route to the south and the Loire Valley. Golf and other packages offered year-round. — Paris : 35 miles — Orly : 22 miles — Ch. de Gaulle : 45 miles

DURLEY HOUSE
London

Magnificent All Suite Hotel in Sloane Street

115 SLOANE STREET, LONDON SW1X 9PJ
TELEPHONE 071-235 5537 FAX 071-259 6977
TELEX 919235 DURLEY G
USA TOLL FREE 1-800-553-6674

CASHMERE FROM SCOTLAND

100% pure cashmere scarves. Warm yet light, a full 12" wide and 54" long excl. fringes. Scarlet, navy, loden green, dark camel, Oxford grey and Black. One scarf $125, two for $225; inclusive of duty and delivery. State colours required. We honour your $ cheque/Amex and ship by air forthwith.

Nicholas Speare (G.B.) Limited
The Granary, Gt. Abington, Cambridgeshire, CB1 6AE, England

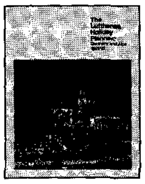
Elegant Country Charm–
Luxury London Hotel

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

Telephone: 071-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 071-724 3328.
USA Toll Free 1-800-543 4138

Come see Germany this winter, when the whole country is lit up with excitement.

Travel to Germany with Lufthansa this winter for a very illuminating experience. Because then our cultural season is at its height. Every day there are thrilling performances in our great theaters, concert halls and opera houses. And enjoy our fine museums, restaurants and shopping, free of summer crowds. To help plan your vacation, Lufthansa is offering The Lufthansa Holiday Planner℠ to Germany and the Alps. It suggests itineraries and tells how to save on airfares, hotels and rail passes, even how to get a free Avis rental car. For a free copy call 1-800-FLY-LUFT or see your Travel Agent.



The Lufthansa Holiday Planner.℠
Send to: Lufthansa German Airlines
P.O. Box 9024
East Setauket, NY 11733-9894
or call toll-free **1-800-FLY-LUFT**

Name (Please print)

Address

City State Zip

Phone

Travel Agent WMNKI00C

A passion for perfection.℠

Lufthansa

Lufthansa is a participant in the mileage programs of United, Delta, USAir and Continental.
See your Travel Agent for details.

families left the city, the Iraqi command bivouacked soldiers in their vacated houses, stripping them of valuables and turning them into squalid barracks. Kuwaitis who stayed tell of pleading with neighbors not to abandon their homes and their country. Departure meant that more soldiers would come and go in the neighborhood, intensifying surveillance and the risk of unforeseen confrontations. But those who wanted to get out encountered no problems in crossing the border, and the Kuwaiti government faithfully sent them a check each month to make sure they were comfortable in exile.

Sacrebleu! Again with the nothingness, and on my birthday, yet!
Shanahan

THE LETTERS OF JEAN-PAUL SARTRE TO HIS MOTHER

"I can't forgive those who left," said Bader al-Baijan, an executive of the Kuwait Petroleum Corporation, whom I interviewed in his office, overlooking downtown Kuwait City. "I know people were afraid but, for myself, I decided that it was better to die in dignity than to live as a refugee. You have only one country, and if you run you're like a tumbleweed. For us, it was the violation of an Arab proverb that says if you abandon your house you deserve the contempt of your neighbors. In harassing us, the Iraqis' goal was to replace us with Iraqi families. They wanted to change the demography of Kuwait, so we really would be the nineteenth province, and some Iraqi families actually moved into our homes. But the Kuwaitis who left made it easier for them. They breached the walls of our solidarity. They should not have sold out so cheap."

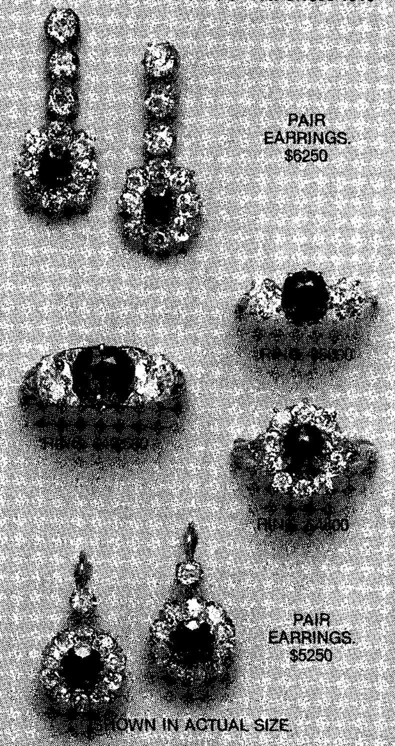
MEANWHILE, the government, having installed itself luxuriously in the hotels of Taif, a resort city in the mountains of western Saudi Arabia, decided to make a major show of national unity by summoning Kuwaitis of every social and political stripe to a conference at the Red Sea port of Jidda. Prominent Kuwaitis (male Kuwaitis, to be precise) were invited to attend, and some thirteen hundred—their airline tickets and hotel rooms paid for by the government—showed up. The conference was held from October 13th to 15th at Jidda's Palace of Conferences, lent to the al-Sabahs by the Saudi royal family. With the armies of the coalition assembling for the liberation, the government wanted the conference to be a rallying of support for the legitimacy of the al-Sabahs. The Kuwaiti opposition had another idea. Since the invasion, some of its leaders had been meeting in London, and in late August they issued a statement reaffirming their backing of the Emir as the head of state but adding, "The Kuwaiti constitution does not permit absolute rule, and clearly identifies the nation as the source of authority." Obviously, the opposition's aim was to turn the Jidda conference into an overwhelming endorsement of democracy and the constitution.

Their action turned the conference into a gamble for the al-Sabahs. The show of solidarity could easily have been lost in the wrangling over their high-handedness in the months before the invasion. Many Kuwaitis also wanted answers on why the government had dealt so provocatively in negotiations with the Iraqis, why the Army had not fought, why the Cabinet members had fled on the day of the invasion, and why, after the invasion, the government had endorsed military confrontation without attempting any negotiations to have the Iraqis withdraw. Many Kuwaitis were also asking who would acquire control of the country's overseas investments, estimated at a hundred billion dollars, if the Iraqis were not forced to leave. Some of the opposition leaders gave notice that they would propose that the Cabinet resign in favor of a government of national unity, composed largely of technocrats, with a smattering of opposition figures.

The debate at Jidda—conducted behind closed doors—was lively, and at times acrimonious, but the al-Sabahs were skillful manipulators and in the end they turned aside all the criticisms. The government continued unchanged, and the opposition accepted its argument that there would be plenty of time to debate controversial questions after liberation. But the opposition did exact a price, which was—according to its interpretation—a solemn pledge from the Emir to restore the constitution immediately after liberation. On the basis of that pledge, the opposition joined in a unanimous motion of support for the al-Sabahs and pronounced itself satisfied with the conference.

Within a few weeks, however, the bickering resumed. Ahmad al-Sadoun told me that the government had started

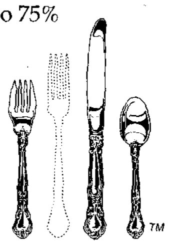
TURN OF THE CENTURY
SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND JEWELRY
YELLOW GOLD AND PLATINUM. C.1890-1910



FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)
Exhibiting at The International Antique Dealers Show, Park Avenue Armory, October 18-24

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?™

We specialize in new and beautiful-as-new sterling silver flatware. Over 1,000 patterns in stock, at up to 75% off retail prices. Call or write today for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We also buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*



Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Phone (404) 261-4009
Atlanta, GA 30305 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

Remington Bronzes

Now available to collectors...
Full size, museum quality,
Lost-wax, hot-cast, bronze
reproductions of 23 works
by Frederic Remington

FREE COLOR CATALOG
MUNYON & SONS
1119 Waverly Hts. Dr., Thousand Oaks, CA 91360 **Mountain Man**
FAX 1 805 496-7842, VISA/MC/AM EX 1 800 289-2850 **HT: 29"**
FREE SHIPPING - SATISFACTION GUARANTEED **$695**

by violating an agreement to establish a series of committees in which the opposition was to join in making plans for the post-liberation period. By the start of the new year, the royal family had made it clear that it had no intention of reconvening the parliament or of calling new elections, and it talked openly of imposing martial law, at least temporarily, to replace the controls set up by the Iraqis. The opposition felt cheated, and abandoned its self-imposed embargo on criticizing the government. Many activists directed their anger at President Bush, who said before the liberation that America's war aim in Kuwait was legitimacy and not democracy, and who, after the liberation, showed himself to be lukewarm toward political reform. The opposition says now that it was patently deceived at Jidda, for the al-Sabahs, having obtained the show of allegiance that they wanted, never had the slightest intention of restoring democracy to Kuwait.

ON the eve of their departure from Kuwait, the Iraqis did their best to finish the job of pillaging and destruction they had earlier embarked on. They torched virtually every public building in Kuwait: the ministries, the headquarters of Kuwait Airways, the international hotels, the palaces, the parliament, the major downtown shopping complexes. They wrecked the airport, sabotaged the public utilities, sank ships to block the channels into the ports, and, as the world knows, transformed the oil fields into a blazing inferno. They also dynamited the complex of buildings that housed the National Museum, Kuwait's pride, and burned an outdoor collection of ancient dhows. Their work insures Saddam Hussein a place in history alongside Hülegü Khan, the Mongol conqueror who in 1258 sacked and burned Baghdad.

They did not, however, destroy the superb collection of Islamic art in the Dar al-Athar, one of the National Museum buildings. The collection had already been stolen months before, under the direction of the Iraqi Department of Antiquities, and transported to Baghdad. The Iraqis maintained at the time that they were removing the collection to protect it, but added, with a logic which to them was self-evident, that Baghdad was the proper place for it anyway, since Kuwait was now merely a city in Iraq's nineteenth province.

While arrangements were being made through the offices of the United Nations for the return of the collection, I paid a call on Sheikha (the feminine form of "Sheikh") Hussa al-Salim al-Sabah, a small, well-tailored woman with long dark hair and fine features, which she impishly called Bedouin. She had been largely responsible for assembling its twenty thousand pieces in the early nineteen-eighties. She and her husband, Sheikh Nasser Sabah al-Ahmad (the two are cousins), began collecting Islamic art, privately, in 1975. Though only a few of their acquisitions were of Kuwaiti origin, their efforts seemed an appropriate response to the charge—to which Kuwaitis were very sensitive—that the country had no culture. Hussa and Nasser turned over their collection to the state on permanent loan when the Dar al-Athar opened, in 1983, and they continued to add to it. "Nasser is a Bedouin, too, and he loves the hunt," Hussa said to me. "He'll go anywhere in the world for a piece he wants." The first time I met with her, she was trying to deal with the problem created by the Iraqis' having taken not only the museum's exhibitions but its cataloging files, so that she had to depend on Baghdad for the records of what was missing. Apart from a few small items, however, Hussa noted with relief, the only likely damage to the collection was from August's wilting heat and the trips up to Baghdad and back on Iraq's bumpy roads.

Having been in Kuwait for about two weeks, I was invited for coffee one evening with Hussa and Nasser at their seaside home, in a southern suburb. Hussa is the daughter of the last Emir, and the sister of the present Foreign Minister and Defense Minister; Nasser works as an adviser to the Emir. Unable to resist the temptation, I asked for their help in penetrating the government's inner circle, where my requests for meetings continued to go unanswered—and they agreed. Their house, designed in traditional Arab style—by the celebrated Egyptian architect Hassan Fathi—was one of the first to be occupied by Iraqi troops, who swept it clean of the couple's personal (which is to say, Western) art collection. "They took everything we had except a few things they did not know were valuable," Hussa said. "They wrecked the

You don't have to be a millionaire to vacation in Forbes' island paradise

Many who vacation on Laucala Island in the Fijis are millionaires. So it isn't the attractive cost that entices the rich and famous to this famed idyllic retreat of the late Malcolm Forbes. It's the exclusivity. The privacy.

Small wonder that one of today's most beautiful film stars vacationed on this exquisite South Seas Bali Ha'i. Or that a Broadway leading man chose to be married here.

Laucala is the perfect place to get away from your workaday world. And the cost is surprisingly modest.

Forbes Europe Inc.
P.O. Box 86, London SW11 3UT England

Help me escape to paradise in the Fijis

Name ______________________________________

Address ______________________________________

____

Telephone ______________________________________

or call **44-1-223-9066** 1LD8

No more than ten or twelve guests are ever on our island at the same time, and each vacationing couple or family is housed in their own private seaside cottage. It's the perfect place for a honeymoon or an escape from reality.

Stroll pristine beaches. Swim, snorkel or scuba in azure waters renowned for the splendor of their tropical fish and colorful coral reefs. Fish for the big ones from our deep sea boat or just unwind by the pool. From tennis to windsurfing, it's probably the world's most exclusive playland paradise for those who choose to vacation their own way and on their own schedule.

For 7 nights and 8 days, the cost is just $2,600 per person. And that includes everything: all activities, meals, drinks, lodging, taxes and round-trip flights between Laucala and Fiji's Nadi International Airport (on the main island). Service with a smile and no tipping.

So come on down. Luxuriate in this South Pacific paradise. It's the vacation of a lifetime. You'll want to come back again and again.

For information, please write
Forbes Europe Inc. P.O. Box 86,
London SW11 3UT England
or call 44-1-223-9066

FORBES
MAGAZINE'S
Laucala
ISLAND

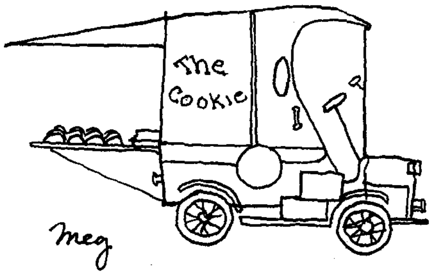
house, and then left so quickly that we found food still sitting on the stove."

In conversation, Hussa left no doubt that she was a loyal al-Sabah. She said she did not understand why the opposition was always complaining about her family, when Kuwait clearly had more freedom of expression than any of its neighbors. She was right about Kuwait, a country that has for comparison Iraq to its north and Saudi Arabia to its south. With such neighbors, it is not easy to make the case that the Kuwaiti government is oppressive. Convinced that the al-Sabahs run the country well, she did not grasp why so many Kuwaitis resented their arrogating to themselves all the political power and a gross disproportion of the material benefits. When I asked in passing how she and her husband, as a private couple, could afford to buy so much art, she shrugged, as if the question were silly, and replied, "We don't like yachts or apartments on the Riviera, so where else should we spend our money?" Her words sounded to me like the noblesse oblige of an al-Sabah. As if to underscore it, she told me that she and Nasser were uncertain whether to erect a new museum or rebuild the museum that the Iraqis had destroyed. A new one would be more expensive, she said, and the ruin of the old one did not exactly enrich the city's landscape. "Still," she said, "we think we'll keep the old one, as a monument to Saddam's assault on our culture."

ON February 26th, three days after the allies began their ground offensive, Saddam announced his Army's withdrawal from Kuwait. The brazen claims that Iraq was preparing for "the mother of all battles," Kuwaiti fears that the city might become a Middle Eastern Stalingrad, the prospect that the allies might have to annihilate Kuwait in order to save it—all vanished in the soft footsteps of the retreating legions. A month earlier, with the air war over the country intensifying, Iraqi soldiers had begun arresting Kuwaitis just for being on the street. On February 21st—which Kuwaitis call Black Thursday—the Iraqis, with the ground assault imminent, seized some twenty-five hundred Kuwaiti men as hostages and dispatched them north. Some have not been heard from since, and even now more than two thousand Kuwaitis are known to remain in Iraq, waiting for repatriation. One Kuwaiti who was among those arrested—he bought his way out two weeks later with some cash he had sewn into his *dishdasha*—described Iraqi officers as boasting that they were leaving just for a few days and would be back. On February 28th, with all Iraqis gone from Kuwait (except for a few who stayed on in hiding), President Bush declared a ceasefire. The Iraqi Army had been badly damaged by allied fire, but the city had been saved from mass destruction by Saddam's decision not to fight. Some Kuwaitis believed that the Iraqi Army, which was still intact, would come back. A few still do.

The twenty-eighth was also the day when Sheikh Saad, the Crown Prince and Prime Minister, left Taif for Dammam, on the east coast of Saudi Arabia, several hours' drive from Kuwait. In the days following, seven or eight ministers—none of them members of the royal family—returned home, but the Crown Prince remained in Dammam, and the ministers, without a leader, were unable to perform their official duties. The Crown Prince didn't explain why he declined to return, and in the absence of other information most Kuwaitis assumed that he was concerned for his own safety. Though some plans had been drafted during the war to establish allied military rule in liberated Kuwait, in the end the American command, while embarking energetically on restoring municipal services, took the position that maintaining public order was not its job. The Crown Prince finally came home on March 4th, after Kuwait had gone nearly a week with no one in charge.

Ten more days passed before the Emir returned, and in characteristically condescending fashion he made no statement to explain his absence. According to the *Times*, as he stepped out of the Kuwait Airways jet that had carried him home he brought his hands to his face, presumably to hide tears. Then, after descending the stairway, he knelt and touched his forehead to the ground. The security at the airport kept all but a few official visitors from greeting him on his return, and during his ride into the city the streets were all but deserted.



The city's sullen reception mirrored its mood. Thanks to the Iraqi ravages, Kuwait City had no running water or electricity, and much less food than had been available during the occupation. (For a time, bread was rationed, with non-Kuwaitis receiving half the ration of Kuwaitis.) But Kuwaitis were also feeling out of sorts toward the Emir personally. An introverted, reclusive man with little formal education, he had never reached out to his subjects, and, at sixty-five, could tap no reservoir of good feeling after his seven-month absence. Kuwaitis, whatever the security problems, were loath to forgive his dallying in Taif, which was followed by a stop in Mecca. "A little danger is part of the job description," one said to me. Patience with the Emir had actually been declining in recent years. Kuwaitis like to think of themselves as modern, and have grown increasingly uncomfortable at having to make excuses for his practice, technically authorized by the Koran, of marrying and divorcing young girls—perhaps dozens of them, in rapid succession. (Some of the excuses: He brings honor to their families. It is expected of him as a desert chieftain. He makes certain that each of them is well rewarded.) Observers of the royal family estimate that Sheikh Jabir has fathered at least seventy children. Many Kuwaitis were also uneasy about his demand for luxury—inconsistent with a much cultivated reputation for austerity, and widely said to have been as much a factor as security in delaying his homecoming. Before the Emir took up his temporary quarters at the Bayan Palace, crystal chandeliers were restrung; gold-plated toilet fixtures were installed; and a shipment of gold-braided cushions, monogrammed Irish linen, and writing tables inlaid with leather was unloaded from Saudi Arabia. Later, while some Kuwaitis fired guns to celebrate the Emir's return, many more stood angrily in line with buckets to get their daily water ration.

In spite of martial law, security had indeed largely broken down in the early days of liberation, but many Kuwaitis believed that the royal family, far from being the target of disorders, was actually the instigator. On February 28th, an assassination attempt left Hamad al-Jouan, an ex-parliamentarian and critic of the government, permanently paralyzed. Violence has never been a part of Kuwait's political tradition, and the shooting struck fear in opposition leaders. Though the assailant was never discovered, many Kuwaitis saw the fingerprints of the royal family in the incident.

Meanwhile, private militias, composed of young, well-armed Kuwaitis, many of them in military uniform, were conducting a campaign of terror, abducting alleged collaborators, most notably Palestinians, and inflicting kangaroo justice on them. The militias seemed to have the endorsement of the Crown Prince, who declared while he was still in Taif, "Some of the Palestinians . . . collaborated with Iraqi troops. . . . When we go home, we shall check on them." In the first week of liberation, tanks surrounded the Palestinian quarter of Hawalli while vigilantes conducted house-to-house searches. Dozens of Palestinians were beaten and hospitalized, and scores—one government official said that the toll might actually be as high as a thousand—were summarily executed. Middle East Watch, an American human-rights organization, reported in early March that six thousand Palestinians had been placed in detention. On March 11th, three days before the Emir's return, the ex-parliamentarian Abdullah al-Nibari, speaking as the leader of an opposition coalition, told a press conference that six members of the royal family—he did not name them—had set up the militias, which, he said, were "running loose," intimidating not only Palestinians but also pro-democracy activists. Despite official denials, most of the opposition was (and remains) convinced that the government was backing the brutal witch-hunt, in an effort to divert criticism from its own wartime record.

The collaboration charges against the Palestinians had become the pretext for carrying out a policy that the al-Sabahs and many other Kuwaitis had long contemplated. The policy was one of reducing, if not eliminating, Kuwait's Palestinian population. The Palestinians were Arabs, and had been in Kuwait since the start of the oil boom, helping to build the country. They were different from Kuwait's

Now You Can Look Younger Without Cosmetic Surgery

(8 week supply just $19.95)

Before 15 Seconds Later

NOW IN JUST 15 SECONDS, you can make wrinkles and pores virtually disappear. Without cover-ups, hormones or hundred dollar treatments . . . just a touch of *Illusion!*

New *Illusion* is a break-through. It works by the same technique employed by Hollywood directors to make actresses look younger using LIGHT to flatter your face. Wrinkles can be seen because they cast shadows on your skin. No cream will remove wrinkles. But *Illusion* actually "bends light" to make your shadows vanish.

The secret ingredient is a blend of micro-layered silica . . . tiny, high tech "light benders" . . . in a base of the same moisturizers used by expensive "miracle" creams. Just a dab makes your skin look smooth, younger.

Illusion is colorless and hypo-allergenic. Use it under your makeup, on top, or all by itself.

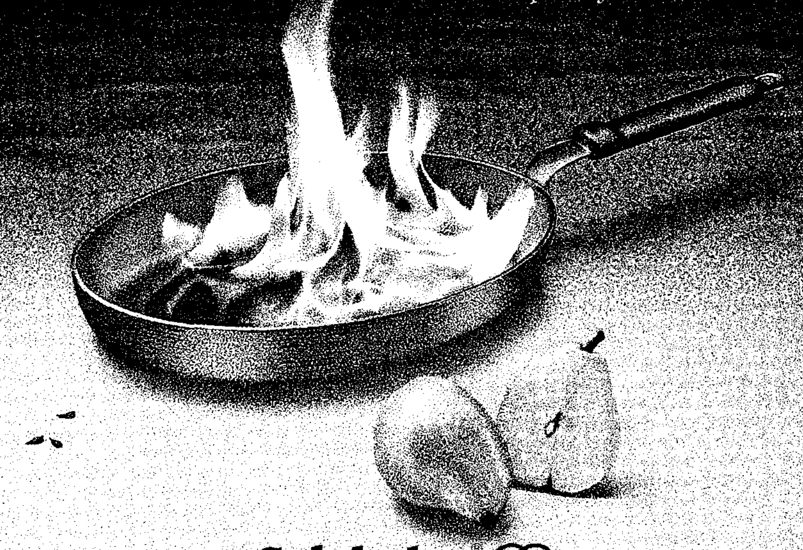
Satisfaction guaranteed. Test without risk! Order your 8-week supply for just $19.95. If not satisfied, return the tube for a prompt refund.

Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-828-0998, ext 22C
to order with VISA or MasterCard. Or mail check for $19.95 plus $2.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to *Illusion* (Dept. 22C).

Illusion™
417 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10016

Light a little fire..in Calphalon.

Capture the imagination of your guests
with the fascination of the flambe.
Grace your table and enchant . .
with a contemporary heirloom.



Calphalon
Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE COMPANY, DEPT 56, P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43693

other Arab communities, in that they had no homeland to return to. They had, by their long presence and hard labor, acquired a stake in Kuwait and, by humane standards, were entitled to claim a share of the patrimony. But that is precisely what alarmed Kuwaitis. They had decided after the oil windfall to close the city gates. Transient servants were to be the only newcomers admitted, and Palestinians, who were organized, aggressive, and smart, and were already there, frightened them. A few years before, Kuwait had shifted its migrant-labor policy to favor Asians, who would be less inclined to meddle in state affairs and less tempted to stay. Now the al-Sabahs were using wholesale charges of collaboration as a way to get rid of the Palestinian problem once and for all. Even now, the state newspapers and television fuel the people's hatred of the Palestinians, buttressing a policy that, in pandering to popular prejudices, is made to order for serving the political interests of the al-Sabahs.

d. ehrenberg

Since the liberation, the government has scarcely concealed its intentions. It has let it be known that no Palestinians who had left the country to avoid the occupation would be permitted to return—a rather sharp contrast with the treatment it accorded Kuwaitis who had fled. It terminated the employment of all Palestinians in the public sector, and though it did not forbid the employment of Palestinians in private business, it barred the enrollment in school of all children who had attended classes during the occupation, and that move effectively prevented most Palestinian parents from taking private-sector jobs. And, perhaps most shamefully, it expelled from the country without trial—and with a contempt for justice imaginable only under martial law—Palestinians who had been arrested, and often tortured, on charges of collaboration: hundreds at a time were driven in buses to the Iraqi border and dumped on the other side. How many Palestinians will ultimately be allowed to remain in Kuwait is unknown, but the figure usually cited by informed observers is forty thousand—a tenth of the prewar total.

Not until May did the lawlessness against non-Kuwaitis come to an end, though the worst of it seemed to have run its course a month earlier. President Bush, though still indifferent to democratic reforms, let it be known that he did not think well of what was happening in Kuwait, and his signal was picked up by the allied military command, which expressed strong concern to the government. United States Ambassador Edward Gnehm, though a partisan of the al-Sabahs, also protested. In late April, Secretary of State James Baker stopped in Kuwait, and is said to have issued a stern admonition of his own in a meeting with the Emir. These warnings—that Kuwait was rapidly squandering its international support—seem to have had an impact. Sheikh Saad proceeded to leak word that he had notified the family's younger sheikhs—in itself an admission of al-Sabah involvement, especially since his own son, Fahd, was said to be among them—that unless they put an end to their violence he would "hang them from the lampposts for all the people to see."

But the government's three months of tolerance, not to say cultivation, of the atmosphere of armed lawlessness was not without some cost—real or potential—to the al-Sabahs. Kuwaitis had begun arming themselves immediately after the Iraqis breached the frontier; some weapons were taken from police stations before the invaders got there. Later, others were smuggled in from Saudi Arabia. Because of the danger and the relatively inconsequential payoff, the resistance rarely used arms against the occupying forces, but when the Iraqis fled they left behind substantial quantities of arms and explosives, and these were immediately seized and sequestered by individual Kuwaitis.

On returning from exile, the government published a series of appeals to the population to turn the weapons in. The response was negligible. No one in Kuwait pretended to know the reasons, political or psychological, but it was agreed that a general sense of insecurity accounted, at least in part, for the refusal. There was no anticipation of a coup d'état, much less of a popular uprising. Even so, the government was concerned, and on May 26th Sheikh Saad broadcast a plea to the public to coöperate with security forces in rounding these weapons up. "You must guide them [the authorities] to places full of various weapons, and indicate the whereabouts of mischievous elements," he said. He offered a comprehensive list—it included machine guns, artillery, anti-aircraft weapons, and missiles—which revealed just how serious the problem was. But late in August, when I left Kuwait, there was no evidence that the public had softened, and the arsenal was apparently still in private hands.

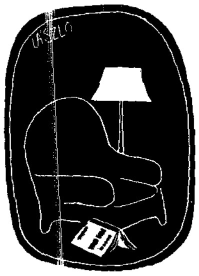
Meanwhile, the trials of alleged collaborators which the government had promised, and which had been delayed since liberation in the maze of the devastated legal system, finally began. The first of them, on May 19th, resulted in the conviction—which made Kuwait something of a laughingstock—of a young Palestinian man for wearing a Saddam Hussein T-shirt; he was sentenced to fifteen years. The trials, closely covered by the world press, were widely viewed to be an affront to procedural fairness. After President Bush's expression of concern, the government announced a suspension of the trials; it also agreed to terminate, as of June 26th, the much detested martial law.

Imad al-Saif, a defense attorney for many accused collaborators, told me it was apparent that the government had decided that it must change Kuwait's image. I talked with Saif, a man in his early thirties who finished his legal studies at the University of Kuwait six years ago, in an office where workmen were still sawing and hammering to repair damage done by Iraqi firebugs. "In the first trials, they ignored and insulted us," he said, referring to the handful of Kuwaiti lawyers who were willing to take on the collaborators' unpopular defense. "Then they decided to use us as an example of Kuwaiti justice, but that was all right with us. In Kuwait, no one thinks the Palestinians have rights. It was the international pressure that made the difference."

In June, Sheikh Saad announced his review of the proceedings of the military courts: he upheld scores of jail terms and reaffirmed the government's right to deport Palestinians who had been acquitted of crimes, but he commuted to life imprisonment all the twenty-nine death sentences that had been imposed. When I saw Saif, he told me that the boy in the T-shirt was still in prison and that some three hundred Palestinians remained to be tried, though in regular civilian courts. Kuwait had gone through three months of virtual anarchy, he said, but he was convinced that the frenzy had passed and the administration of justice was now back to normal.

MEANWHILE, the al-Sabahs were also trying to get their political house in order, but that proved even more difficult. Less than a week after the Emir returned, the Cabinet, in response to mounting popular pressure, resigned. The opposition suggested that the moment was now right for Sheikh Saad to give up the office of Prime Minister. It seemed reasonable to begin democratic reforms by divorcing the royal family's prerogatives from the powers of the Prime Minister. The government made it clear from the start, however, that Sheikh Saad would stay on, and, in the expectation that a new Cabinet would be announced in about a week, Kuwaitis waited, with the old Cabinet performing caretaker duties.

On April 7th, the Emir made his only public pronouncement in the six months since liberation. From a foreign-policy standpoint, his most important assertion was that he would ask the United States to keep troops in Kuwait as a defense against the continuing threat from Saddam Hussein. What interested the domestic opposition more, however, was a pledge to hold parliamentary elections in 1992. "Consultation and popular participation in the affairs of state have always been characteristic of life in our country," he said, a bit disingenuously. "It can take many forms, but the restoration of parliamentary life is what we agreed on at the popular conference in Jidda." The pro-democracy faction did not concur, however, that the Emir had delivered on the Jidda agreement. It considered 1992 much too far away, especially when, in clarification of the Emir's pledge, the government declared that the voting would not take place until October that year.



But for most Kuwaitis the Emir's most important announcement was one wiping out the commercial debts and the mortgage loans of all Kuwaitis, "in light of the hardships to which all citizens have been exposed." Sulaiman al-Mutawa, the Planning Minister, told me that the debt forgiveness was the Emir's idea, hatched either alone or with, at most, two members of the family. It was never discussed by the Cabinet, he said, and was contrary to the constitution. Abolishing the debts was an example of how the al-Sabahs exploited their total control of the state's revenues to promote their own political interests. "It's very difficult to wage a battle against the royal family when the Emir is willing to give a bribe to every citizen of the country," a partisan of the democratic opposition said. In effect, the Emir was using the treasury as a personal campaign fund, and answering to no one for expenditures.

On April 20th, a full month after the resignation of the previous Cabinet, Sheikh Saad announced the composition of the new one, which he would again head. It was known that over the previous weeks he had consulted with a range of technocrats and opposition figures in an effort to bring more variety into the government. It was also known that he had declined to make any commitment to basic change in the method of reaching decisions. The dispute that had, in effect, brought down the government was the issue of the royal family's power, but when the new government was announced the dispute remained unresolved. As if to dramatize the lack of democracy, the government cancelled a press conference that the opposition had scheduled to call attention to its concerns. There were some new names among the Ministers presented by Sheikh Saad, but the new Cabinet was considered, if anything, weaker than its predecessor. Most significant, the key offices remained in the hands of the al-Sabahs, which left no doubt that decisions would be reached precisely as they had been before.

There were, however, major changes among the al-Sabahs in the Cabinet. Gone was Sheikh Sabah al-Ahmad, who had headed the Foreign Ministry for twenty-eight years. Gone also was Sheikh Ali al-Khalifa, the Minister of Finance, whose promotion from Minister of Oil only a few months before was said to have been in recognition of his strategic brilliance. Severely demoted was Sheikh Nawaf al-Ahmad, in that he was shifted from Minister of Defense to Minister of Labor and

The Endless Summer

Follow the sun to a spectacular winter wonderland—The Pointe in Phoenix. The 3-day/2-night Endless Summer Getaway lets you enjoy breakfast each morning, a spacious two-room suite, management-hosted cocktails at poolside each evening and the exquisite pleasure of a one-hour massage therapy session. Not to mention access to challenging golf, superb tennis and energizing fitness, along with the spectacular Arizona weather.

The Endless Summer Getaway

Just $89.95* per person, per night

Reserve your place in the sun today, call your travel planner or 1-800-756-7560

*Endless Summer Getaways are $89.95 per person, per night, based on double occupancy, prepaid three day/two night minimum. Each additional person, $10. On a request and space available basis, 10/13/91-1/18/92, exclusive of tax and gratuity. Additional nights available at the same rate. Call for single or group rates. Other restrictions may apply. Subject to change.

The Pointe®

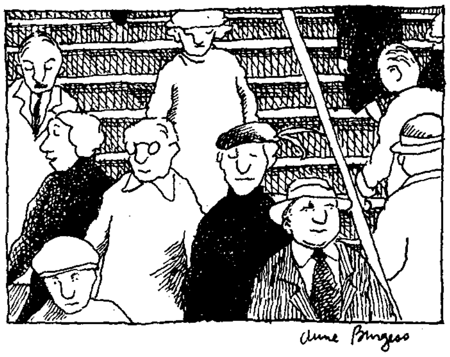
Phoenix, Arizona
The Only All-Suite Resorts in the World

Social Affairs. And then there was the transfer—inconsistent, perhaps—of Sheikh Salim al-Sabah from Minister of the Interior on August 2nd to Minister of Foreign Affairs—posts that are of nearly equal importance. As usual, government officials declined to discuss the reasons for the changes, and the rest of the country looked at its tea leaves to decipher the meaning. Much of the speculation focussed on the royal family's two rival branches, the Jabirs and the Salims, the ups and downs of whose power relationships are of real interest only to the al-Sabahs, but nonetheless make for good gossip. No one could say for sure that there were policy implications to the changes.

Some observers made a plausible case, however, that the Emir was signalling his displeasure with those members of the government who had brought on the catastrophe with Iraq. Sheikh Sabah al-Ahmad and Sheikh Ali al-Khalifa were, after all, responsible for the diplomatic dealings with the Iraqis over the four or five months in which relations between the two countries deteriorated. Sheikh Nawaf al-Ahmad was the minister who abandoned his troops on the day of the invasion. But Sheikh Salim al-Sabah had been in charge of the police and, like Sheikh Nawaf, had left his men without orders. Did the harsher treatment of Sheikh Nawaf mean that the Emir was willing to overlook Sheikh Salim's misdeed? Other questions raised by the action involved more serious issues. Were Sheikh Sabah, Sheikh Ali, and Sheikh Nawaf being called on to pay the price of the Emir's own failings? Did they, as many believed, in reality remain within the inner circle? Was the Emir's rearrangement of the top posts meant as an acknowledgment that the government deserved blame for blunders that led to the invasion? In a state as secret as Kuwait's, such questions can never be answered definitely—but many Kuwaitis, both friends and opponents of the al-Sabahs, believe that the shakeup of his relatives in the Cabinet was the Emir's way of assuming some responsibility for the catastrophe and of saying that he was sorry.

ON August 1st, the American Embassy issued a press release listing the achievements in the effort to restore Kuwait during the first hundred and fifty days after liberation. Its score sheet included the following: the furnishing of electrical power to ninety-eight per cent of the population; the replacement of fifty-four hundred miles of electrical-transmission lines; the pumping of fresh water to every house; the removal of twenty-eight hundred wrecked vehicles from roads and streets; the resumption of operations of all eight commercial banks; the repair of seventy public buildings; and the reopening of Kentucky Fried Chicken, Arby's, Hardee's, Pizza Hut, and Baskin-Robbins. In fact, while the Kuwaiti government was getting itself organized, it was the United States—chiefly the Army Corps of Engineers—that put Kuwait back together.

According to an Army spokesman, the Emir started the process of reconstruction by sending a letter to President Bush last October asking for American help. The letter led to the appointment of a fifty-member Kuwait Task Force, composed of both Americans and Kuwaitis, who met and laid plans in Washington, and who also engaged the services of the Corps of Engineers to do the heavy work. In January, the task force moved to Saudi Arabia and, at liberation, it had five hundred people ready to distribute food and water in Kuwait and then get on with emergency repairs for restoring sanitation, power, and medical services. The Corps of Engineers, using Kuwaiti funds, supervised structural renovations, which were carried out by private contractors, most of them foreign; at Kuwait's insistence, the manpower that contractors imported for the projects was mostly Asian. The Corps took responsibility not only for water and power facilities but also for roads, the airport, and some seven hundred damaged government buildings, including three hundred schools that the Iraqis had used for barracks, hospitals, and workshops, and that the Kuwaitis were eager to reopen for the fall term. According to the United States Embassy, American firms led all others with a billion seven hundred million dollars in reconstruction contracts.



Anne Burgess

According to the Army, some of the damage, particularly to communications facilities, was the product of American bombing, but most of it resulted from the Iraqis' sabotage, which turned out to be only a tenth of what had been anticipated. Reconstruction costs, which early estimates had placed at a hundred billion dollars, were subsequently recalculated at about twenty billion dollars over a five-year span. The power plants were put back in operation within thirty days, and so was one of Kuwait's three ports, which was vital for the importation of food and equipment. In another thirty days, all municipal services were working. At the end of May, the emergency phase of the reconstruction was declared over.

The United States took no responsibility for the renovation of the private sector, which, the Army spokesman pointed out, was the domain of the Kuwaitis themselves. (An energetic crew was restoring the entrance and the halls of the International Hotel while I was staying there. The Iraqis had not only burned the hotel but stolen its TV sets. After two weeks, replacements arrived—from Malaysia, by boat, I was told. A week later, parts arrived to repair the damaged satellite receiver, just in time for the drama of the Soviet coup to appear on CNN.) Though some of the work may spill over into 1992, most of the American projects will be finished by the end of the year, but the Corps of Engineers will stay on for a few years, working under contract to the Kuwaitis to repair military installations and airbases around the country.

The most dramatic and devastating damage in Kuwait, of course, was done to its oil wells, and one morning I drove south from Kuwait City to Ahmadi, the company town that administers the Burgan field, which is the country's largest. I remembered the town from earlier visits as a green and cheerful place, a relocated slice of America, with shops where the kids of the Western administrators and technicians went for ice cream after school. I now found it brown, from desiccation; gray, from the soot that has fallen on it since liberation; and selectively damaged, by allied bombs. Most of the shops are closed, and the kids have gone home. I had to stop at a Kuwait Oil Company office in Ahmadi and pick up a guide to take me into the inferno. Then, leaving my hired car at the company office, I climbed into the passenger seat of a four-wheel-drive vehicle. As we headed out into the desert, we passed a junk yard of destroyed Iraqi trucks and military vehicles, then the storage lot for the equipment of the men who had come to Kuwait to extinguish the fires. The initial teams were American, but, according to the Embassy, a dozen teams from several nations were now in the fields, and there would be seventeen teams working by September (an Iranian team had landed with great fanfare just the day before) and twenty-seven by October. As we drove, I saw white smoke in the distance, and my guide told me it was actually steam coming from an extinguished but still simmering well. After liberation, he told me, the entire field was littered with disabled Iraqi tanks and artillery pieces, along with lighter vehicles. Entering the wellhead area, we drove along the edges of lakes of oil—huge, ugly puddles, which were created by the gushing of wells that were uncapped but had failed to ignite, and which were kept from spreading by dikes of bulldozed sand. Then my guide turned off the paved road to follow a desert track to the edge of a well from which brilliant flames spewed forty feet into the sky. Above the flames billowed thick black smoke, meandering southward. There, parked among the tractors and the hoses, was a pickup truck marked "Boots & Coots."

Boots & Coots, along with Red Adair, had made firefighting in Kuwait famous, and I found Coots himself—Coots Matthews, of Houston, who is described on his calling card as a "blowout specialist"—consulting with his crew chief about ten yards from the wellhead, into which men were directing thick streams of water pumped in from the Gulf. I could feel the heat from the flames on my face as I listened to heavy Texas accents. Then Coots, a leathery-looking man of sixty-eight, turned, held out his hand, and said amicably that the team I was watching had already extinguished twenty-six fires, and that among its three crews his company had put out seventy. In all, some three hundred fires had been quenched as of August, out of seven hundred that were burning at the time of liberation.

Coots then invited me into his pickup to tour other wells where his crews worked, and as we headed south we moved from relatively clear air into the choking darkness of heavy smoke. Coots explained that the teams worked in the direction of the prevailing wind, putting out fires from north to south—a procedure that not only made it easier for them to breathe (though some combinations of burning chemicals, being poisonous, required them always to wear gas masks) but also progressively distanced the flames from Kuwait City. My own observation was that, except for the days when the wind shifted, the city's air was quite breathable—more so than the air of Los Angeles is on most days. (Recent studies based on monitoring by American and Kuwaiti environmental scientists indicate that the air is also much freer of carcinogens and other dangerous pollutants than was previously feared.) As we rode, Coots expressed some awe at the systematic effort the Iraqis had put into their destructive mission. They painstakingly packed explosives around a thousand wellheads, piled sandbags outside those circles to direct the explosions downward, then wired the network electrically to central detonating units. They even built in a backup system for the explosives that did not ignite. "They couldn't fight worth a shit, but they sure knew how to blow up wells," Coots observed. By late in August, when I left, some oil production had resumed in Kuwait, but by the best available estimates fires will be burning in the fields through the early spring, and it will be some years before the fields are restored to their prewar productivity.

ON an evening talk show on Kuwait's state television channel in mid-August, Dr. Mussama al-Mubarak, a professor of political science at Kuwait University, said she believed that Saddam Hussein had been misled by the Kuwaiti government, either deliberately or inadvertently, into the blunders that culminated in the invasion of the country. Given the significance of the charge, the comment generated remarkably little fuss, if only because it was the kind of thing that Kuwaitis, and particularly Kuwaiti intellectuals, had been saying in dinner-table conversations for some

A

CELEBRATION

OF GOOD TASTE

AND

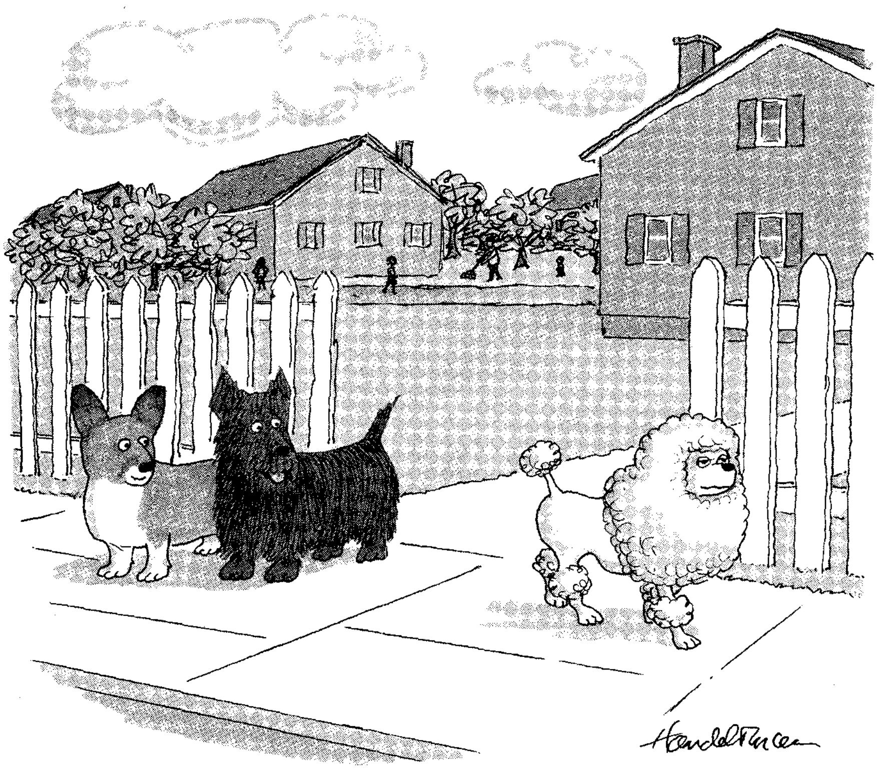
GOOD LIVING

WINDSOR COURT HOTEL®
NEW ORLEANS

300 Gravier Street
New Orleans, Louisiana 70140-1035
(504) 523-6000
(800) 262-2662

AAA Preferred Hotels & Resorts Worldwide

The Leading Hotels of the World®



"Woof woof, to coin a phrase."

time. When I tracked down Dr. Mubarak at the university, I found her quite willing to elaborate on her ideas.

"Many Kuwaitis think the government should have been more flexible in dealing with Iraq's demands during the negotiations last spring," she said. "I'm talking about Iraqi claims to money and oil wells, and even to the islands of Bubiyan and Warba. None of those demands violated Kuwait's fundamental interests. I agree it's possible that Saddam, being greedy, might only have asked for more if Kuwait had made concessions, but we don't know that. If the government had read Iraq's statements carefully—especially the letter to the Arab League in July—it would have understood how serious Iraq was, and it would probably have settled. I don't know what the government was thinking, but it adopted an extremely hard line, which makes me think that the decisions were not Kuwait's alone. It is my assumption that, as a matter of course, Kuwait would have consulted on such matters with Saudi Arabia and Britain, as well as the United States. None of them wanted a change in the status quo in Iraq's favor in the Gulf, which is what would have resulted from major Kuwaiti concessions. Kuwaiti chauvinists also supported this hard line, and perhaps that is the explanation of the government's position. But, in the process, Kuwait miscalculated, on its own or in deliberations with others. Many Kuwaitis are convinced that, as a practical matter, the government's negotiating position was very dangerous for our interests. We'll be debating this question for a long time."

At about the same time that Dr. Mubarak made her statement on Kuwaiti TV, Jasem al-Sadoun, a highly regarded economist and business consultant, was involved in a dispute with the Ministry of Information over a column he had submitted for publication to the newspaper *Al-Qabas*, the most outspoken of the Kuwaiti dailies. The column severely criticized the government for, among other failings, pursuing a mistaken course before the invasion, and claimed that it had "adopted the wrong oil policies, and provoked a maniac who only understands the language of violence." In a talk with me, Sadoun argued that the root of the problem with Iraq was the arrogance and incompetence of the government—particularly of Sheikh Saad and Sheikh Ali al-Khalifa, then the Minister of Oil and Finance. When the Ministry of Information's censors barred publication of the column, Sadoun (who had earlier had a book suppressed by government censors) circulated the column by samizdat, while threatening to sue Dr. Badr al-Yaqoub, the Information Minister. "Let him take me to court," Dr. Yaqoub said when I visited him one evening in his office. "I didn't suppress the column. I only told him to remove a few offensive words, and he refused. I won't allow the publication of something that's not true, and it is simply not true that the government made mistakes in its policies before the invasion."

Ali al-Bedah, a businessman and pro-democracy activist, spent a part of the occupation in London, working to organize opposition to the government. "My personal feeling is that the war was planned as a way to get rid of Saddam," he told me in his office, in downtown Kuwait City. "I don't think there was a major conspiracy, with planning committees and an exchange of papers, and the rest. In my judgment, the situation was ripe, and the United States was determined to make the most of it. I think that if the Americans had not pushed, the royal family would never have taken the steps that it did to provoke Saddam. Using psychology, they got under his skin, and he was stupid not to see what was happening. Then he was hit by the United States—not because he seized Kuwait but because he became too powerful."

Even though it is unclear whether Kuwait deliberately bearded Saddam in the spring and early summer of 1990, there is little doubt that those who made Kuwait's decisions had ample reason to believe that, whatever they did, the United States would back them up. In the summer of 1988, just as the Iran-Iraq War was drawing to a close, Sheikh Saad made a successful state visit to Washington, where he was embraced by President Reagan. It is probably significant that in the fall General Norman Schwarzkopf was appointed head of the United States Army's Central Command, which had direct responsibility for military security in the Gulf region. The Central Command had been established in 1983 on the premise of a threat to American interests in the region from the Soviet Union, but under Schwarzkopf's leadership it was transformed so as to confront not the Soviets, or even the Iranians, but the Iraqis. According to the recent biography by Roger Cohen and Claudio Gatti, Schwarzkopf became convinced as early as the fall of 1989 that Iraq was the chief menace to the stability of the Gulf region. In testimony before the Senate on February 8, 1990, he noted that "Iraq has the capability to militarily coerce its neighboring states," and added, "We in Central Command consider our most dangerous scenario to be the spillover of some local conflict leading to a regional war." No doubt Kuwait's decision-makers took note of what Schwarzkopf was saying to his fellow-Americans, for he was also saying it directly to them.

"Schwarzkopf was here on visits before the war, maybe a few times a year," a United States government official in Kuwait told me. "He was a political general, and that was unusual in itself. He kept a personally high profile, and was on a first-name basis with all the key ministers in Kuwait. He had good political instincts, and, though there were no agreements or commitments, when the invasion occurred he already had the ties to the region that he thought he needed. The Kuwaitis feared that when they called we wouldn't come. Schwarzkopf made it clear—explicitly or not—that we would. Some Kuwaitis, of course, remained skeptical. They pointed to the fact that we had abandoned the Shah of Iran. But I think most Kuwaitis were convinced by Schwarzkopf that if Iraq came in we'd be here."

Predictably, Sheikh Ali al-Khalifa denied that Kuwait, in its negotiations with Iraq, had been influenced by the United States. A handsome man of about fifty, with wavy black hair, he is one of the luminaries of the international petroleum culture—long a jet-setter, whether as Minister of Oil or Minister of Finance, racing from one conference to the next. We met in his huge house, occupied for six months by non-paying Iraqi tenants who, he said, left with most of the furniture. Most of it had been replaced by the time of my visit. With unusual eloquence, Sheikh Ali offered me the official line on Kuwait's pre-invasion dealings with Iraq. This line held that since Saddam had long before made up his mind to swallow Kuwait, it hardly matters what occurred in the negotiations. But Khalifa's story showed inconsistencies, and in the end it seemed to me to belie his contention that America's military guarantees had no impact on

"I BRING NATURE INTO MY BATH."

Comfort your mind and body.
Choose from ten herbal blends:

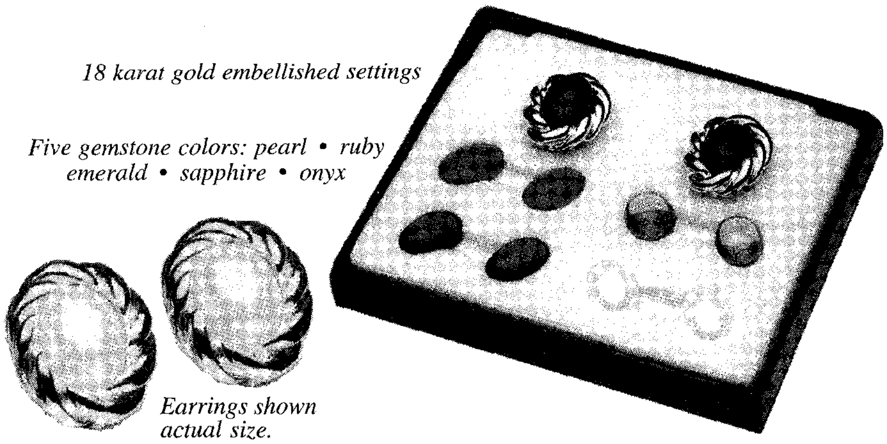
ROSEMARY for waking up the system, HOPS a calming bath at bedtime, MEADOW BLOSSOM a pick-up bath after work, MELISSA gently soothing the senses, JUNIPER for unwinding after sport, SPRUCE and PINE to help lift the spirits, LAVENDER to combat fatigue, LINDEN and ORANGE BLOSSOM becalming and relaxing, CAMOMILE a gentle bath for the skin, EUCALYPTUS when the cold season comes.

Available at fine drug and health stores, beauty supply houses and cosmetic counters. For more information or to order directly, write: KNEIPP Corp. of America, Valmont Industrial Park, 675 Jaycee Drive, West Hazleton, PA 18201.

Kneipp®
Herbal Baths & Shower Gels
Kneipp-Werke of Würzburg / Germany
A hundred years of experience and tradition
1891 1991

Five Pairs of Earrings for the Price of One

Clip or pierced . . . yours for just $29^95
Exclusively from Kenneth Jay Lane



18 karat gold embellished settings

Five gemstone colors: pearl • ruby emerald • sapphire • onyx

Earrings shown actual size.

FIRST LADIES, royalty, and movie stars wear jewelry created by Kenneth Jay Lane. Now you can wear it too.

You can change the inset stones in these earrings to suit your whim or wardrobe. They come in five colors. Magnets hold them in place. Slip one off, slip another on. It is fast, easy, and fun. Available clip or pierced.

This five-in-one set is yours for just $29.95, including the compact travel case. 30-day money-back guarantee. Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-233-3489, ext K54
to order with VISA or MasterCard. Or mail check for $29.95 plus $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K54). Specify clip or pierced.

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
"Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women"™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016

The New School

Presents

Poetry from

THE NEW YORKER

Join us

for a Special Evening Celebrating

Sixty-Six Years

of poetry in

The New Yorker

Monday, September 30

at The New School

6:00—7:30

Alice Quinn, Poetry Editor of

The New Yorker, Moderator

Poets:

James Merrill, Eamon Grennan,

Jorie Graham, Katha Pollitt,

Amy Clampitt, Philip Levine

Admission $8

For information call:

The New School

66 West 12th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011

(212) 229-5630

Registration: (212) 229-5690

ADVERTISEMENT

the course that Kuwait chose to follow.

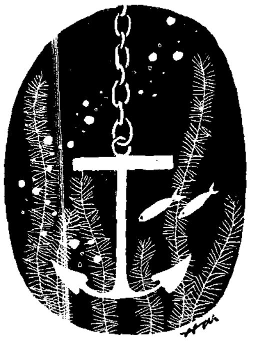
"It never entered anyone's mind here, after the help we gave them during the Iran-Iraq War, that they would turn against us," he said of the Iraqis. "The border problems that separated us were small—a half mile here or there. The essential thing for them was to gain the confidence of the Gulf states, and they obviously failed. During the meetings we had with them in 1990, their demands were invariably unreasonable. They were shooting for the moon, but we took that as normal tactics. There were threatening speeches, of course, but we were used to them. Until July, there was no threat of a serious rift. They said we were overproducing on our oil quota, but then so was everyone else in OPEC. We had a saying in OPEC: 'Those who could, did; those who couldn't, complained.' Iraq had technical problems. Their oil fields were not properly maintained. They couldn't expand production. But I don't think Saddam ever understood that. The information was no secret. It was in the technical press. But I think he found it easier to blame Kuwait. Our overproduction was quite small—about two hundred and fifty thousand barrels a day over a quota of one and a half million. Kuwait was not responsible for the drop in international prices."

Experts do, in fact, seem convinced that the drop in oil prices was not the fault of procedures but was a reflection of a general softness in the international oil market. Daniel Yergin, an American petroleum specialist, wrote in July of 1990 that prices in the coming months were likely to be within the thirteen-to-fifteen-dollar range—a level that was disastrous for Saddam's spending plans. Yergin told me in an interview that, in retrospect, prices had been declining throughout the spring because of the impending recession in the United States. Within OPEC, Iraq was behaving like an enforcer, intimidating producers, and production was declining, but conditions over which Iraq had no control were setting prices. It is possible that Saddam's ministers, knowing how he disliked challenges to his policies, may have been too frightened to tell him so.

During my talk with Sheikh Ali, he went on to say, "Saddam Hussein's problem was that he wanted more of everything. He wanted to build an incredible Army, costing billions. He wanted a strong industrial base in Iraq, even if it was under-utilized by his government's inefficiency. He wanted unlimited personal expenditures—he was building palaces all over Iraq, at a cost of five hundred million to a billion dollars. And he wanted to bring prosperity—or, at least, a higher standard of living—to Iraqis. Saddam did not understand the economics of his problems. He did not even bother borrowing at the most favorable interest rate. No matter what he did, his ambitions were bound to bankrupt him, and he looked to the Gulf to keep him afloat. He thought he could absorb Kuwait and bleed Saudi Arabia without invading, and that would solve everything. But we knew that the United States would not let us be overrun. I spent too much time in Washington to make that mistake, and received a constant stream of American visitors here. The American policy was clear. Only Saddam didn't understand it."

KUWAIT after liberation is not much clearer about its plans for shaping its society than it was before the war. The perspective of the royal family does not go much beyond the preservation of its power, and the opposition is hardly more visionary. True, the opposition exalts democracy, and it seeks to build a consensus on that objective, but it rarely mentions what is to follow. The chief reason for its vagueness is the sharp cleavage between seculars and Islamics, who deeply distrust one another. The seculars are convinced that for the Islamics democracy is merely a way station, to be scrapped at the earliest opportunity in favor of a coerced religious conformism. Many Islamics admit that this is so, but point out, correctly, that the seculars offer no concept of a social system at all.

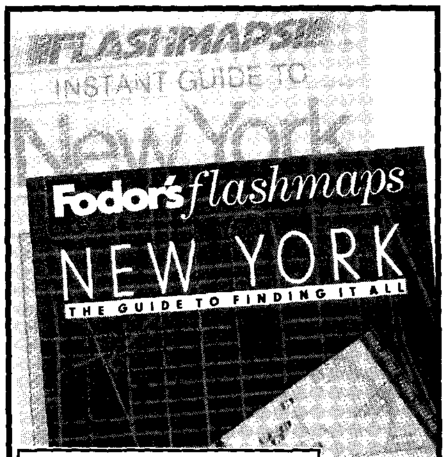
Ironically, the causes of both the seculars and the Islamics were discredited by the war. The seculars were embarrassed at Kuwait's being invaded by Iraq, the most secular of all the Arab states. The Islamics have had trouble explaining why the Islamic movements throughout the Arab world rallied behind Saddam Hussein. Both groups responded to the invasion with keen patriotism, and, of course, neither could be held in any way responsible for anti-Kuwaiti sentiments held outside Kuwait. Still, both are aligned with transnational movements, from whose positions they cannot fully disengage themselves. Secular thinking has always contained a belief in Arab brotherhood—in the unity of the Arab people. Similarly, Islamic thinking contains an indifference to national boundaries, on the ground that Muslims should be unified around their religion. Needless to say, since liberation Kuwaitis of both groups, irate at what they consider betrayal by so much of the Arab community, have been in no mood to contemplate a plan that proposes to subsume national sovereignty into a greater regional framework, whether secular or religious.



The war did resolve—for the time being, at least—one of Kuwait's most persistent problems: the hostility between its Sunnis and its Shiites. Kuwait is a Sunni state: its royal family is Sunni; its roots in the Arabian desert are Sunni. The Shiites of Kuwait—about thirty per cent of the population—are migrants, some from Iraq, most from Iran. Some arrived early in the last century and thrived. Those who came in more recently tend to make up the lower classes, but, because they predate the oil boom, they have been accepted as Kuwaitis. Relations between the country's Sunnis and Shiites have always been a little tense, but they worsened dramatically after Khomeini's 1979 revolution in Iran. Almost all Sunnis in Kuwait saw Khomeini as a threat to the nation; most Shiites, and particularly the young, identified with Khomeini's cause and in many ways actively abetted it. The attitude of the two toward each other grew edgier during the eight years of the Iran-Iraq War, during which fifteen Kuwaiti Shiites were imprisoned for terrorist crimes, but the social explosion that many Kuwaitis feared never came. Then, suddenly, Khomeini died, Saddam invaded, and Kuwait substituted Iraq for Iran as the principal object of its wrath.

"During the occupation, the Iraqis didn't distinguish between Sunnis and Shiites," said Muhammad Ashkanani, a thirty-four-year-old Shiite, who is active in Kuwait's human-rights movement. "During the Iran-Iraq War, our government refused to accept Shiites in the Army, raised obstacles to their promotion in the civil service, and subjected them to constant surveillance. But after Iraq's invasion the Shiites' long opposition to Saddam Hussein was seen in a different light. The Shiites could make the claim that they had been right all along, and many Sunnis were ready to agree. At the same time, the Shiite fanatics, having witnessed the failure of the Khomeini revolution, have adopted a lower profile. During the occupation, Sunnis and Shiites worked well together, fought side by side in the resistance, and were killed with the same indifference by the Iraqis. Now the great Shiite merchant families want to show that they are more Kuwaiti than the al-Sabahs. Recently, too, the Shiites who were imprisoned in the nineteen-eighties were released, and that removed a point of contention. At the moment, relations between Sunnis and Shiites in Kuwait are better than ever before."

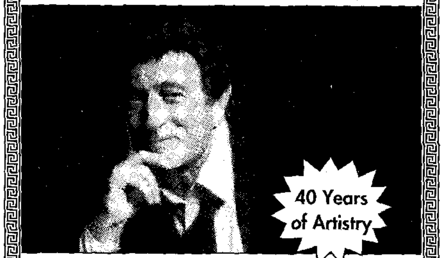
Ashkanani went on to say, "But the al-Sabahs have used their powers to divide Kuwaitis before, and might do it again—playing Sunnis and Shiites off against each other as a way of breaking up the democratic front. As a minority, the Shiites have an interest in democracy. Though they are essentially fundamentalist, they keep a rein on their ambitions, recognizing that they are safest in an atmosphere of tolerance. They have certainly not joined up with the Islamic parties of the Sunnis, and the Sunni Islamics do not consider them allies in promoting a religious state. Last spring, the government tried to get Shiites to support the election of the National Council, but most would not go along. The government has also tried to buy the Shiites off with Cabinet seats. But Shiites generally have a commitment to the constitution, where their rights are spelled out. The al-Sabahs don't want any Kuwaitis to think of themselves as citizens under the constitution. They want each group to have to turn to the government for the preservation of its interests—to use the royal family, and not the constitution, as its shield. And most Shiites understand that under the al-Sabahs their rights fluctuate according to political needs. Right now, there is calm between the Sunnis and the Shiites in



Flash!
The best just got better.

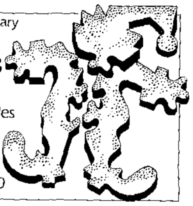
Flashmaps – the best-selling guides to getting around New York – have been completely redesigned and updated and now are better than ever. Over 100 color maps – one for every need – linked to over 10,000 addresses, telephone numbers, and facts. You'll never be lost again! Handy pocket size.
Also available for Washington, D.C.
Now at bookstores, or call toll-free
1-800-733-3000 (mention #010-09-176)
Fodor's*flashmaps*

Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT
131 WEST 3rd ST. • N.Y.C. • TEL 475-8592
COGNAC
Hennessy
Presents: The Giants of Jazz Salute
"The Blue Note 10th Anniversary"



TONY BENNETT
with The Ralph Sharon Trio
WEEK II: Tue thru Sun Sept 24-29 at 9 & 11:30
CLEO LAINE & JOHN DANKWORTH
WEEK III: Tue thru Sun Oct 1-6 at 9 & 11:30

Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
Since 1974, the finest handcut personalized wooden jigsaw puzzles being made today. $190 - $2000.
Call or write for 36-page catalog.
Stave Puzzles, Box 329A,
Norwich, VT 05055 802-295-5200



Kuwait, but whether it lasts really depends on the al-Sabahs.”

By a similarly fortuitous stroke, the war also provided the means for Kuwait to resolve the dilemma—through extra-legal expulsion—of the unwanted Palestinians. It left unanswered the problem of reducing the non-Kuwaiti population generally, however, and its concomitant quandary of how to get the Kuwaitis themselves into the work force.

Fuad Mulla Hussain told me that the government’s Higher Planning Council, of which he is secretary-general, had drafted a five-year plan that was ready for the signature of the Emir just before the invasion occurred. Its objective was to get Kuwaitis into positions where they could control the basic elements of both the public and the private sectors of the economy. It laid great stress on education and on manpower redevelopment, with emphasis on the individual but with the aim of transforming the Kuwaiti people. Hussain said that the plan was currently being reëxamined and revised, within the context of the conditions created by the occupation, and that there will be a shift in emphasis to security, to restore the confidence of private investors. The goal, ultimately, is to bring the country’s population down to about a million two hundred thousand, divided equally between Kuwaitis and non-Kuwaitis, he said, but added that, since no coercive powers were attached to the plan, its success depended on the willingness of Kuwaitis to become serious about work.

“Money is still too easy, and Kuwaitis will not regain their sense of themselves until they can feel that they are themselves responsible for running the country,” Hussain said. “The government made a mistake in pouring money on the people—paying all back salaries, cancelling debts—after it returned from exile. Now the supermarkets are overflowing. Medical treatment is better than ever before, because of the population decline. The Kuwaitis have refilled their savings accounts and can leave the country for a holiday whenever they like. The government has encouraged them to resume the easy life. They’re all importing two or three servants again, and no one is stopping them. The Kuwaitis’ short-term needs are being met, and though some are thinking ahead, to a self-reliant society, the people in power are not. Everyone pays lip service to the principle that Kuwaitis must be the majority in the country, but actually we are going back to where we were, pursuing only personal enjoyment. The absence of work builds dependence on the state. It means that, for the government, money buys power. Money brings comfort to the people, and loyalty to the ruling family.”

TURNING

This is the light that I would see again
on the bare stones the puckered fields the roof
this is the light I would long remember
hazed still an afternoon in September
the known voices would be low and feathered
as though crossing water or in the presence
of moment the old walnut trees along
the wall that I wanted to live forever
would have fallen the stone barns would be empty
the stone basins empty the dormers staring
into distances above dry grass and
the wide valley and I would see my own hand
at the door in the sunlight turn the key
and open to the sky at the empty
windows across the room that would still be there

—W. S. Merwin

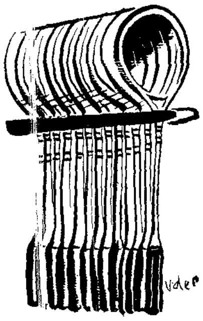
• •

On August 7th, Labor Minister Sheikh Nawaf al-Ahmad announced that a new law would soon be introduced which would curb the importation of labor for the private sector. “Things will not be as loose as they were before,” he said, and he outlined provisions to curb a number of illegal practices for recruiting and importing foreign manpower. But when he was asked to assess Kuwait’s needs for expatriate workers he declined to set a figure. Most Kuwaitis took his lack of precision to mean that the government was still floundering, and that a meaningful labor law might never be enacted.

Central as the labor question is to Kuwait’s future, the problem that troubled the Kuwaitis more than any other was, understandably, national security. Could the country be out of danger as long as Saddam Hussein was at large? During my stay in Kuwait, the newspapers would carry an item every few days about the departure from the Gulf region of another allied military contingent. The Kuwaitis watched the departures with growing apprehension, but they showed no disposition to rely for support on the Arab armies that had helped liberate them from Iraq. The Emir, after endorsing an Arab military alliance, had second thoughts and sent home Egyptian and Syrian contingents still on Kuwaiti soil—apparently because he saw the soldiers of Arab “have-not” countries as more of a menace than a shield. His action narrowed the debate among Kuwaitis on how to provide for their defense, focussing the argument on avoiding any sacrifice of their national character and their cultural integrity.

One evening, I listened to such a debate at the *diwaniyya* of Mubarak Duella, an ex-parliamentarian. The room, which was without air-conditioning, was stuffy and hot. Its walls, instead of being curtained, were whitewashed. It conveyed an impression of shabbiness, which distinguished it from most other *diwaniyyas* I had seen. In Kuwait, the rich tend to be more outgoing and articulate, and I had not spent much time with “ordinary” Kuwaitis. Many of the men that evening wore soiled or wrinkled *dishdashas*—something a rich Kuwaiti would never do. Some were unshaven. Most sat in chairs along the walls, in the conventional manner, but about thirty sat cross-legged on the floor. They had the faces of men who work outdoors in the sun. Everyone was shoeless, of course, and I was the only one in the room wearing socks. The men, who paid careful attention to the speakers, were Bedouins; that is, they had moved to the city only in the past generation or two, and lived in unfashionable neighborhoods. I arrived just in time to hear the remarks of a fiery young orator named Nasser al-Masri, a small man with a carefully trimmed beard, who, he told me later, had been dismissed as a police officer for publicly denouncing the Emir.

"Kuwait must be like Israel," Masri said. "Kuwaitis are not respected by their government, as all Jews are in Israel, even *falashas*. The Israelis are trained to defend themselves, to use weapons. The government has confidence in them. The Kuwaiti government does not want Kuwaitis to defend the country."

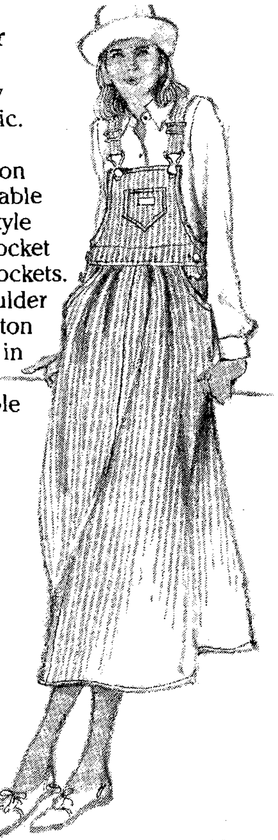


I knew that, although Masri exaggerated, much of what he said was true. The armies of the Gulf states are traditionally kept weak, so that they will not be a threat to the ruling establishment. The Kuwaiti Army's fighting men, and also its police, were rarely Kuwaitis. Young Kuwaiti men are required to take some months of military training—the length depending on each individual's level of education—but no one seems to take the duty seriously. The officer corps is basically Kuwaiti, and al-Sabahs are prominent within it, but it is considered dilettantish. The soldiers are mostly *bidouns*—Arabic-speaking men who have arrived from neighboring countries, often Iraq or Saudi Arabia, and have been refused Kuwaiti citizenship. It is estimated that a hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand *bidouns* (a word not to be confused with "Bedouins," which has a different root) live in Kuwait, and some of them have for several generations. Though some *bidouns* died fighting the Iraqis, many fled the country, and they, like the Palestinians, have been refused the right to return. Numerous Kuwaitis, including some who are hostile to the Palestinians, are irate about the government's treatment of the *bidouns*, who are considered Kuwaiti in all but rights of citizenship, and wonder who will take their place in the Army and the police.

"People who cannot defend themselves do not deserve to survive," Masri continued. "Kuwaitis deserve to survive, because of the resistance of those who stayed behind during the occupation. They organized and defended themselves, which proves that Kuwait has the potential to fight. But the government does not appreciate this potential. In contrast to Israel, it is afraid of its own citizens. It fears what its own citizens may do. But the people have got to be ready, or Iraq will come again. Anyone who can read and write can fight with modern weapons. They need only to be trained. But the government is determined to rebuild the former Army, empty as it was, instead of building on a new foundation. I wonder if the government intends to find more foreigners instead of the *bidouns*. When the Iraqis came, the government ran; only the people fought. The lesson of the occupation is that Kuwaitis must be prepared to defend themselves."

A few Kuwaitis, whether or not they agreed with Masri's thinking, worried that the government had learned the wrong lesson as it moved away from the Arab world toward increasing reliance on the United States and the West. To be sure, feelings of resentment remain almost universal against Jordan's King Hussein, the Tunisians and the Yemenis, and Arafat and the P.L.O., who showed varying degrees of sympathy for Iraq during the recent conflict and insufficient concern for Kuwait. Nearly all Kuwaitis feel anguish at having been scorned by the very Arabs whom they had helped over the years with their money. Even among the government's opponents, few challenge the policy of vindictiveness toward "unfriendly" Arabs on which the al-Sabahs, like the Saudis, have apparently embarked. Only a few Kuwaitis argue that Kuwait, being Arab, must make its peace with the Arab world. These Kuwaitis say that the time has come for a reconciliation among the Arabs. But their audience is very small.

"We can't live in a hostile neighborhood," said Abdlatif al-Hamad, one of those who make that argument. Hamad is chairman of the board of the Arab Fund for Economic and Social Development, one of the administrative bodies through which Kuwaiti aid is funnelled to poorer Arab states. This aid, though generous as a proportion of G.N.P., is generally regarded as a fraction of what the country can afford, and in recent years has declined significantly. "It's time to start a healing process. In earlier crises, the Jordanians were our strongest supporters; enemies today may be friends tomor-



Denim Jumper
By OshKosh
Cute and comfy
. . . a true classic.
From *OshKosh*.
Soft woven cotton
denim. Fashionable
longer length style
has front bib pocket
and two side pockets.
Adjustable shoulder
straps. Side button
closings. Made in
USA. Machine
wash and tumble
dry. In your
choice of solid
navy . . .
or stripes of
blue/white.
6, 8, 10, 12,
14, 16, 18.
$39.00
Add $4.00
for shipping.

Send for a
free 120-page
catalog.

Order by mail, or phone 912-924-9371.

THE TOG SHOP
501 Lester Square, Americus, GA 31710

CHAPEL HILL, NC

17 years ago, we began the pleasant task of transforming a 200 year-old farm into a vibrant country village—where active retirees can be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, belties, and fascinating people of all ages. I'd be glad to send you our scrapbook. 1-800-277-0130. R.B. Fitch

FEARRINGTON
A COUNTRY VILLAGE
2000N Fearrington Village Center, Pittsboro, NC 27312

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco

We've renovated!

Our little hotel is better than ever. We've transformed it into a home. Antiques, robes, fresh flowers, afternoon tea. Unbeatable location.

$90 to $160

(800) 227-3844

One block from Union Square

An expert on children's literature gives his opinion of LADYBUG.

And if that expert smile doesn't convince you to give a LADYBUG subscription to your favorite kid aged 2 to 7, read what some other experts say.

LADYBUG is a treasure trove for preschoolers and their parents. Nancy Larrick, Ed.D.

I really like the magazine. I can read a poem in it and I like it. Amy Craig, six years old

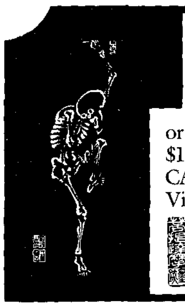
To order a subscription to LADYBUG, call toll free **1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5M**

Ladybug 5LDC9

Artists' Pins

actual size

For creative minds, detailed renditions of an artist's tools. Paint tube pin or tack, $75 sterling, $485 14K gold. Brush pin or stickpin, $70 sterling, $330 14K gold. Add $4 shipping. In NY add tax. VISA/MC/AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check to:
EAST END SILVER
Dept. N4, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956



ZEN BONES
The art of Zen masters reproduced on 100% cotton T's. Skeleton: As shown, or white/black ink. (M,L,XL) $19 + $3.50 shipping per order. CA residents: add 7¼% sales tax. Visa/MC. For free brochure:
Bodhidharma Ink
P.O. Box 1697-N
Sausalito, CA 94966
1 800 331-5476

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

A New Catalogue of Musical Discovery
Windchimes, Aeolian Harps, Bird Calls and more!
Call 1-800-435-8863 for a free catalogue.
P.O. Box 4407 Kingston, N.Y. 12401

row. We must not burn bridges, and we must not stop giving money. What we must stop is giving money to numbered bank accounts for corrupt leaders. But Kuwait is still rich, and we cannot stop helping to build a civilization, and create jobs, for so many Arabs who are poor. We have bragged about our water towers"—the ultramodern, multicolored water towers, each with a restaurant for tourists, that have become a kind of signature of Kuwait—"when we could have created an image of Kuwait that was gentle and humane. We must adopt a long-term view. We will be living with the Arabs for the rest of our history."

A COUPLE of days before I left for home, I finally met with Sheikh Salim, the Foreign Minister, to take up the issue of the security relations between the United States and Kuwait. I had already caught a glimpse of him at one of the regular meetings of the National Council. It was held in a small, wood-panelled room in the old parliament building—the new building, a soaring expression of modern Arabic architecture, having been destroyed by the Iraqis. From my balcony seat, I saw a gregarious, jovial Sheikh Saad seated on the aisle of the front bench, which was reserved—in the style of the British House of Commons—for the Cabinet. Like the other members of the royal family, he wore an embroidered cloak; save for one or two who were conspicuous in Western dress, the other members present, seventy-five in all, wore conventional white *dishdashas.* The assembly, which consisted entirely of men (women do not yet have the right to vote, much less run for office, in Kuwait), joked, smoked, and made short, vigorous speeches, before taking a noon break for prayers and tea. After the break, Sheikh Salim took the podium to make a droning speech on foreign policy, in which he demanded formal Iraqi agreement on the Iraq-Kuwait border, reaffirmed Kuwait's vow to punish Arab states that had sided with Iraq, and restated the government's preference for the West over the Arab states in negotiating security arrangements.

It was Sheikha Hussa who made the date with Sheikh Salim, her brother, for me. She called one morning to say that she had seen him at breakfast and he had agreed to talk with me. I would receive a phone call within a day or so to fix an appointment, she said, and, sure enough, I did. By then, the international newspapers were carrying stories from Washington giving the general outlines of an impending United States-Kuwait agreement. It provided for the positioning of American weapons in Kuwait and for joint military exercises, but not for the stationing of American troops, which the al-Sabahs had hoped for. An American diplomat in Kuwait told me that, whatever the preference of the Kuwaitis, Washington simply did not want to take on the risks of dealing with Islamic sensibilities that basing troops would entail, particularly since Saudi Arabia had already refused a similar proposal. However, the agreement, which was publicly announced in early September, went far to satisfy the Kuwaitis, by reaffirming that the United States would treat the Gulf region, in which Kuwait was included, as a national-security concern. Sheikh Salim, who received me on a Sunday evening in the Bayan Palace, said that he was willing to discuss these affairs but that he had other matters to talk about first.

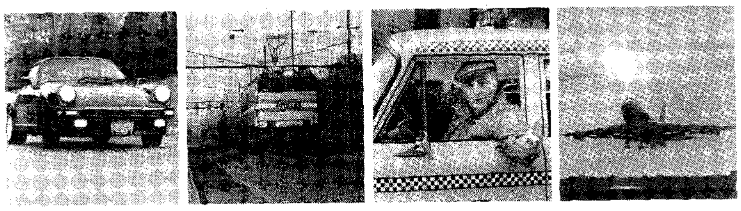
"I know you have been hearing complaints about the al-Sabah family," he said. Sheikh Salim, who is considered second in the line of succession, is a small, squat man with dark hair and eyes—scarcely regal in appearance. (Sheikh Saad, who is first, has slightly buck teeth and pop eyes, and is even less so.) His English was fluent, and he sat back, relaxing, in an easy chair as he spoke. "We consider the complaints normal. Kids don't approve one hundred per cent of what their fathers do. Kuwaitis may have something against individual al-Sabahs, but not against the family. In the bottom of their hearts, even the opposition doesn't want to be rid of us. But because Kuwaitis love the al-Sabahs they want us to be perfect. We can't be perfect. We have our ups and downs. Perfection, alas, is limited to Almighty God."

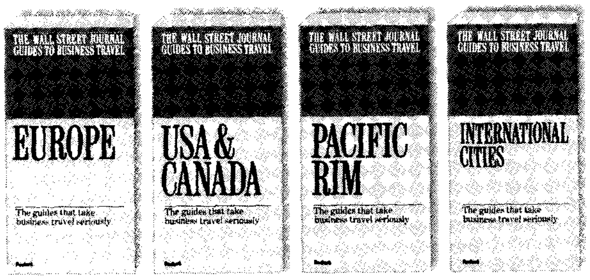
Sheikh Salim then launched into a rambling condemnation of Saddam

Hussein, whose presence, not surprisingly, he called an obstacle to regional stability. He suggested that if the international community kept the pressure on Iraq "two or three young officers with guts" might be disposed to change its direction. He did not say precisely what he meant by those words, but he added approvingly that ordinary Kuwaitis in their *diwaniyyas* think that the Central Intelligence Agency should identify such officers and give them some training. "It would open a new page in history," he said. When he finished talking about Saddam, Sheikh Salim asked me to excuse him for fifteen minutes so he could say his prayers. He returned about an hour later, apologizing for the delay, and we resumed our talk.

"Before the Iraqi invasion, the leftists in Kuwait were trying to blacken America's reputation by calling it imperialist," he said. "They created a controversy over reflagging in 1988, when the United States Navy escorted Kuwaiti ships through the Gulf, though the levelheaded people were all in favor. The leftists were determined to make it into an issue for the next elections. Their opposition was all political. I know your Senators and Representatives. Even when they disagree with your President, they support him on foreign policy. That's the difference between democracy in the West and in the Arab world. You are a mature democracy; we are not. As al-Sabahs, we are for democracy. We practice democracy. But we want a well-guided democracy that will mature and last.

"Since the liberation, the hatred of America that the leftists tried to provoke has been transformed by Kuwaitis into love. I now see something I thought I'd never see in Kuwait—American flags all over, flying from houses, displayed on cars. In the *diwaniyyas*, I see as many pictures of President Bush as of Sheikh Jabir. Now is the time for you to capitalize on this popularity. Your people want contracts in Kuwait. There are economic benefits here. We know how powerful you are, but that cuts two ways. I remember when Kuwaitis blamed Britain for every problem in the region, even if it was only two fish fighting in the sea. Now we can blame the Americans, but I hope we don't. So my advice is that you not interfere, that you deal with the authority that




THE WALL STREET JOURNAL GUIDES TO BUSINESS TRAVEL
EUROPE
The guides that take business travel seriously
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL GUIDES TO BUSINESS TRAVEL
USA & CANADA
The guides that take business travel seriously
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL GUIDES TO BUSINESS TRAVEL
PACIFIC RIM
The guides that take business travel seriously
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL GUIDES TO BUSINESS TRAVEL
INTERNATIONAL CITIES
The guides that take business travel seriously

All these will get you there.

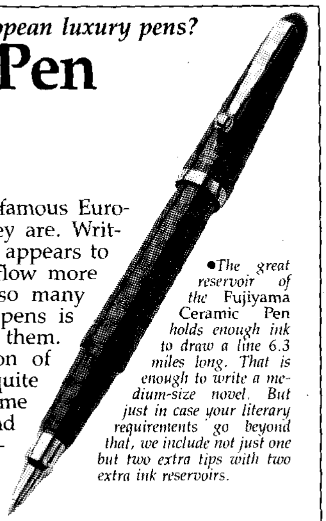
Only these will get you ahead.

Packed with business savvy and travel expertise. Encyclopedic in scope, yet lightweight. As easy to handle as *The Journal* itself. Airport transport, hotels, conference centers, restaurants, health clubs, night clubs, shopping and much more—*The Wall Street Journal Guides to Business Travel* give you everything you need to stay on time, on track, and on top in today's business world. Now at bookstores, or order direct by calling **1-800-733-3000** (and mention 010-10-177)

Introducing...

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL GUIDES TO BUSINESS TRAVEL

Travel guides that mean business
Fodor's



Does this Japanese model outperform famous European luxury pens?

Fujiyama Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

If you've ever had occasion to write with one of the famous European pens, you know what marvelous products they are. Writing with them is a joy. It is almost effortless. The pen appears to float across the paper—even your thoughts seem to flow more freely. The substantial drawback, however, as with so many other nice things, is that the price of these luxury pens is awfully high. It's easy to spend $150 or more on one of them. Our Japanese friends have created their own version of these luxury pens. They are equally pleasing and quite similar in appearance, heft and feel. They have the same hi-lacquer finish, the same fine gold-tone accents and the same gold-plated clip as the famous European luxury pens. The exclusive ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten, stall or skip, even after hardest and longest use.

•The great reservoir of the Fujiyama Ceramic Pen holds enough ink to draw a line 6.3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium-size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include not just one but two extra tips with two extra ink reservoirs.

The most remarkable thing about the *Fujiyama Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive distributors and are therefore able to offer it to you for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. Get your *Fujiyama Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4800A988**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $5.95 for one; $7.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
of San Francisco
139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

FREE Sausage Offer

Our good Hickory-Smoked Meats

NEW BRAUNFELS SMOKEHOUSE Meats are cured the old-country way -- bin cured and slowly hickory-smoked. These turkeys, hams, sausages, bacon, chicken and beef products are completely different. They make quality gifts, premiums or incentives.

☐ **"Smokehouse Sampler"** Over 3 lbs. total of our Sliced Ham, Turkey, Salami, Beef Sticks, Bismarkian® Sausage and *our own Smoked Cheddar Cheese.* $21.50 delivered and receive FREE one pound Pork and Beef Sausage. Limit one per customer - shipped with order. Offer expires 12/14/91.

☐ FREE Catalog

Satisfaction guaranteed since 1945

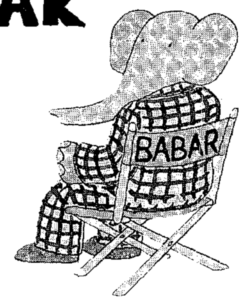
New Braunfels Smokehouse

Dept. 149, 441 N. Guenther St., P.O. Box 311159
New Braunfels, Texas 78131-1159

CALL 800-537-6932

Please enclose check or credit card number and expiration with signed order.

BABAR



We are
the exclusive
representative
of the
original
Babar
illustrations by
Laurent
de Brunhoff

Mary Ryan Gallery

452 Columbus Avenue • New York NY 10024
(212) 799-2304

LONDON FLATS

English Charm with American Standards
Selective Locations & Prices
Weekly and Long Term Lets

FARNUM & CHRIST

1-800-366-2048

HAND MADE IN EGYPT

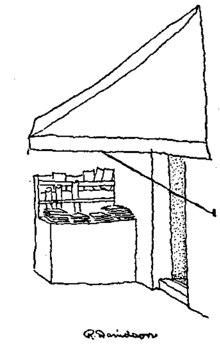
Cartouche

18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00

A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

Free info. 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-2• Pgh., PA 15220

exists. Then you will get what you want. Don't push us too hard on democracy—which is now on the shelf until October of 1992. The circumstances require that the elections be at the right time, but they will take place. I learned from my father, the last Emir, that when we promise the people something we have to keep the promise. In the election next year, I do not see a big surge away from the family. The people will support the al-Sabahs. And they will support us because they are nationalists, out of zealous concern for the interests of Kuwait."



Sheikh Salim had now been talking for a couple of hours, and, though he showed no signs of fatigue, I was becoming apprehensive that he might at any time bring the meeting to an end. I changed the subject, and asked him in a general way to review Kuwait's relations with the United States since the end of the Iran-Iraq War three years ago.

"Our close relations with the United States began with the reflagging, and they never declined," he answered. "The reflagging opened the door for us, and after that we always had in the back of our minds that if anything happened to us we could turn to the United States. When I was Minister of the Interior, I consulted with the Americans on intelligence. After the Iran-Iraq War, we had exchanges with the United States about the growing danger of Saddam Hussein. The United States knew that something was going to happen. Iraq had military camps in Safwan, Basra, and Fao, very near our borders, and after the Iran-Iraq War there was a great deal of movement in the region. We had questions about how normal this was, and there were several border incidents, which we suspected were military probes. Schwarzkopf came here a few times and met with the Crown Prince and Minister of Defense. These became routine visits to discuss military coöperation and coördination. By the time the crisis with Iraq began last year, we knew we could rely on the Americans. There was an exchange of talks on the ambassadorial level just before the invasion. No explicit commitments were ever made, but it was like a marriage. Sometimes you don't say to your wife 'I love you,' but you know that the relationship will lead to certain things."

Sheikh Salim said nothing to suggest that the American assurance of support for Kuwait influenced the stand that the government took in negotiating with the Iraqis in the spring and summer of last year. As Minister of the Interior at the time, he may possibly have not even been involved. But, like Sheikh Ali al-Khalifa, he left no doubt that Kuwait did not consider itself alone in confronting Iraq. It was clear from the last part of our talk that he believes that the postwar security agreement, though it is not everything the al-Sabahs wanted, leaves Kuwait in a stronger position than ever.

"The agreement was drawn up by both of us, and it is for the benefit and interest of the United States as well as Kuwait," he said. "It is true that most Kuwaitis would have preferred to have American troops on the ground, but we agreed together that this was not advisable. Any group of soldiers here would be mingling with the people. Daily irritations would build up. Suppose an American soldier got killed, for whatever reason, by a Kuwaiti—or a non-Kuwaiti. It would create a major incident. Even a car accident would require us to deal with questions of immunity and responsibility. Your boys wouldn't be able to go into town and drink beer, and they would grow restless. But we are confident that, even without your troops, Kuwait is secure. If there is another crisis, there will be time for proper measures. What matters is that the basic relations between Kuwait and the United States are sound. The current agreement states in a general way our mutual obligations. It will be supplemented by explicit arrangements, which we believe will make our friendship grow closer still. The United States is now the only real power in the Gulf region. Our relationship acknowledges that reality."

—MILTON VIORST

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Stockton* (*Calif.*) *Record*]

ENGLAND'S QUEEN VICTORIA PROBABLY HAD NO IDEA THAT THE TRAPPINGS OF HER 63-YEAR REIGN WOULD BECOME A HOT TREND IN STOCKTON IN 1991.

THE THEATRE

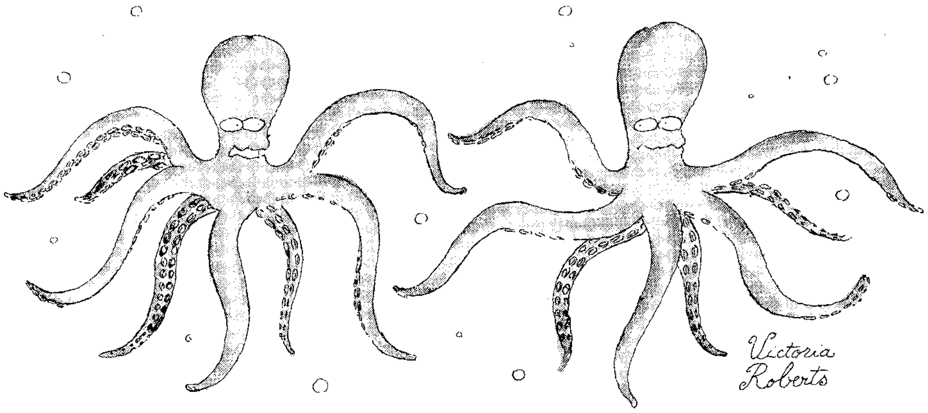
Overexposed

THE theatre season is off to a queasy start with "Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love," at the Orpheum—a new play, by the Canadian Brad Fraser, that would have been passé in 1975, when the world was young. Now that the world is old, it's hard to see how the play made it to New York, let alone how it got put on in Chicago, where it had its American première. In it a number of sexually frustrated and/or confused young people—played by Michael Connor, Clark Gregg, Michelle Kronin, Scott Renderer, Sam Rockwell, and Lenore Zann—meet, chat, come on to one another, work out, make dates, play video games, do drugs, have sex, abuse one another, leave messages on one another's answering machines, and, needless to say, cry out in anguish. Sometimes they stand in Melvin Van Peebles-style pools of light (designed by Kevin Rigdon) and make stream-of-collective-consciousness utterances: "Alone!" "Dark!" "Wet!" "Dying!" "Why!" Meanwhile, a girl in lace scanties with a Louise Brooks haircut (Kimberley Pistone) tells ghost stories.

You don't give a play a title like "Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love" unless you have some pretty big fish to fry. Unfortunately, Mr. Fraser's play doesn't tell you anything about the characters beyond their needs and proclivities. David, who lives with Candy, is gay; Candy is straight. David used to be straight, too—back when he and Candy were an item. He also used to be a television star, but now he's a waiter in a restaurant where he has the hots for Kane, his extremely young busboy. Candy, who makes a living writing book reviews, has the hots for Robert, the bartender in what is either the restaurant where David works or another one, but she encourages the attentions of Jerri, a lesbian she meets at her health club. We don't know what Jerri does for a living. We don't know what David's best friend, Bernie, does, either, but he keeps showing up bloodied, with unconvincing tales of barroom brawls. Bernie used to hang around a lot with David and Candy—when he was going out with Candy's best friend, Dana. But Candy doesn't like Bernie anymore—not since Dana's suicide. And it's because of Dana's suicide that Candy is so troubled by the psycho killer who's on the loose. She thinks that Bernie is weird, and says this often, so that it's hardly surprising when Bernie, whose wife hasn't been heard from for several days, turns out to be the killer. Neither is it particularly surprising when Candy's bartender boyfriend turns out to have a wife and daughter.

What *is* surprising is that Mr. Fraser seems to place these two revelations on the same order of cosmic importance. But then "Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love" is a play that never really gets its priorities straight. It wants to illustrate something about real-life desperation among the young people of Edmonton, Alberta, where the action is set, but Mr. Fraser can't resist pepping things up with shock-horror twists and devices—any more than he can resist always giving David, the putative autobiographical character, the snappy last word. That the play is autobiographical is implied by a sententious program note, which includes such information about Edmonton as that it has "a chain of overpriced 24-hour stores" that "are erroneously referred to as convenient" and also has a plethora of youths who get drunk and stoned and fight in the parking lots. If Mr. Fraser's revelations about his feelings and his sexuality were made in the service of something else—a good story or some small, unlooked-for truth—they might be brave rather than self-indulgent. Similarly, if the ghost stories were allowed to remain unconnected to the action of the play, we might be forced to think about the corollary between sex and horror in the stories children tell. But, as my great-grandmother used to say, if the mouth grew stringbeans it wouldn't be a mouth—it would be a garden. Not content to leave the ghost stories hanging in the air, Mr. Fraser turns the macabre girl who tells them into a character—a sort of junkie-hooker-psychic friend of David's, who snorts heroin, gives blow jobs, and makes prophecies.

The mention of blow jobs brings me, willy-nilly, to the subject of nudity and simulated sex. "Unidentified Human Remains" probably contains more sexual stage business than the New York theatre has seen in a decade. Besides the blow jobs (courtesy of Ms. Pistone), we get simulated heterosexual intercourse (Mr. Rockwell and Ms. Zann), simulated lesbian lovemaking (Ms. Zann and Ms. Kronin), homosexual humiliation (Mr. Renderer's, of Mr. Connor), homosexual foreplay (Mr. Renderer's, with Mr. Gregg), and sadomasochistic violence (visited upon Ms. Pistone, by Mr. Gregg). Whether all this is actually required by Mr. Fraser's script or was a bright idea of the director, Derek Goldby, who also staged the Chicago production, I can't say, but it makes questions of acting entirely beside the point, since nothing in the actors' performances is as impressive as the sangfroid with which they take off their clothes and touch each other. That they are essentially being upstaged by their own nudity and willingness to oblige is a point that either will or will not be of interest to Ms. Zann, Mr. Rockwell, Mr. Connor, Ms. Pistone, and Ms. Kronin. As for Mr. Renderer and Mr. Gregg, they are to be commended for not getting caught with their pants down. —MIMI KRAMER



"I don't trust the Atlantic and I don't trust the Pacific."

LETTER FROM LONDON

A COUPLE of years ago, I was waiting for a plane at Heathrow, occupying one of those bland pieces of space designed to turn the anxious into docile, processible units. Opposite me, an equally characterless passenger funnel began to disgorge arrivals from a Swissair flight. Some businessmen, a few tanned sporters of upmarket leisurewear, and then about two dozen inhabitants of the nineteenth century: a squire in noisy tweeds, a bishop in full fig, two lushly draped, satiny ladies, a masher with velvet jacket and waxed mustaches, another gentleman of the cloth, in black stockings. They moved with the assurance of the previous century, their carry-on luggage of finest Victorian leather. Silver-topped cane or three-decker novel to hand, they ignored both the twentieth-century surroundings and the twentieth-century disbelieving gaze. It felt like a moment of Carrollian hallucination, fit to prompt the exclamation "Oh, my fur and whiskers!" But the explanation proved both simpler and more interesting: here were members of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London returning from an outing to the Reichenbach Falls.

Nobody pointed, nobody mocked, no bustle was goosed. The British rather enjoy their reputation as a people poised between formality and eccentricity, and this applies not just to players but also to airport spectators: the fact that a whole bunch of these Victorian oddities existed confirmed their legitimacy. When playing the fool, there is safety in numbers. During Evelyn Waugh's time as an Oxford undergraduate, in the twenties, there was a society called the Hysteron-Proteron Club. Its members, he recalled in "A Little Learning," "put themselves to great discomfort by living a day in reverse, getting up in evening dress, drinking whisky, smoking cigars and playing cards, then at ten o'clock dining backwards starting with savouries and ending with soup." Today's less decadent undergraduates might instead join the Oxford Stunt Factory, whose members jump off suspension bridges while attached to large rubber bands, or roar down the Cresta Run in washing-up bowls.

A nation's larger character shows in its foreign policy, its formal architecture, its great writers. Curlicues of temperament are apparent farther away from the center. One useful indicator, for instance, is garden design. In France, the continuing ferocity of bourgeois values can be observed even in up-country villages; nature there is mercilessly subdued, gravel laundered, bulbs regimented, hedges barbered, flowers submitted to rigid class distinction. The British tradition is more easygoing, treating nature more as chum than as victim; individuality and self-indulgence are allowed their say. At the suburban level, this might translate into a monkey-puzzle tree in the front garden, a lean-to greenhouse at the back, where an attempt is being made to grow the world's largest gooseberry, plus an ornamental pond in which plaster gnomes silently fish. At the grander level, this shows itself in the long tradition of the architectural folly: not just the sham ruin and shell grotto but the Gothic boathouse and castellated forge, the Moorish pagoda and Egyptian aviary, or the forty-foot-high stone pineapple at Dunmore Castle, in Stirlingshire. (The fruit was erected in 1761 and is now available for superior holiday rental through the Landmark Trust.) Another emanation of this spirit of planned fantasy is the garden maze, that curious form which lies at the conjunction of two English passions: the love of horticulture and the love of crossword puzzles. Rather to the surprise of even the relatively few people who have noticed, 1991 has been officially designated the Year of the Maze. Why 1991? Because this year the British, apart from melodiously huzzahing the bicentenary of Mozart's death, like the rest of the world, have been able to celebrate, pianissimo, the tercentenary of the planting of the Hampton Court Maze.

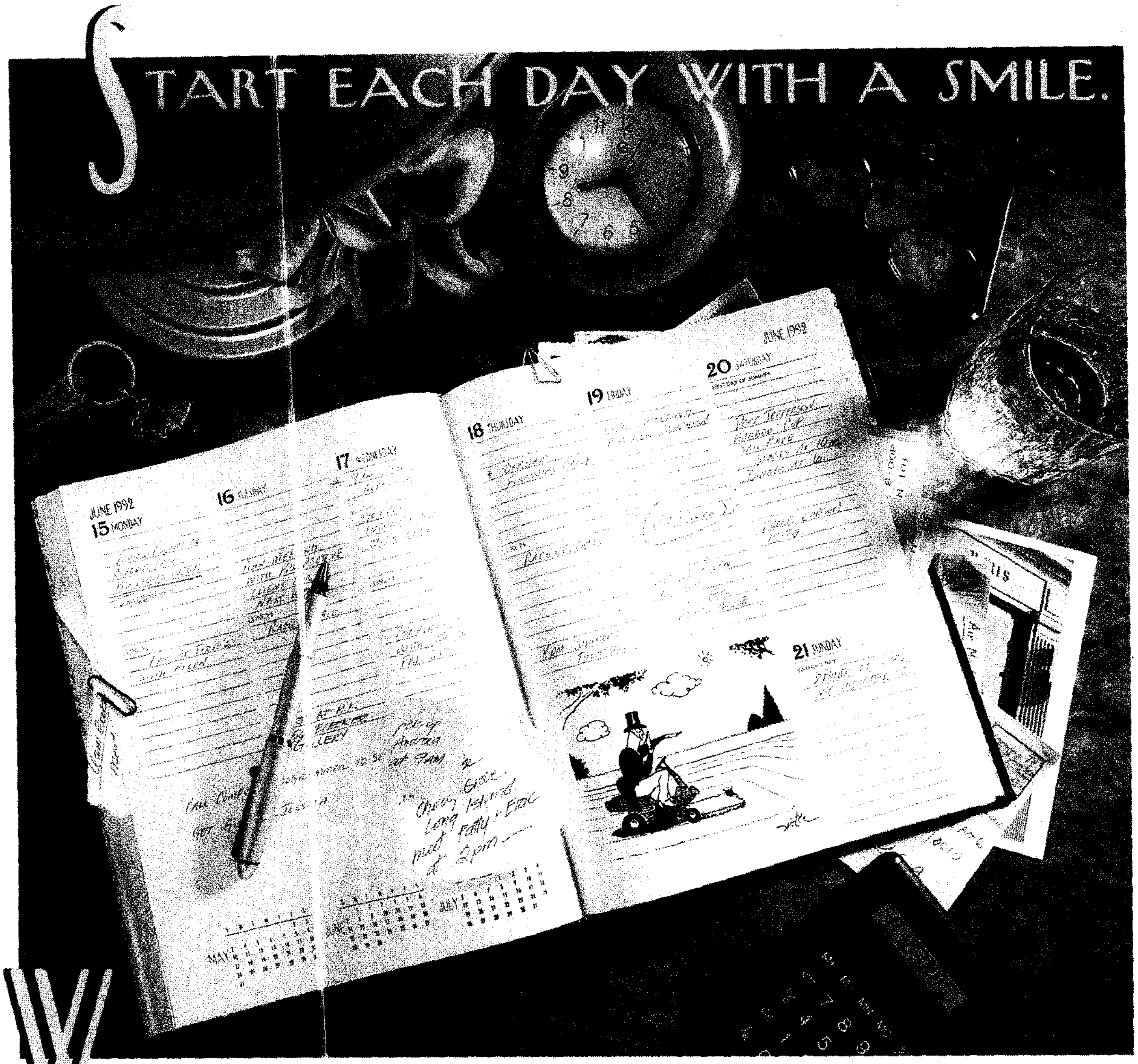
ON the ninth of June, 1662, the diarist and gardening expert John Evelyn visited Hampton Court, finding it "as noble and uniform a pile, and as capacious as any Gothic architecture can have made it." He praised the "incomparable furniture"; the Mantegnas; the "gallery of horns" (hunting trophies); the Queen's bed, which had cost eight thousand pounds; and the chapel roof, "excellently fretted and gilt." When he went outside, Evelyn, the translator of "The French Gardener" and soon-to-be author of the influential arboricultural treatise "Sylva," was at first equally impressed: by the park, "now planted with sweet rows of lime trees," and by "the canal for water now nearly perfected." The "cradle-work of horn beam in the garden is, for the perplexed twining of the trees, very observable"—an adjective that, though certainly a term of praise, sounds rather cautious, like the word "collectible" as used by antique dealers to recommend items they consider vulgar but in which the moneyed amateur ignorantly delights. Evelyn concludes his description with the only moment of courtly doubt to ease from his pen. "All these gardens," he notes, "might be exceedingly improved, as being too narrow for such a palace."

Within Evelyn's lifetime, the gardens were indeed exceedingly improved, by George London and Henry Wise. Their plantings included the hedge maze, the most venerable of its kind extant in Britain, and the world's most famous horticultural puzzle. Whether in fact we are right to celebrate its tercentenary

W. Steig

Deep Thinker

START EACH DAY WITH A SMILE.



WITH THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1992, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO.

We've selected 60 all-time classic New Yorker cartoons and sprinkled them through the pages to be appropriate to the season. And we've supplied you with ample room in which to keep track of each day's appointments and all the things you want to remember.

The design is distinguished and very New Yorker: Eustace Tilley-patterned endpapers. The New Yorker's own distinctive typeface, even a special About Town listing of phone numbers and addresses at the front

The diary's format is a large 10¼ x 8". The leather-textured covers are midnight blue. And you can have your name or initials imprinted* to match the gold-embossed title on the cover.

It's the most cheerful appointment book you'll ever find. It's appropriate for business or personal use. And to spread the smiles around a bit, it makes a wonderfully civilized gift for friends and associates.

Please send me:

____ Copies @ $17.95 (211441)

____ Copies with name imprinted @ $20.45 (211458)

____ Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add applicable sales tax. Canadian orders must include 7% GST.

____ Add $3.25 for shipping per copy within U.S., $6.50 for Canada.

My check or money order for $____ is enclosed.

☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Account # ____________ Exp. Date ________

Signature ______________________

Send Order to:
The New Yorker, PO Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City / State / Zip ______________________

*Imprint name(s) ______________________

*(Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.)
Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.
Offer only available in US and Canada.

235499

THE NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

Timely Information

☎ **Special Promotions**

Retail Location

1 · 800 · 447 · 6553

Regatta Sport
A collection of superior quality, men's and women's sportswear for today's casual lifestyles.
For more information:
30103

Challenge of the Hudson Regatta
October 12, 1991
Peekskill, New York
Scenic Hudson, Inc., presents the "Challenge of the Hudson" Rowing Regatta, an event that combines the revelry of a college reunion with the social amenities of the Henley Royal Regatta in England. Proudly sponsored by The New Yorker's advertisers: "The Best of Britain," NordicTrack, Omega Watches, and Tourneau Corner.
For event details:
30142

Cole-Haan
Objects of Desire
Preview the best of our Fall '91 collections. Fine footwear, leather goods, and accessories for men, women, and children offered in their entirety at our Cole-Haan stores in New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Beverly Hills, Toronto, and Boston. Also at better stores worldwide.
For more information:
30140

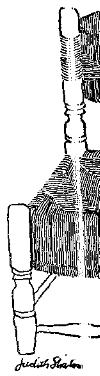
Love in the Lowcountry
Come back in time to charming, historic Charleston in South Carolina's Lowcountry. Our unabashedly romantic getaway vacation package includes champagne, breakfast in bed, a carriage tour, a soothing massage for two, and more.
For more information:
30199

ADVERTISEMENT

this year is somewhat open to doubt: the gardens were laid out between 1689 and 1702, no precise planting record survives, and the year most commonly agreed on hitherto has been 1690. But we shouldn't be overfastidious when commerce and the tourist trade beckon. As Adrian Fisher, the country's leading maze designer, who for the last decade has been pushing for any year to be the Year of the Maze, explains, "an odd-dated year is best, because it avoids the Olympics, the World Cup, and things like that." Almost as usefully, 1991 makes a numerical palindrome, the sort of thing that appeals to mazophiles.

The Hampton Court Maze has had much to put up with in its three hundred years. Early on, it had to fight off the attentions of Capability Brown, who, as Royal Gardener, lived close by from 1764 to 1783 and had to be specifically instructed by the King not to interfere with it. In the following century, the maze had to endure sanctification in Jerome K. Jerome's jocose late-Victorian banjo-'n'-boaters classic, "Three Men in a Boat." And in modern times it has been required to survive the greedy descent of coach parties thronging to one of the most famous sites in England. The pathway has become asphalt, the plantings (originally hornbeam but now multispecied, with yew predominating) have to be protected in places by assegai railings, traffic throbs constantly on the road past the nearby Lion Gate, and the entrance fee has gone up from twopence in Jerome's time to £1.25. Despite all this, the maze retains a certain mystery, and the height of the hedges (about seven feet) gives it a gentle menace. It is also a gratifyingly complicated maze. Harris, in "Three Men in a Boat," confidently proclaims that all you have to do is keep taking the first turning to the right, and is punished by getting pompously lost. The correct, quick way to get to the center is to turn left on entering the maze, then right, right again, left, left, left, and left. The alternative, slow way is to use the "hand on wall" technique, which unfailingly—if ploddingly—cracks labyrinths of this type. Place your right (or left) hand on the right (or left) wall of green, and doggedly keep it there, in and out of dead ends, and you will finally get to the middle. There you will find two white horse chestnuts whose trunks bear a furious intaglio of victorious names. Cyril, Mad, Tito, Yin, Mig, and Iky, among others, have all conquered the complexities of this trapezoid puzzle, whose design, incidentally, was used for many of the earliest behaviorist experiments on rats. Then there is the problem of getting out. All you need to do is—But that would be telling. And don't expect any help from the man at the ticket kiosk, either. What does he do when people shout for help? "We don't take any notice." These are cruel times, still stained by the ideal of Thatcherite self-help. "In the old days there used to be someone on the viewing platform to guide people out at the end of the day. Now we just lock up and go away. They'll find the turnstile sooner or later."

Hampton Court provides us with our automatic image at the mention of a maze—an ancient aristocratic diversion on the grounds of a big house. But mazes and labyrinths (the terms being virtually interchangeable) are more various and more vital than this formal image implies, and they also carry a distant echo of older civilizations. Mazes were found in the Greek and Roman worlds (most famously, or mythically, at Knossos). They were adapted for Christian use—the maze pertinently symbolizing the difficult path to Heaven—as can be seen in the pavements of the cathedrals of Chartres and Amiens. They also flourished in Norse civilization, and hundreds of stone-lined path labyrinths still exist in Scandinavia. The purpose of these last mazes was practical as well as symbolic: they were used either as a means of bringing good fortune to fishermen (nasty weather would be persuaded to rush in and get trapped) or as places to perform fertility and courtship rites, with a maid running complicatedly to the center pursued by her swain.

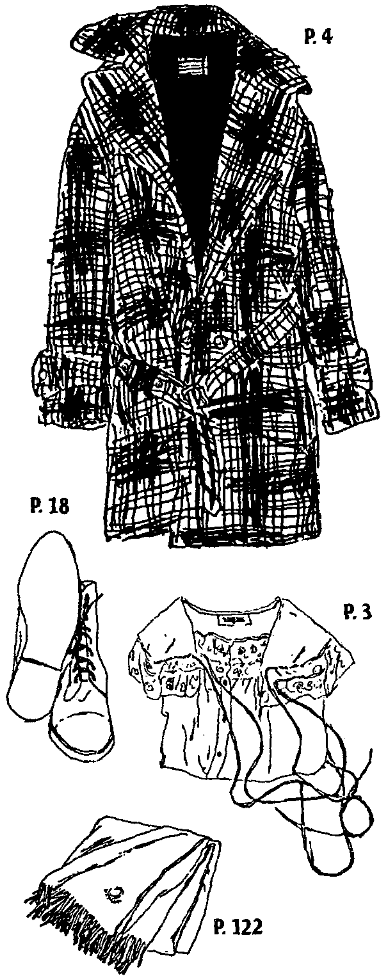


Britain has the richest and most varied maze tradition in Europe, with splendid examples of the two main types. One is the turf or stone labyrinth, in which a unicursal path leads inevitably, if circuitously, to a central goal. This type is generally found on common land—usually at a settlement with Norse origins, where the maze was presumably constructed as a badge of culture by the emigrants, to be used for the same purposes as in Scandinavia. The other, better-known type is the puzzle hedge maze. This is usually found on private land—an adornment to aristocratic territory or (more recently) to country hotels and theme parks. Favorite materials here include yew, holly, hornbeam, and beech—soil and climate being factors in the choice, as are slow growth and ease of maintenance.

The maze is historically related to the medieval knot garden. It is both logical and fantastical, aristocratic and democratic in its manifestations and uses. It is also picturesque—an odd and enduring English landmark. Given all this, it's surprising that the maze has left extraordinarily few literary traces, either in the occasional jottings of village diarists or in more serious creative work. Apart from Jerome and A. S. Byatt, who put a maze into her novel "The Virgin in the Garden," British novelists have remained largely untempted by either the symbolic or the naturalistic use of what Borges called "the garden of forking paths." Shakespeare makes a passing reference in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Titania complaining, "The nine men's morris is filled up with mud, And the quaint mazes in the wanton green For lack of tread are indistinguishable"). Lewis Carroll is the sort of writer who would seem a natural labyrinthophile, and as a youth showed promising interest. "One winter," his first biographer wrote, "when the snow lay thick upon the lawn, he traced upon it a maze of such hopeless intricacy as almost to put its famous rival at Hampton Court in the shade." But the adult Carroll got no further into mazecraft than his hedged chessboard in "Through the Looking Glass."

The writer-sculptor Michael Ayrton was a serious maze addict, though his is a special case. In 1956, he underwent a transforming experience at the Acropolis of Cumae, in Italy. This was the mythical landing place of Daedalus (who had designed the labyrinth to enclose the Minotaur) after his flight from Crete, and was also the site of the oracle known as the Cumaean Sibyl. Ayrton entered the complex cave system where the Sibyl had once pronounced, and heard her voice in "a hundred rushing streams of sound"

No. 14
The J. Peterman
Owner's Manual.
(Christmas 1991)



© 1991 The J. Peterman Company

Catalogue to ______ name
address ______
city ______ state ______ zip ______

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40509
NY 9/30 (800) 231-7341

Fresh Roasted Coffee
at wholesale prices
DIRECT FROM OUR ROASTER

- Over 70 different specialty & flavored coffees
- Large selection of gift ideas
- Sampler Packages
- Gift Baskets • Coffee Accessories

Deliveries Coast to Coast!
Gourmet Shops Buy From Us... Now You Can Too!
Baronet Gourmet Coffee
77 Weston St.
Hartford, CT 06120
1-800-253-7374
CORPORATE ACCOUNTS WELCOME
Call today for our FREE mail order catalogue

through the openings in the rock. So began a twenty-year identification with Daedalus the Maze-Maker, which expressed itself in sculpture, in writing ("The Testament of Daedalus," "The Maze-Maker"), and, finally, in a full-blown maze commissioned by the New York financier Armand G. Erpf and erected in 1969 at Arkville, in the Catskills. It has brick walls rising from eight to ten feet in height as you approach the center, seven "decision points," and two chambers in the middle, containing sculptures of Daedalus, Icarus, and the Minotaur. When Ayrton died, in 1975, a small bronze replica of this maze was placed over his grave, at Hadstock, Essex.

Still, if the domestic turf and hedge mazes have been largely disregarded by writers, this means that there is little hampering freight of association when the twentieth-century visitor steps out on them. Take, for example, the splendidly preserved maze at Saffron Walden Common, in Essex. This is the largest surviving turf-cut maze in the world: thirty-eight yards across, it looks from the air like a circular griddle pan with four jug ears, and the path that winds its serpentine way to the center is a little less than a mile long. The maze's date of origin is unknown, the earliest reference to its existence coming in 1699, when the Guild of the Holy Trinity paid fifteen shillings for it to be recut. (It has been recut six times since then, and in 1911 the path, previously chalk, was relaid in brick.) An eighteenth-century document describes the ancient running contests that still took place on it: "The Maze at Saffron Walden is the gathering place for the young men of the district, who have a system of rules connected with walking the maze, and wagers of gallons of beer are frequently won or lost. For a time it was used by the beaux and belles of the town, a young maiden standing in the centre, known as Home, while the boy tried to get her out in record time without stumbling."

Walking the Saffron Walden maze takes about fifteen minutes if you decide not to cheat, and since there are no forking paths the only anxiety aroused is about whether you might turn an ankle where the narrow brick path and the foot-wide turf corridors meet at uneven heights. It is a pleasantly mind-emptying activity—a sort of pedal mantra—and its uniformity of experience tempts you to reflect on how simple some of the Simple Pleasures of Times Past were. Finally, you reach the raised circular mound where an ash tree stood until it was burned down during the Guy Fawkes celebrations of 1823. Here intimations of twentieth-century superiority tend to evaporate as you examine the celebratory detritus left by contemporary smokers and dogs.

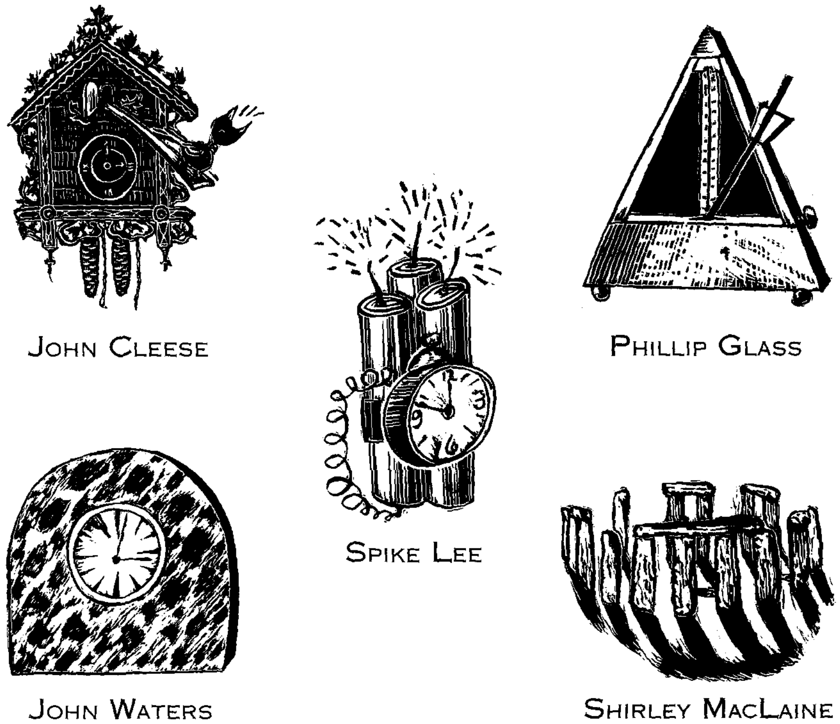
Nowadays, the curiosity of the tourist has largely replaced the atavism of the turf-runner or the piety of the Christian pilgrim as motive for maze treading; but occasionally the old associations resurface. When the previous Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie, was enthroned, in March, 1980, he included in his address the following psychoanalytic detail: "I had a dream of a maze. There were some people very close to the center, but they could not find a way through. Just outside the maze others were standing. They were further away from the heart of the maze, but they would be there sooner than the party that fretted and fumed inside." Such a dream might be taken to offer surprising encouragement to those of us who loiter theologically outside the labyrinth; more directly, it inspired Lady Brunner, of Greys Court, in the Thames Valley, to order the construction of an Archbishop's Maze. A neat brick-and-turf design, bedding easily into gardens that consist of a series of secret spaces, each with its private character, it is both unicursal and multicursal, and bubbles with Christian symbolism (the seven days of Creation, the nine hours of Agony, the twelve Apostles). At its center, a Roman cross of gray Bath stone is laid within a Byzantine cross of blue Westmorland stone, proposing reconciliation between West and East, Catholic and Protestant, Roman and Orthodox (an ambition dear to the incoming Archbishop's heart). On a square stone pillar, four texts are carved, the most mazily appropriate being from St. Augustine: "We come to God not by navigation but by love." The Archbishop of Canterbury himself dedicated the maze a bare nineteen months after going public with his dream, and if its psychic origins seem perhaps a little back-to-front—the symbol inspiring the Christian thought, rather than the Christian thought embodying itself in the symbol—it attests to the continuing vitality of one strand of the maze tradition.

There is further evidence of this, if of a less Establishment kind. While mazes appeal to crossword-puzzle solvers, it's clear that they equally delight the spoon-benders. Witness the large and respectful gathering at the Church of St. James, Piccadilly, in the fourth month of the Year of the Maze, to hear the words of the American labyrinthologist Sig Lonegren. Wren's church is elegant, rectilinear, and cool, arguing a rational relationship with God. Sig Lonegren, a resident of Vermont, is rumpled, curvilinear (pot-bellied, to be precise), and effusive, leaning perhaps toward the intuitive in intellectual matters. The evening began in the modern ecclesiastical manner—that's to say, one calculated to bemuse the outsider. First, we lit three candles—"one for Love, one for Truth, and one for something of the speaker's choosing." Sig had chosen Communication. Next, we had a democratic show of hands as to whether we should have two, five, or ten minutes' silent meditation. Being British, we chose the middle path on this one. Finally, we had an obligatory two minutes' conversation with a nearby stranger, and then we were away. Well, almost. There were just a few announcements, including the almost parodic one that there would be no food tonight, as "Inneka has gone to a business-network meeting."

Besides being a labyrinthologist, Sig Lonegren has been a big twig in the American Society of Dowsers; indeed, his first volume, "Spiritual Dowsing," is still available. He has put in good time at Glastonbury, the center of English hippie-spiritual activity, and has the unnerving habit of referring to the Earth as "Mom"—as in "There's something about being right on Mom, right on the Earth, when you're dowsing." And his involvement with mazes?

"For the past twenty years, I've been working with ancient tools that can help us with our intuition." So we were off into an evening of "sacred geometry," "nodes of power," numerology, Mom, the music of the labyrinth (wonkily executed on the recorder by Sig), Jungian-shadow talk, "what I like to call herstory," and the myth of Daedalus cozified for modern use. (Daedalus told Icarus not to fly too close to the sun . . . . "But do kids listen? Never.") Sig, promiscuously mixing his religions and civilizations as if sifting homemade muesli, worried briefly whether anyone might take offense when he modishly renamed the Lord's Prayer "the Lord-and-Lady's Prayer." But who would take offense at anything in the modern Anglican Church? Only the shades of Wren's benefactors growled back from their beleaguered lair in the organ loft—whence they could see that Sig had laid out a red-yarn labyrinth in front of the altar area, so that we could all tread it after the lecture. Well, all but one. As Sig reached his closing theme of the evening, "How we can *use* the labyrinth today," the Candle of Communication blazed on unashamedly. That's enough awe, admiration, diversion—what about *use*? "The labyrinth is a problem-solving device," announced Sig. "It works great with kids." At which point, like a yellow-press reporter uncovering a den of vice yet declining to participate, your correspondent made an excuse and left.

IN 1980, there were forty-two mazes in Britain. The present count stands at more than a hundred, with about twenty of them having been opened during the Year of the Maze. Over a third of the mazes built in the past decade are the work of a firm called Minotaur Designs, whose chief executive is Adrian Fisher. A plumpish, ebullient forty-year-old Englishman, Fisher comes from the other side of the rainbow from Sig Lonegren. He lives in a large red-brick semi in St. Albans, his front door guarded by two garish knee-high gnomes, "so that we don't get too pompous about gardening ideas." Inside his front room are stacked rolls of vibrantly colored plastic matting, which make up into cart-away mazes. Formerly a management consultant with I.T.T., Fisher built his first maze in his father's garden. (It was made of holly, and "if you turned left right,



TUNE IN AND FIND OUT WHAT MAKES THEM TICK.

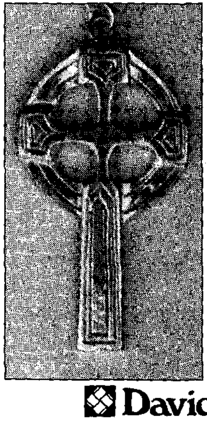
If you've ever wondered why Phillip Glass is ahead of his time or John Cleese is such a cuckoo, it's time you discovered FRESH AIR — the most eclectic, all-around intelligent interview program on the air today.
Call 1-800-NPR-WHYY to find out where you can hear FRESH AIR.

Fresh Air
with Terry Gross

FRESH AIR is produced by WHYY-FM/Philadelphia and distributed by National Public Radio. Major funding is provided by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the National Endowment for the Arts and NPR member stations.

golf links *The Golf Quarterly*
Year Subscription: U.S. & Canada – $16 Elsewhere – $18
The perfect Christmas gift for golfers...
fascinating history, fiction, theories, reviews and news.
Write or telephone for a free issue. (502) 695-1035
golf links, 5486 Georgetown Rd., Frankfort, KY 40601

STAND FOR SUCCESS
ERGONOMIC DESK
Makes it happen!
For Creativity • Productivity • Fitness
Rich, Handcrafted Woods
Send $1.00 for catalog
"Chairman" "C.E.O."
Call: 708-345-1270
INTERTHOR, Inc. • 1817 Beach St. • Broadview, IL 60153



CROES GELTAIDD
A Celtic Cross pendant simply executed in silver or gold.
Shown full size.
No. 2270 Celtic Cross
Sterling silver **$38.00**
(24" sterling chain)
14 kt. gold **$300.00**
(chain not included)
Add $3.50 for handling.
Check, M/C, Visa or Amex.
Send for our unique catalog.
Visit our store when in the Seattle area. For orders or inquiries telephone (206) 485-2132.
David Morgan
11812 Northcreek Pky. N., Suite 103, Bothell, WA 98011

KEY WEST'S
Fantasy Fest™

The most outlandish costuming event ever– **Fantasy Fest '91** October 19-27. This year's theme ***JUNGLEMANIA***, sets the stage for call-of-the-wild partying on our tropical island... Masquerade balls, contests, island music,dancing in the streets and the grand parade! **Fantasy Fest**, now in its 13th year, is the most outrageous festival you'll ever experience!

For more information, call or write:
Fantasy Fest
P.O. Box 230 - B
Key West, FL 33041
(800) Last-Key Ext. 20

THE FLORIDA KEYS
& KEY WEST
Key Largo, Islamorada, Marathon, Lower Keys, Key West
American Airlines

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181
Karsh

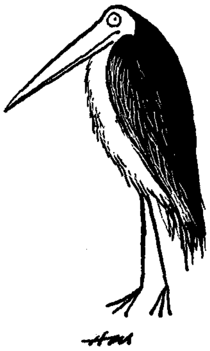
WOLF PUP PIN
Endearing young wolf, beautifully detailed. #P-17, sterling: $28 ppd. 14K: $265 ppd. Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
1-800-67-TORYS
M-F, 9-5, EST.
1⅝" high
Catalog upon request.
TORY'S
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273
800-845-6966

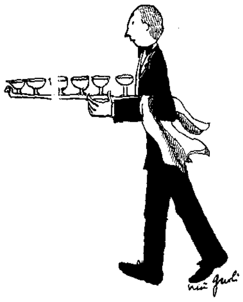
left right, left right, you got to the middle; if you turned right left, right left, right left, you went one and a half times round the maze and still got to the middle.") He became a full-time maze designer in 1983. Since then, he has constructed hedge mazes, path mazes (including the Archbishop's, at Greys Court), water mazes, pavement mazes in city centers, a Beatles maze in Liverpool with a diving Yellow Submarine, and even a mirror maze at Wookey Hole Caves, in Somerset. Such items do not come cheap. A maze might start in the twenty-to-fifty-thousand-pound bracket—a pair of Lion and Unicorn brick pavements for the pedestrian precinct in Worksop cost thirty-five thousand pounds each—and can rise to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds or more. Fisher also designs bus-route maps and visitor plans for country houses; these will cost you less.

Minotaur Designs is the only maze-building firm in Europe, and probably in the world; Fisher has heard of no other, at any rate. Asked if the extraordinary resurgence of the British maze in the last ten years can be credited to him, he replies, "Yes, mainly." He sees maze design as "a thoroughly modern art form" and "a new way of treating landscape," and locates the appeal of the labyrinth in its being "a description of life." ("The choices you made in your twenties you're stuck with in your thirties.") He has noticed the way mazes seem to release the spirit of the child in most adults but becomes wary, not to say downright evasive, when asked if they have any transcendental function for him. "It's a bit hard when there are kids around," he finally concedes. He is happier talking about the business and design side of things. "My style," he explains, "is to find a market where no one's in, and exploit it." He thinks of a maze as "a marketing machine"; to give one a name is "a good marketing strategy." This is all sensible, if unmystical. But then even at the Archbishop's rampantly spiritual maze few visitors, on reaching the armillary sundial at the center, appear to reflect, as they are intended to, upon how they, frail mortals standing on a particular spot at a particular time, are rendered inconsequential by the eternal time and eternal space of the divine setup. (The only wider connection made by one visitor, on checking his watch against the sundial, was to notice and regret that sundials aren't adjustable for British Summer Time.)

As Fisher appreciates, there is a bums-on-seats aspect to maze-building nowadays. Rare is the landed viscount who desires an enigma in hornbeam for his own private puzzlement; he wants one because he needs to open his parkland to the charabanc crowd and a maze is an extra attraction, one that seems to fit historically without being vulgar, something more tony than a ghost train. It goes with the home-made jam, the garden center, and the leatherette bookmarks embossed with monumental brasses. So some of the country's oldest and most visited great houses have only recently become bemazed: Chatsworth in 1962, Longleat in 1978, Hatfield House in the nineteen-eighties; while Blenheim acquired the world's largest symbolic hedge maze in March of this year. Where the designer puts the maze that embellishes the grand house is a decision based as much on tourist throughput as on landscape aesthetics. Leeds Castle, in Kent, offers the tourist (as of 1988) a split-level extravaganza with surprise grotto and underground exit tunnel; Fisher explains that this maze is deliberately placed quite some distance from the castle, so that customers can be "spread around like Marmite."



What constitutes a good maze? According to Fisher, one that contributes positively to its setting, one that makes an enjoyable puzzle (" 'Fun' is the word that gets lost"), and one that is designed with imagination, so as to make the experience unfold "like a Disney ride," leading, preferably, to "a sensational treat" at the end. Thus, a balance of time spent and trickery conquered, plus reward. And since Hampton Court's successors must appeal to the turnstile rather than to seigneurial solipsism, the attention span and problem-solving skills of the populace at large have to be taken into account. When asked what makes a bad maze, Fisher cites the one at Longleat (not built by him) with active disapproval. "It goes on for an hour and a half, and that's not funny. It doesn't vary its pace, and that's not funny. There's an utter contempt for the market," he says, fuming. Or, at least, for the British market. Perhaps Longleat was aiming at Japanese customers. In the nineteen-eighties, there was a brief but intense maze craze in Japan, with more than two hundred built in five years. Elaborate, three-dimensional, and made of wood, they were also adjustable: the pattern could be altered from day to day and loyal customers regularly remystified. There would be a series of objectives to be reached, for each of which the visitor would be rewarded with a stamp on his entry card. Solving these Japanese mazes took many happy hours—a happiness not unconnected with competitive frenzy.



Fisher's design team has also been responsible for one of the boldest, most spectacular, and most contentious mazes built in modern times. Kentwell Hall, near Long Melford, in Suffolk, is a distinguished Tudor manor house in mellowed red brick; its principal buildings form three tall sides of a square, with the fourth side opening onto a moat and the access bridge across it. The courtyard, once cobbled, had long since disappeared under layers of gravel when the present owners took charge. They decided against excavating the cobbles and preferred instead to pave the courtyard with toning brick. So far so uncontroversial. But, as the owner, Patrick Phillips, Q.C., explains to visitors, "we determined to make it something special." The something special turned out to be a huge pavement maze in the shape of a monster Tudor rose, seventy feet across, made from twenty-five thousand bricks, about seventeen thousand of which had to be hand-cut. The bricks are of four colors—pinky red brown, orange, and cream—and they took two men five months to lay. To install such a maze today would cost about a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. "We decided upon a Tudor motif because of the house's strong Tudor flavor and our own interest in the period," Phillips explains. "We also wished to celebrate the five-hundredth anniversary of the Tudor accession. We decided upon a maze puzzle because we thought it would be fun and would re-create in a modern idiom the Tudor fancy of a knot garden."

Did such an addition require planning permission from the local council? "We wrote to them," Adrian Fisher explains, "and said did we need permission for bricking the courtyard in an unusual manner, and they said don't even bother to waste our time by applying." There were some protests from the local civic society, which fell silent when the official opening of the courtyard included the announcement that the maze had won a Heritage in the Making Award from the British Tourist Authority. (The prizes were sponsored by a dairy company, the winners receiving a lump of cheese cast in bronze, with a segment taken out and a bronze cheese knife alongside.) But was Fisher himself trepidatious about thrusting his design into an established manor house? He characterizes his attitude to Kentwell as "mildly reverential," and explains, "To be too timid would be pathetic." It's a bit like a mugging, he says: if the potential victim is too acquiescent, he is liable to suffer the more.

This is all very well, but who is the mugger and who the muggee? Some might judge Kentwell Hall victim rather than assailant. For if the pavement maze looks fairly contentious from ground level, it increases in forcefulness as the eye gets farther off the ground. The maze is certainly "very observable," as John Evelyn might have put it. From above, either you see toning brickwork and a harmonious symbolic design that extends the house's period flavor with a characterful modern flourish, or else you see something that resembles a vast—and vastly cute—target for a parachute-diving competition. And isn't there something fundamentally dubious, if very British, about the very concept of Heritage in the Making? It speaks of self-consciousness, of historical preening. Every nation naturally has its bucketload of guilt about the stuff that's been knocked down over the centuries (and mazes, which are swiftly obliterated by mere neglect, have been lost in large numbers). But the instant classic, the cultural item no sooner created than lacquered and preserved? It's as if the courtyard at Kentwell Hall had forfeited its right to a real, actual, bruisable existence, a life in the present, because it has already been classified as the future's past.

—JULIAN BARNES

Sample the Largest Nuts in the World For Just $9.95

Enjoy your first pound of the largest, most flawless, most carefully prepared nut mix in the world today – at the introductory price of just $9.95! Huge, flavorful Brazilian cashews are combined with whole Hawaiian macadamias and Georgia pecan halves in equal portions, all hand-roasted in healthful peanut oil. So large you'll do a double-take when you see them. For ultimate freshness, they are roasted, packed and shipped daily. The Squire offers you a 100% money back guarantee.

The Connoisseur's Collection:
1 Pound Sampler Size in Gold Gift Box.
Reg. $16.95 **Special $9.95**
Add $2.95 Shipping and Handling.

Call toll-free
800-523-6163
for credit card orders
or send check to:

Nuts Shown Actual Size.

The Squire's Choice
2000 West Cabot Blvd., Langhorne, Pa. 19047
Catalog featuring 32 pages of freshly prepared nut, coffee, popcorn, and candy gifts FREE with order. Dept. 930

Travel Wild®
Journey to the world's best wildlife areas with leaders who have the answers.

Killer Whales, Vancouver Island
Polar Bears of Churchill
Mexico's Monarch Butterfly wintering area
Alaska
Belize
Namibia
Kenya

JOSEPH VAN OS NATURE TOURS
P.O. BOX 655 P. VASHON ISLAND
WASHINGTON 98070
1-800-368-0077

QUIET GOOD TASTE makes this highly personal name bracelet by Leonore Doskow a welcome accessory. Any name or message up to eight letters. Each letter is ¼" square.

Sterling Silver **$49.50**
14Kt. yellow gold **$396.**

Send your check or money order to:
N.Y. residents add sales tax
Croton Crafts
Add $4.00 ea. for shipping and handling
P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521
Telephone 914-271-5981

MUSICAL EVENTS

Ritual Song

THE Philharmonic under its new music director, Kurt Masur, began the season with two short, slight pieces by John Adams: "Tromba Lontana" and "Short Ride in a Fast Machine," both composed in 1986. At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Adams' new opera, "The Death of Klinghoffer," had its American première. (The production had already been seen in Brussels, Lyons, and Vienna; next year it goes to Los Angeles and San Francisco; it has been recorded by Nonesuch.) It is an ambitious, serious work, created with care and skill. Like Adams' previous opera, "Nixon in China," "Klinghoffer" had its starting point in a real event: the 1985 hijacking of the Italian cruise ship Achille Lauro by four young Palestinians and their killing of an American passenger, Leon Klinghoffer. This has also been made matter for a television movie, "Voyage of Terror," directed by Alberto Negrin, with Burt Lancaster as Klinghoffer and Eva Marie Saint as his wife. Some of the film was shot aboard the Achille Lauro. The opera, however, is not realistic. Peter Sellars, its director, wrote in the Brussels program book, "This is essentially a religious drama in the sense that Greek tragedy or the Bach Passions or the Persian *Ta'ziyeh* or the Javanese *Wayang Wong* are religious dramas—a multi-layered drama of individuals, not personalities, unfolding in a spiritual landscape; an evocation, an illustration, a meditation."

To me the piece—lacking the large characters and the confrontations of classical tragedy, and the fierce theatricality of ta'ziyeh—seems more like an oratorio, formally close to such a work as Michael Tippett's "A Child of Our Time" (which had its starting point in a real-life assassination). It is cast in the form of choruses and arias. Action and events are recalled, narrated, seldom enacted. A Prologue begins with a Chorus of Exiled Palestinians:

My father's house was razed
In nineteen forty-eight
When the Israelis passed
Over our street.

It ends with a Chorus of Exiled Jews:

O Daughter of Zion, when you lay upon my breast I was like a soldier who lies beneath the earth of his homeland, resolved.

Between the choruses, a chattering caricature scene of Jewish home life in New Jersey—Alma, Harry, and their thirty-year-old unmarried son—provides the only episode of conventional stage dialogue. Act I begins with the Captain remembering:

It was just after 1.15;
I was awake, but lying down
As I had spent a sleepless night
Before we docked that morning. Thought,
The sailor's consolation, is
Surely the night's analysis
Of the impressions of the day. . . .
At one-
Fifteen Giordano Bruno came
Into the cabin. He looked grim.
"Captain," he whispered, "you asleep?
We've terrorists on board the ship."

There follow solos for a Swiss Grandmother ("I am afraid I thought 'At least we are not Jews' "); for the First Officer; for the Captain again; for an Austrian Woman, who locks herself in her cabin until the trouble is over. And for two of the Palestinians: the hardheaded, efficient Molqi ("This is a demonstration/Action for liberation:/Our fifty companions/Held in Israeli prisons") and the ardent, romantic Mamoud, who has two solos. The first of them moves from dreams to anger ("Camps at Sabra/And Chatila/Where Almighty God/In His mercy showed/My decapitated/Brother to me"), and the second is aspirant:

The eagle, the falcon,
The crow, and the raven,
The sparrow, the wren,
The dove, the pigeon,
The stork, and the heron . . .
Travel through each layer
Of the atmosphere
With no desire
Or need of war.
Ritual song defends
Their nesting-grounds.

Mid-act, there is a chorus about the Ocean ("a semblance of the first man;/sinewy, translucent, thick with life"), and the finale is an uneasy Night chorus ("Is not the night restless for them?").

The libretto, like that of "Nixon in China," is by Alice Goodman. Eric Griffiths in a July *TLS* called these texts "two of the finest recent poems in the language . . . works of wit and judgment exercised in contexts of political gravity which few poets writing English these days face on such a scale," and added, of "Klinghoffer," that "no theatrical work but 'Don Carlos' is so searching about the point where collective aspiration and individual hurt meet."

Act II begins with the story of Hagar and Ishmael—driven into the

"How Georgia O'Keeffey are you thinking?"

wilderness, saved by divine intervention so that Ishmael may father a great nation, the Arabs. It is sung by the chorus and mimed by the Mark Morris Dance Group. (The dancers are a frequent presence. Their interventions are well judged, but much of Mr. Morris's choreographic imagery is disappointingly conventional.) Klinghoffer himself has an aria—an ordinary man's protest at terrorism—which provokes an outburst from Rambo, a third Palestinian and a brutal bully: "America/Is one big Jew." As a scherzo, a cheerful British Dancing Girl remembers how exciting it all was: "Omar, who was extremely nice/Kept us in ciggies the whole time." Omar, the fourth Palestinian, is a young visionary, and he sings a rapt aria about the Holy Death he longs for. Offstage, Klinghoffer is killed. His wife, who does not know, sings of her love for him. Then the hijacking is over. The Captain comes to Mrs. Klinghoffer:

> You are a very brave
> Woman. A rara avis. I
> Have something terrible to say.
> It seems your husband has been killed.

She rounds on him:

> You embraced them!
> And now you come,
> The Captain,
> Every vein
> Stiff with adrenaline,
> The touch of Palestine
> On your uniform,
> And offer me your arm.
> I would spit on you
> But my mouth is dry.

Her long aria of grief is the finale, and it ends abruptly: "They should have killed me./I wanted to die."

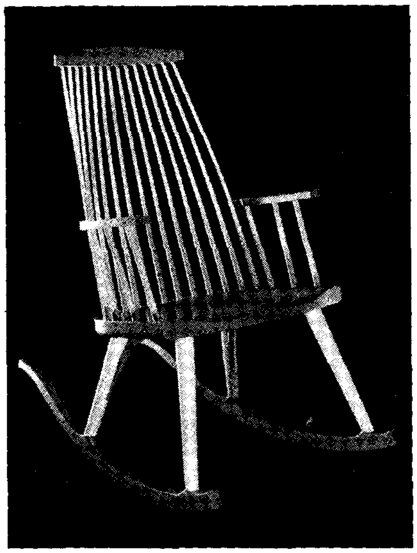
It may seem that exalted passages—except for the Chorus of Exiled Jews—are allotted to the Arabs, while Westerners sing of personal cares that range from a holiday spoiled to a husband murdered. Leon Klinghoffer's daughters (their mother died in 1986) have complained of bias and have protested that "the juxtaposition of the plight of the Palestinian people with the cold-blooded murder of an innocent disabled American Jew is both historically naïve and appalling." But the opera does not make quite that impression. Factual details have been left behind; much has been omitted; several of the characters are unnamed, and the others might as well be, as in "A Child of Our Time" (the Mother, the Boy). Some specific references remain ("Tartus is not replying," "Abu Kaleb spoke"), but they are unexplained; no one unfamiliar with the Achille Lauro event could follow each turn of the "plot" just by listening and watching. The printed libretto alone provides such clues as "Leon Klinghoffer is shot," "The ship turns towards Egypt," "Palestinians disembark." Most of the singers, as in an oratorio, take two or three roles; all the principals, including the Klinghoffers, have a share in Omar's vision of a Holy Death. The creators in their determination to avoid sensationalism and stage journalism have produced something almost abstract: a "meditation," as Mr. Sellars called it—a series of meditations from different points of view. In "Don Carlos" Verdi made forcefully clear his feelings about Spanish oppression in the Netherlands and about a tyrannical Church. In "Klinghoffer" we are not urged to take a position about Palestine or about Israel; rather, we stand at (in Mr. Griffiths' apt phrase) "the point where collective aspiration and individual hurt meet," see, hear, and feel how different people react when pushed to that point. In Brussels, "The Death of Klinghoffer" ended with a spoken epilogue. It has now been cut but is left in the libretto for the audience to read:

> We are through with pleasure for the night; we have put aside ambition and the pride of our hearts. We have turned our faces towards the dark, and our hopes. You have known our desire, nothing is hidden from you. Oh God, raise your hands in our defence.

The quotations from Goodman's libretto suggest its merits, its cloudy moments, some infelicities of diction. Here is another example of something that could perhaps have been more clearly expressed. The Captain is addressing Rambo, after Klinghoffer has been shot:

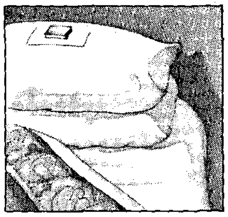
> You did not fail until you killed.
> Yesterday the entire world
> Acknowledged the significance
> Attaching to—let me not mince
> Words—your disruption of this cruise.
> You awakened their consciences
> Which sleep secure now they have seen
> Nothing that they might not have known,
> Like drunkards in a cemetery.
> They know the score.

The final wording and final content of a libretto are a composer's responsibility. (When Verdi and Scribe or Puccini and Illica could not agree, the poet's libretto was published while the


Comfort by design.

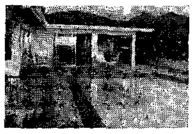
THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
CATALOG $9
415R CUMBERLAND AVE. PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791


ALEXIS
DISTINCTIVE HOTELS
Small hotels of individual charm and service.
Seattle: Alexis 1-800-426-7033, Seattle: Inn At The Market 1-800-446-4484, Denver: Oxford Alexis 1-800-228-5838, Portland: RiverPlace Alexis 1-800-227-1333

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

IT'S HERE
The Annual Arts & Crafts Auction
to be held 10/19/91
Catalog and Info: call 800-322-2554 or send 23.00 to
The Arts & Crafts Shop,
1417 Bridgeway, Sausalito, CA 94965
Auctioneer: Lou Eversmeyer CA Lic. #930



Ever wish you could
Live in the Caribbean?

We specialize in wish fulfillment. Readers of our monthly newsletter seeking a home, land or business in the tropics learn about the economic and political climate, quality of life, purchase procedures, investment opportunities on each Caribbean Island, Costa Rica and Belize.

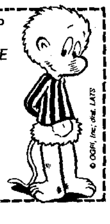
Every issue includes pages of properties for sale. But we accept no paid advertising, so we're free to tell you truthfully what it's like living here.

Subscription rate is $44/year with a 90-day moneyback guarantee. MC/VISA/Diner's accepted. Or send $3 check for sample issue. Our 8th year.

Island Properties Report
2257NB Boston Post Rd, Guilford CT 06437
Credit card phone orders: (203) 458-3449

CONCORD JAZZ
PRESENTS
MARIAN McPARTLAND
LIVE AT MAYBECK RECITAL HALL VOLUME NINE
ON COMPACT DISC AND CHROME CASSETTE
At fine record stores everywhere.
Concord Records
P.O. Box 845-N
Concord, CA 94522

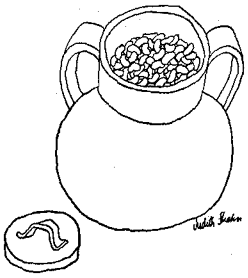
◊ **FREE** ◊
Christmas Greenery Catalog
from the heart of
THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS
Forest fresh Christmas trees, wreaths, garlands and more delivered to your door - cut just days before delivery - **Guaranteed!**
Call Today
FOR YOUR FREE COPY!
1-800-851-2345
(10am-7pm EST, Mon.-Fri.)
Laurel Springs Fraser Firs
Laurel Springs, NC 28644



POGO
CLIP & SAVE
Call 1-800-347-6902 for free Pogo newsletter with great gift ideas.
Books, art, t-shirts & more.
Entertainment Art Company, 400
Main St. #312N, Stamford, CT 06901
© OGPI, Inc; dist. LATS

Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
Tel. 809-953-2211 • Fax 809-953-2731
For Res. call your Travel Agent
or 800-237-3237 / 800-424-5500

composer's version was sung.) Adams, I feel, has accepted and set some lines that might well have been reworked. His score holds much effective music and some stirring and beautiful passages. Among the latter are the Ocean chorus ("Is not the ocean itself their past?"), which begins with a deep pedal, a soft high note shining far above, and a slow-surging central theme; a parallel Desert chorus, in Act II ("Is not their desert the garden of the Lord?"), which is built on a slow, steady V-I alternation in the bass, a shining high pedal, and an ostinato flicker; and an "Aria of the Falling Body" (subtitled in the score "Gymnopédie"), which is made of a slow-falling chromatic line over a grave slow-dance pattern, repeated but subtly varied. (Onstage, a body slowly descends from the heights to the depths.) Yet another "question" chorus ("Is not the day made to disperse their grief?"), when the Palestinians disembark in Egypt, starts over a ricky-tick ostinato; it tells, mysteriously, of a country of inaccessible mountains, vineyards and pastures cultivated to the very edge of a river that never flooded. "Slow" must be a recurrent word in any description of the score: even when the notes move quickly they tend to move in ostinato patterns *sur place* while the harmonies, pinned often to long pedals, move slowly. Adams' musical idiom—like Philip Glass's, Arvo Pärt's, Messiaen's in his later works—calls for an uncritical, submissive patience that I now find increasingly hard to muster and sustain. In a note on "Tromba Lontana" Michael Steinberg writes of "a harmonic language with an emphasis on consonance unlike anything we have had in Western art music in the last five hundred years." To call the harmonic resources employed in "Klinghoffer" pre-Wagnerian, or pre-Mozartian, would not be right. There are added-note chords, juicy dissonances, bitonal crunches brought to resolution. But they are used in straightforward, obvious ways. More than once, Adams' music struck me as unworthy of the subject—unspecific, formulaic. Halfway through several slow numbers he evidently feels that things are bogging down, and begins a minimalist pulsing, brought in as if at the turn of a switch, with an effect as mechanical as that of a Donizetti cabaletta. Music in a manner that was apt for the mass choruses of "Nixon in China" seems to be recycled here. In some arias he essays a neo-Baroque vein, with a set accompaniment pattern and a winding instrumental obbligato. Goodman's short lines tempt him into some short-breathed melodic utterance. The word-setting is accentually just but on occasion prosaic. And the sentimentality that makes his Whitman piece "The Wound-Dresser" distasteful reappears at times.



"Klinghoffer" seems to me a score on a level lower than that of "Nixon in China"—less inventive, more conventional in its responses to the text, and (perhaps by intention) closer to the clichés of commercially successful music. Some of it sounds like hackwork.

But much of it does not—enough to make one forgive banal stretches for the sake of what proves sterling and stirring. The scoring is for moderate orchestra—double woodwinds and brasses—plus three busy synthesizers. The Brooklyn Philharmonic, which includes many of New York's crack instrumentalists, was conducted by Kent Nagano. James Maddalena (the Captain), Sanford Sylvan (Klinghoffer), and Janice Felty (the Grandmother, the Austrian Woman, and the Dancing Girl) gave excellent performances, and the other soloists—Sheila Nadler, Thomas Young, Eugene Perry, Thomas Hammons, and Stephanie Friedman—were good. The "scenic oratorio" was enacted on a striking tiered sculpture, by George Tsypin, that suggested the deck levels and companionways of a ship, though not of a cruise liner. The set, Dunya Ramicova's costumes, James Ingalls' lighting, and Mr. Sellars' direction conspired, as in "Nixon in China," to produce memorable and moving stage pictures. A small screen carried projections of the libretto, and a large screen carried closeup enlargements of the soloists' faces during some of the arias. The voices were amplified—sometimes murkily, word-mufflingly—by Jonathan Deans, the "sound designer." The main weakness of the execution lay in the lacklustre chorus, the Concert Chorale of New York. It sang cleanly enough but wanted both verbal and theatrical force.

—Andrew Porter

ANNALS OF POETRY

ELIZABETH BISHOP AND BRAZIL

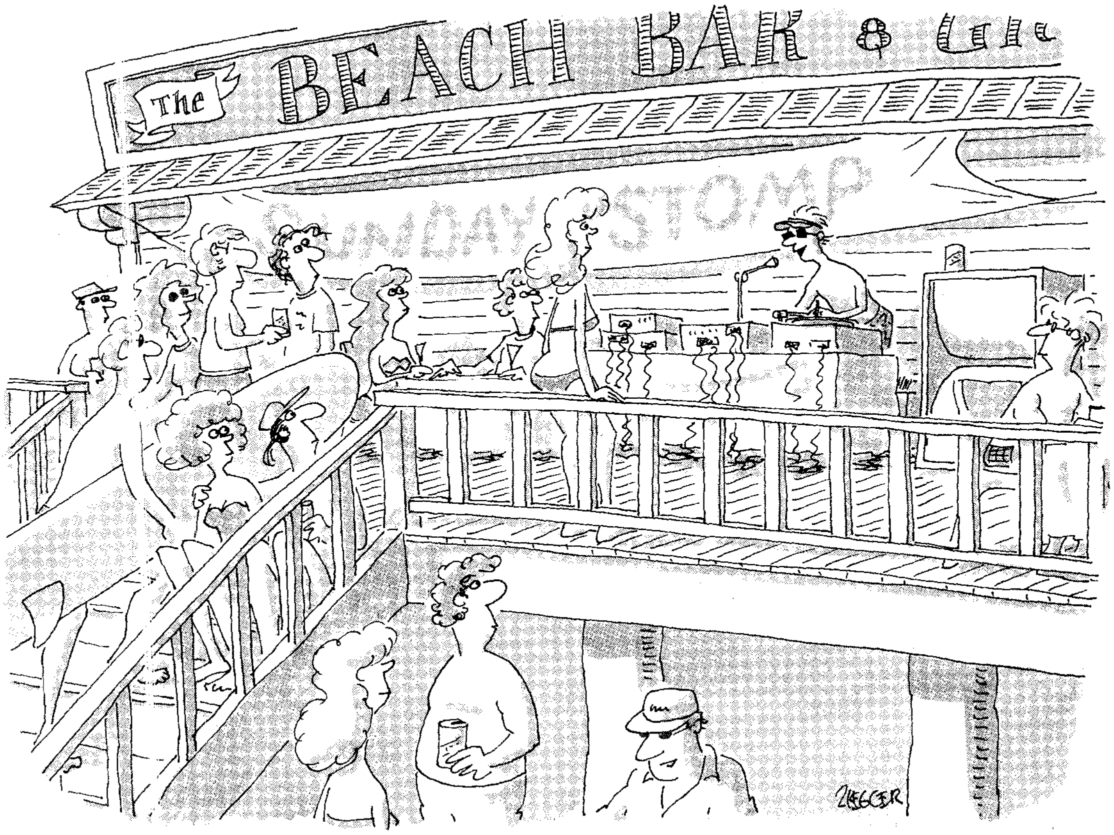
IN the years between her graduation from Vassar, in 1934, and her death, in 1979, Elizabeth Bishop published just under a hundred poems, most of them in four slim volumes and in one "collected" volume, in 1969, prematurely entitled "The Complete Poems." It could take her as long as twenty years to finish a poem. "I give the impression of mysterious ease," her Giant Snail says in the prose poem "Rainy Season; Sub-Tropics," "but it is only with the greatest effort of my will that I can rise above the smallest stones and sticks." Bishop's small output, her hunger for privacy ("Withdrawal is always best," the Giant Snail advises), her refusal to promote herself (perhaps a manifestation of her sometimes almost pathological shyness), not to mention the elusive qualities of the work itself, kept her out of the public spotlight. Besides, her distance from the American literary scene was not only psychological but physical. For nearly two decades, at the height of her career, she lived in Brazil. Even with her handful of inevitably anthologized early masterpieces—the moral narrative "The Fish," the surrealist portrait of the artist "The Man-Moth"—outside the poetry world she remained a mysterious figure until quite late in her life.

Her poems were certainly prized—literally—by those who knew them. Her books won the major literary awards: the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award, the National Book Critics Circle Award. In 1970, the Brazilian government awarded her the Order of Rio Branco. In 1976, she became the first American, and the first woman, to win the distinguished Neustadt International Prize for Literature. That same year, she was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Bishop was always especially admired by other poets. John Ashbery called her a "writer's writer's writer." Marianne Moore, whom she met while she was an undergraduate at Vassar (a year behind Mary McCarthy), was her first mentor. Randall Jarrell and Robert Lowell were among her first reviewers. Lowell became her lifelong friend. At one point, he told her, he had nearly proposed marriage; she later told a friend that she might at least have been tempted to have a child with him. David Kalstone's biographical volume "Becoming a Poet," published in 1989, chronicles with extraordinary insight the encouragement Bishop received in these seminal relationships and also the tensions that developed in them: her eventual need to liberate herself from Moore's strictures about accuracy, objectivity, and decorum; her reluctant assimilation of Lowell's often painful honesty and unsettling frankness about his interior life.

For years, a commonplace about Bishop's poetry was that it was merely meticulous and miniaturist—full of "exquisite detail" and "charming little stained-glass bits," to quote the anthologist Oscar Williams' mixed review of her first book, "North & South," published in 1946. Her early work was visibly influenced by W. H. Auden's ironic wit and formal clarity and by the lavish imagery of Wallace Stevens. Less conspicuous but deeper influences were those of her two favorite poets—the seventeenth-century Anglican parish priest George Herbert, whom she valued for what she called his "absolute naturalness of tone" and "almost surrealistic" narratives, and the Victorian Jesuit Gerard Manley Hopkins, whom she valued particularly for his ability to "dramatize the mind in action."

These profound qualities in her own work—qualities that have to do with the way a poem presents a complex, lived-through experience—became increasingly apparent, especially in the poems she collected in "Geography III," published in 1976. It was her warmest, most openly autobiographical book—the book that revealed how autobio-



"Hey, gang! Before this blast gets under way, would you all please stand for Whitney Houston's rendition of our national anthem?"

graphical her poems had always been, and that finally won her a large, popular audience.

Since her death, Bishop has come to be accepted as one of the major poets of the century. Always uncomfortable with academics, she has been taken up by Ph.D. candidates and creative-writing programs. Younger poets have begun to imitate her deceptively casual style. Although she was never an active feminist, or an activist of any kind, she has become a heroine to many women for her independent spirit, her determination not to be stereotyped. (Others have criticized her for her refusal to participate in any feminist agenda; she never, for instance, permitted her work to be included in women-only anthologies.) Her "canonization" was most recently confirmed when she became the subject of one of the thirteen documentaries on American poets in the "Voices & Visions" series televised in 1988 on PBS—perhaps an unthinkable selection little more than a decade earlier.

Barely a handful of unpublished poems—mostly in a lighter vein—surfaced in the posthumous publication of "The Complete Poems: 1927-1979," but her admirers continued to hope that this most reticent of poets had kept hidden among her private papers works more personal than those she allowed herself to make public. One untitled love poem, beginning, quite warmly, "It is marvellous to wake up together," was discovered in a notebook that Bishop had entrusted to her young Brazilian friend Linda Nemer when Bishop left Brazil. Probably written in Key West at the beginning of the nineteen-forties, it seems like an early version of a tighter, more cryptic love poem called "Rain Towards Morning," which was published, along with two other love poems, in 1951. No further mature poems have emerged among Bishop's papers, no unsuspected cache of unpublished treasures—only the expected drafts and fragments.

I was astonished, therefore, one afternoon last year to be handed a manuscript, in Bishop's handwriting, of a poem that I had never seen—that probably no one in this country had ever seen. This took place in the breakfast room of the Pouso do Chico Rey, which is a little inn in Ouro Prêto, the picturesque and isolated eighteenth-century mountain town, in the interior of Brazil, that Bishop fell in love with, and where, in 1965, after many visits, she decided to buy a small colonial house. (The house is now owned by Linda Nemer.)

There were actually two manuscripts of the poem. The handwritten copy, in Bishop's miniature squiggle, was hard to decipher ("You couldn't read my writing," she once wrote to me, "quite naturally"), and had been framed; the other was typed out on a loose page. Both copies were illuminated in the roomy margins with small watercolors by Bishop: a square brown house, an apple tree, a goose, a hayloft with a pitchfork, a swan with its head disappearing into the text of the poem, and a fourposter bed. The images on the typed copy appeared in a different order, but incised pencil outlines suggest that they may have been traced from the handwritten original.

Dear, my compass
still points north
to wooden houses
and blue eyes,

fairy-tales where
flaxen-headed
younger sons
bring home the goose,

love in hay-lofts,
Protestants, and
heavy drinkers . . .
Springs are backward,

but crab-apples
ripen to rubies,
cranberries
to drops of blood,

and swans can paddle
icy water,
so hot the blood
in those webbed feet.

—Cold as it is, we'd
go to bed, dear,
early, but never
to keep warm.

Here is the unmistakable voice of Elizabeth Bishop; here the fairy-tale vividness and coloring-book clarity of the images (the product of what Robert Lowell once called her "famous eye"); the geographical references—and restlessness—of the world traveller; the delicate yet sharply etched jokes, often at her own expense ("Protestants, and/heavy drinkers": she was both); the apparent conversational casualness disguising the formality of the versification; the understated yet urgent sexuality; even the identification with animals. "I believe in the oblique, the indirect approach," she wrote in the voice of a Strayed Crab.

Sweet Shop
CHOCOLATES
SALADS
SOUPS
CLOSED
Today's Specials
COFFEE
Hours 11-2
MENU
TEA
Michelle Murphy

She never published this untitled poem. She abandoned it in Brazil. And, with typical obliqueness, it is even *about* Brazil—or, rather, what Brazil is not. She must have been living there for more than a decade when she wrote it, probably in the mid-nineteen-sixties, and of the poems she wrote there it is the only one—at least, the only one that has come to light—in which she weighs the world of her childhood in Nova Scotia against the life she chose for herself later, in which she measures not only how far she has travelled from her origins but how difficult it is to escape them.

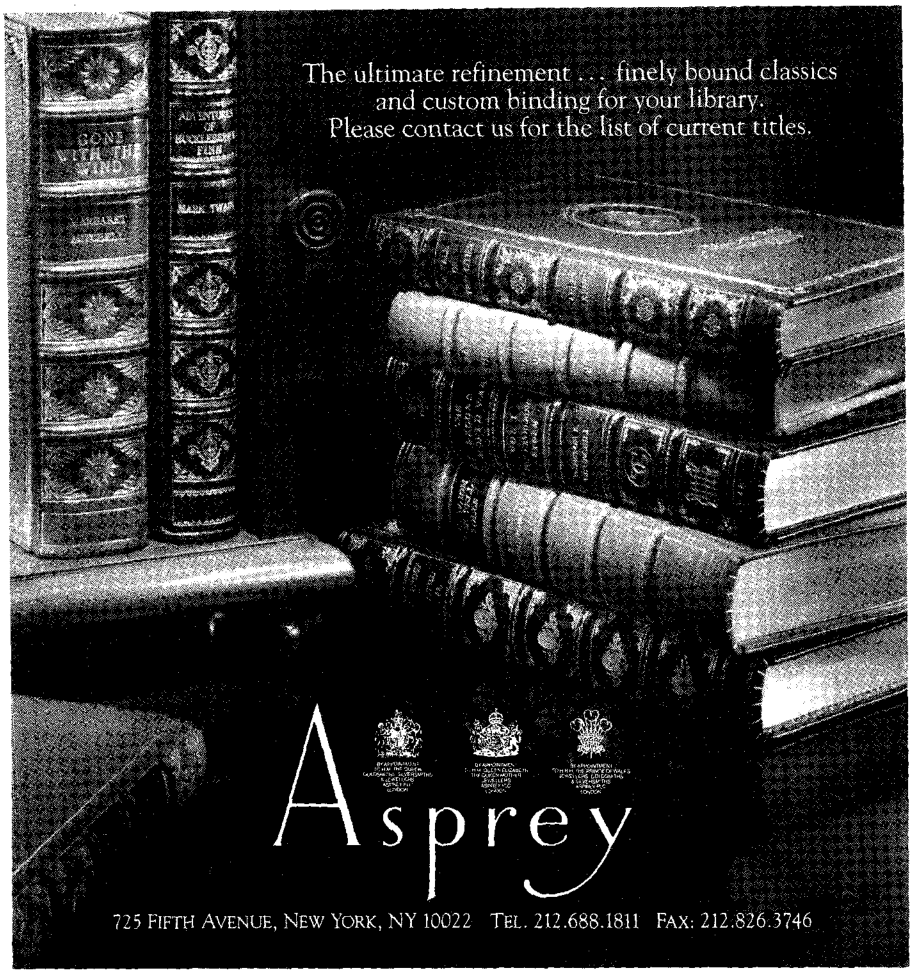
Bishop wrote few love poems, and most of them are shadowed by her more customary silences, though each of them also has its distinctive erotic charge. The sexuality in this poem is strikingly less indirect than usual, and is almost shocking in a poet who so often expressed distaste for "confessional" poetry and went to great lengths—to Brazil, for example—to cultivate her privacy. And, though Brazil encouraged Bishop to become less inhibited, as it seems to encourage everyone, such an overtly erotic poem may still have been too personal to make public. She didn't even keep a copy of it.

THE two manuscripts belong to Lilli Correia de Araújo, the elderly innkeeper of the Chico Rey. Lilli (in Brazil, everyone is called by his or her first name) is the widow of a distinguished Brazilian artist, Pedro Luiz Correia de Araújo, and is herself an expert draftsman, designer, craftsman, and preservationist. Residents talk about methods of preservation in Ouro Prêto as being either Before Lilli or After Lilli, and it was she who was responsible for the restoration, begun in 1965, of Bishop's house. She keeps the two manuscripts—along with her letters from Bishop, which she did not show me—in her private quarters at the back of the inn, and brought them out to the breakfast room with some ceremony. The date was March 10th, her eighty-third birthday.

Lilli was originally from Denmark; she has short, straight, fine white hair, which must once have been blond. Small, square-faced, and sturdy, she speaks fluent English and Portuguese, both with a slight Scandinavian accent. In the nineteen-sixties, she and Bishop were virtually the only foreigners, perhaps the only people with blue eyes, in Ouro Prêto, and that may have made them especially close. Bishop wrote one of her richest poems about Brazil, "Under the Window: Ouro Prêto," while she was staying at Lilli's house; it is dedicated to her.

But before Bishop left Brazil she and Lilli had a falling out over the finances of the restoration. Lilli still seems bitter. She customarily prefers to avoid the subject of Elizabeth Bishop entirely. I was told that she had refused to speak with the producer of the "Voices & Visions" documentary when scenes were being filmed in Brazil. Having heard of my interest in Bishop, she was caustically ironic with me when I registered at the inn. "I suppose you want to gossip about Elizabeth Bishop," she said. But when I had settled in (I had been assigned, I was told, the room Henry Kissinger stayed in when he visited Ouro Prêto) and came downstairs to pay my respects, she greeted me warmly, offered me a cup of mineral water, and asked f I had been a friend of Elizabeth's.

IN conjunction with the tenth anniversary of Bishop's death and, more mmediately, the publication in Brazil of the first bilingual anthology of her poems, I had been invited by the United States Information Agency to visit Brazil for a three-week lecture tour, as part of its "Arts America" program. I don't hink anyone could have predicted the enormous coverage that the Bishop project received. National newspapers and magazines, public television, and ocal periodicals in the eleven cities I visited all carried prominent feature tories about Bishop, reviews of the new translation (mostly—and justly—unfavorable), and interviews with me anging from aesthetic inquiries to gossipy questions about Bishop's sexual or political orientation. (Did her homosexuality affect her work? Was she orced to leave Brazil when the gov-


The ultimate refinement . . . finely bound classics
and custom binding for your library.
Please contact us for the list of current titles.

Asprey

725 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10022 TEL. 212.688.1811 FAX: 212.826.3746

What does it take to be
"The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser"™?

It takes a total-body exerciser.
A machine capable of exercising all the major muscle groups in your body, not simply your legs like treadmills, exercise bikes and stairclimbers.

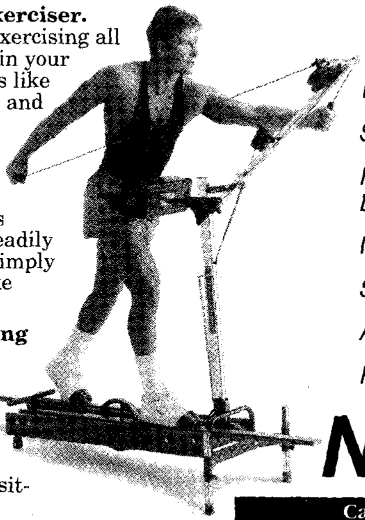
It takes a cardiovascular exerciser.
A machine that utilizes enough muscle mass to readily exercise your heart, not simply specific muscle groups like weight machines.

It takes a weight-bearing exerciser.
A machine that utilizes the standing position to exercise the joints and long bones of the skeleton, not simply a few muscle groups like sit-down exercisers.

It takes a safe exerciser.
A machine that can't damage your knees like stairclimbers, or your back like hydraulic cylinder rowers, or throw you off like treadmills.

It takes a stimulating exerciser.
A machine that's exciting and recreational to use. Not monotonous and repetitive like so many other machines on the market.

It takes a NordicTrack.
Fitness doesn't get any better than this.


Independently Adjustable Upper-Body Exerciser
Electronic Feedback
Stand-Up Position
Independently Adjustable Lower-Body Exerciser
Non-Jarring Motion
Smooth, Quiet Operation
Adjustable Elevation
Patented Flywheel

NordicTrack®
A CML Company

Call or Write for a
FREE VIDEO
& Brochure

1-800-328-5888 EXT. 26411
☐ Please send me a free brochure
☐ Also a free videotape ☐ VHS ☐ Beta
Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ____ Zip ____
Phone ( ) ______
NordicTrack, Dept. #26411,
141C Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

ernment changed?) I was headlined as Bishop's "major admirer" and captioned (under a photograph of me wiping a bead of sweat out of one eye) "great poet." "The Brazilians exaggerate everything," a United States Information Service official cautioned. But if the publicity was not to be taken seriously, at least it meant that some doors to Bishop's past might open to me more easily.

Now, over our mineral water, Lilli showed me the book section of *Jornal do Brasil*, the most literary of Brazil's national newspapers, which that weekend included an interview with me and a Portuguese translation of a memorial piece I had written about Bishop just after she died. A friend of Lilli's had given her the paper. Suddenly, she seemed eager to reminisce.

"I was never involved with Elizabeth except as a friend," she said after showing me the manuscripts. She described how intimately they had worked together on the restoration of the house, going over every detail at great length, tirelessly mixing paints to find the most authentic and most subtle colors for the walls and woodwork. Bishop had been excited to discover the inner construction of the walls: leather-strapped wood, bamboo, and mud. Lilli had the idea—and Bishop loved it—of leaving a square, about two feet wide, exposed. They covered the square with a hinged and framed pane of glass: a window into the wall. Behind the frame, the horizontal beams and diagonal reinforcements look like an abstract painting.

The house is on the side of a mountain, high above the town. Bishop could look down at the mosaic of red tiles covering the rooftops in the valley. From her balcony she could see most of the town's ten glittering baroque churches, each on its own small plateau. She could look across the valley at the lush foliage—two intense shades of green, light and dark, covering the surrounding hills—and the weird rock formations jutting out from bald mountain ridges. Alongside the house, a stream runs down through wild banana trees and sugarcane; from her study, a little side room, she could hear its steady gurgle and splash. She named the house Casa Mariana, after Marianne Moore. (The house is on the road to the next town, which also happens to be called Mariana.) There's now a plaque on the side of the house, which reads:

CASA MARIANA
AQUI VIVEU
ELIZABETH BISHOP

While Lilli was renovating, Bishop stayed either at the Chico Rey, just outside the main square in the town below, or at Lilli's house, across the road from Casa Mariana. Through a retaining wall set back from a narrow sidewalk at the foot of Lilli's house, the mountain stream is diverted into a roadside fountain for drinking and washing. "Under the Window: Ouro Prêto" narrates with aching sympathy the constant babble of earthy conversation—about food, family, money, love—that Bishop could overhear from her room in Lilli's house, two stories above the fountain. This place—"here where all the world still stops"—was an emblem for her. Near the end of the poem she writes:

The seven ages of man are talkative
and soiled and thirsty.

Ouro Prêto represented seclusion, but it was also the world. When she wanted privacy, she could keep an eavesdropping distance, and still have an intimate, secret communion with the life around her.

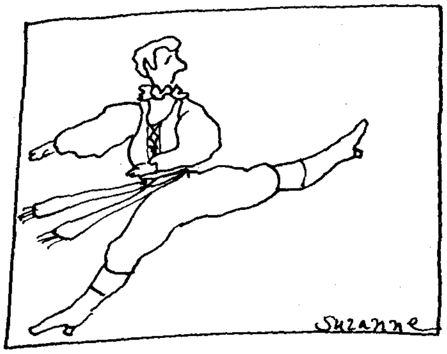
Along with the manuscripts of the untitled quatrains Lilli brought out a small piece of paper on which Bishop had typed her celebration of buying the Ouro Prêto house and her affection for Lilli:

(For the window-pane)

Dear Lilli, I liked this view,
I also liked to visit you,
but scarcely could prolong my stay
so bought the house across the way:
number twenty-eight. Now you
must visit me, and see *my* view.

Elizabeth

All of Bishop's light verse and occasional poetry shares this unaffected forthrightness. She was well known among her friends for her satirical couplets and quatrains. On the "Voices & Visions" documentary, Mary McCarthy recalls from half a century earlier a verse that Bishop wrote at Vassar, about having a room next to a dormitory toilet:



Ladies and gents, ladies and gents,
flushing away your excrements.
I sit and hear beyond the wall
The sad continual waterfall
That sanitary pipes can give
To still our actions primitive.

On one of her early trips to Ouro Prêto, Bishop wrote in the inn's register:

Let Shakespeare & Milton
Stay at a Hilton—
I shall stay
At Chico Rei—

MAY 30TH, 1960
ELIZABETH BISHOP

Ouro Prêto was just the sort of quiet, unpretentious, out-of-the-way, yet colorful place Bishop loved. She neither trusted nor felt comfortable with any form of grandiosity ("I admire compression, lightness, and agility," her Strayed Crab proclaims, "all rare in this loose world"); she preferred intimacy to high ambition (Mozart to Beethoven, the Metaphysicals to Milton). Comparing herself to the Great Poets, even in jest, she cannot repress a flash of pride in her own modesty. Her witty quatrain seems a miniature *ars poetica*, a philosophy, an apologia, practically an autobiography: her "view."

BISHOP was born in 1911 in Worcester, Massachusetts. Her father died when she was eight months old, and her widowed mother returned with the infant to the home of her parents, in the oxymoronically named town of Great Village, Nova Scotia. There, too, were picturesque churches, and a certain reclusive intimacy. In a poem called "Poem" Bishop recognizes the town years later in a little painting ("about the size of an old-style dollar bill") by her great-uncl ("an R.A.," or member of the Roya Academy), which she now owns She knows it is Nova Scotia: "onl there/does one see gabled woode houses/painted that awful shade brown." Despite its drabness, despi even the tragic memory of her ear childhood which it evoked, it was place for which she never lost affection.

When Elizabeth was four, her mother suffered a complete nervous collapse, and was put in an institution; although she remained there until her death, eighteen years later, Elizabeth never saw her again. Her father's wealthy parents, in Worcester, appropriated the lively child, removing her, at the age of seven, from the rough-and-tumble but idyllic country life of Great Village. They could offer comforts and advantages, but this "country mouse" (as she called herself in a story that was not published until after her death) felt lonely and out of place. She developed a painful eczema and bronchitis, and also chronic asthma. Within a year, she was sent to live with one of her mother's older sisters, in Boston, where she was happier. At sixteen, she went to boarding school, then to Vassar. Summers, she visited Nova Scotia, but essentially she no longer had a family life. "I was always a sort of a guest," she told an interviewer.

It is clear that she spent the rest of her life trying to recover the home she had been exiled from. The much documented world travels of the author of "North & South," "Questions of Travel" (1965), and "Geography III" were never simply a matter of tourism. Like the frantic bird in her poem "Sandpiper"—"Poor bird, he is obsessed!"—Bishop was "looking for something, something, something." Her widely praised power of observation was also a burden. "My eyes bulge and hurt," says the Giant Toad, another Bishop alter ego in "Rainy Season Sub-Tropics." "They are my one great beauty, even so. They see too much, above, below, and yet there is not much to see." Her compulsive travelling, too, seemed a kind of curse; like some modern Wandering Jew, she felt doomed never to rest. She writes at the end of "Questions of Travel":

Continent, city, country, society:
the choice is never wide and never free.
And here, or there . . . No. Should we
have stayed at home,
wherever that may be?

Bishop moved to New York in 1934, right after she graduated from college. By the time she published her first book, she had made trips to Brittany and Paris, to London, to North Africa and Spain, to Italy, and to Ireland. In 1937, she lived in Paris for six months. In an unsigned "Chronology" of her life she wrote that in the winter of 1936 she had gone "fishing in Key West and liked the town, as it was then, very much," and in 1939 she settled there "for most of the next nine years." She spent nine months in Mexico in 1943. Her compass kept pointing her south, to a warmer, more colorful, less puritanical climate.

She had not intended to stay in Brazil. In November of 1951, when she was forty, she began a trip around South America aboard a freighter headed for Tierra del Fuego. On an excursion to Rio, she looked up acquaintances from New York, including a former dancer named Mary Morse. Wandering through the city, she ate some cashew fruit that she had bought from a street vender, and had a violent allergic reaction. She was hospitalized, and had to give up her "dream-trip to the Straits of Magellan, et cetera." The ship sailed on without her. She stayed in Brazil for nearly twenty years.

Nine years earlier, in New York, she had met a Brazilian friend of Mary Morse's, Maria Carlota Costellat de Macedo Soares. Lota, as she was called, was from an aristocratic family, and was close to people in political power, like Carlos Lacerda, who in 1961 became governor of the state of Guanabara. She had a deep interest in architecture and design. Lota had an apartment in Rio and, barely finished, an austerely elegant modern house in Petrópolis, a resort town high in the mountains about an hour's drive from Rio. The house, Sítio da Alcobaçinha, in the Samambaia section, was designed in 1947 by Sergio W. Bernardes, and was a prize-winning architectural gem: split-level, with ramps and sliding glass walls, extensive grounds (part of Lota's family's estate), and magnificent vistas of the towering peaks across the valley. Lota invited Elizabeth to recuperate there.

They fell in love. Soon Bishop engaged an architect to build a little studio higher up the mountain, but, to discipline herself, she had the side of the studio with the view made a solid

California Almonds
4 lbs. for $9.95*

That's right. For a limited time you can save on farm-fresh, shelled California Almonds. Available in three flavors: Dry-Roasted Hickory, Whole Natural, or Dry-Roasted Lightly Salted. Send check or money order, Visa, MasterCard or American Express Number with Expiration Date to:

Theodore's California Almonds
ALMONDS
WHOLE NATURAL
4 lb. Can $9.95 (plus $4 S&H)

Theodore's California Almonds
P.O. Box 150, Dept. 19
Ripon, CA 95366

Credit Card Orders Call
1-800-829-6887
*$4 S&H in cont. U.S.
For AK & HI add $7.50 more
Money Back Guarantee
(offer expires 1/1/92)

Are you in search of a part-time career?

Do you have four weeks a year you can set aside to work out of your home?

If you would enjoy the opportunity to work with classic, traditional women's clothing, then being a Sales Representative for THE APPLE BASKET is for you!

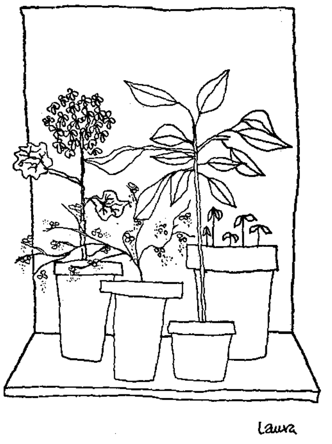
For further information, please contact
THE APPLE BASKET
1382 Old Freeport Road
Pittsburgh, PA 15238
(412) 967-0160

Cat Stickers
Your Address or Slogan
Sleek Black Cats imprinted in white with your name and address or slogan — Purrrfect for letters, books, luggage, tapes, gifts, reminders, promotions . . .
Cat Shape . . . Self-Stick . . . 1⅝" high
100 for $9.90 200 for $13.50 ppd.
CATS, Box 735-T, Acton, Mass. 01720

ISRAEL
Leisure Vacations
For People 50 Plus
22 Days via *EL AL* incl. Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Galilee, the Spa Resorts of Tiberias or the Dead Sea, 5-star Hotels, 2 meals daily, tours & much more.
For Free Brochure, Call (718) 945-5900 • 1-800-221-5002.

wall. She could hear a waterfall, but from the side window she could look out only at a few trees. In the studio and in the apartment in Rio that she shared with Lota over most of the next fifteen years, she composed some of her most important translations, stories, and poems.

Brazil may have been the closest thing to a real home that Bishop ever found after her paternal grandparents removed her from Nova Scotia. She lived in Rio and Petrópolis longer than she ever lived anywhere else. Through Lota she met the aristocracy of the Brazilian literary, artistic, and political worlds. Robert Lowell, the editor Robie Macauley, and younger American poets like James Merrill and Mark Strand came to visit. Socially, she was a mixture of the gregarious and the reclusive, and she numbered both Americans living in Brazil and Brazilians among her friends. She developed a fluent reading knowledge of Portuguese and an easy, if unidiomatic, conversational ability in the language, although writing it seldom came without effort or the help of a dictionary and a grammar book. ("I can't write fast in Portuguese—such frustration," she wrote to Linda Nemer.) The perpetual tourist, she continued to travel, now around Brazil, and she became an expert Brazilian cook.



She was evidently quite comfortable having an openly lesbian relationship. For all its image of alluring sexual sophistication, Brazil in the nineteen-fifties, some Brazilians argue, was just as intolerant of sexual diversity as America was. But they also admit that those Brazilians who would have been most offended by Bishop's homosexuality probably would not have recognized it. In his memorial piece on Bishop in *The New York Review of Books* Merrill wrote about her "instinctive, modest, lifelong impersonations of an ordinary woman." In a country where everything is extraordinary, it was easier to maintain that illusion. Her favorite story about Brazil was a comically self-deprecating one about winning the Pulitzer Prize. The grocer in Petrópolis saw her picture in the paper and was thrilled. "All my customers are lucky," he repeated to everyone he saw. "One has just won a big prize in America, and last week another won a bicycle in the lottery!"

All over Brazil, there are still people who knew and vividly remember Elizabeth Bishop—friends, poets, translators—and who are eager to talk about her, share their reminiscences, show their letters from her. At the Rio PEN Club, a woman approached me with a brown-paper package containing two small Bishop watercolors. In Ouro Prêto, a local taxi-driver recalled "the American poet with the bad chest" and coughed to demonstrate. Mementos turned up everywhere. Stopping next to the "B"s in the stacks of the library of the University of Brasília, I pulled out the only volume of Bishop there, her Pulitzer Prize-winning "Poems." Drawn in pencil on the title page was a little cartoon jalopy on a very bumpy road—speed lines behind it and a stream of circles emerging from its exhaust pipe. An inscription read "To Vera, Writer & Speedster, Affectionately, Elizabeth. Samambaia, August, 1955."

At Casa Mariana, Linda Nemer—now a retired college administrator and teacher, gray-haired, gracious, elegant—held a large reception and *feijoada* dinner in honor of the first Brazilian publication of her late friend and mentor's work. José Alberto Nemer, Linda's brother and a nationally celebrated painter, was host. Bishop had encouraged him—even lent him money—when he was a fledgling artist. He asked me if I had ever seen "Close Close All Night," the poem by Bishop that he had "engraved" as a wedding present to his wife. I hadn't. Later, in Rio, someone I asked about this poem recited it to me from memory, but I didn't see it until after I returned to the States, when José Alberto sent me a print of his etching. The lines of the poem are written out in the artist's hand, beneath an image of two lovers entwined on a bed: an arm reaches around a woman's body and under her breast; the second figure is hidden behind her, unidentifiable, androgynous. The silhouette of the bedclothes they are lying in suggests the irregular mountain ridges of Ouro Prêto, and in the dark, above the lovers, floats a crescent moon:

> Close close all night
> the lovers keep.
> They turn together
> in their sleep,
>
> close as two pages
> in a book
> that read each other
> in the dark.
>
> Each knows all
> the other knows,
> learned by heart
> from head to toes.

Sex in this poem (as in the Bible) is a form of "knowledge"—quite the opposite of the distance and disconnection between lovers in most of Bishop's pre-Brazilian love poems. Darkness, which so often pervades those poems, is welcomed here as an occasion for the lovers to "read each other." The poem reminds me of Greta Garbo as Queen Christina, "memorizing" the room in which she has fallen in love by touching every object in it. Bishop's playful catalogue of body parts here—head, toes, heart (perhaps even a hint of "nose"?)—stops short of the genitals but seems obliquely inclusive nonetheless.

Bishop may have been "hopelessly old-fashioned," as she says of herself in a letter written in 1975 in which she criticizes the phrase "to have sex." But the offense she takes is not prudishness. That phrase, she writes, "seems like such an ugly, generalized sort of expression for something—love, lust, or what have you—always unique, and so much more complex than 'having sex.'" The two "new" Bishop poems I saw have a remarkable sexual candor. Clearly, nothing could stop her from writing poems about what she felt, just as nothing could have stopped her from living the life they sprang from. Is it ironic or inevitable that the only poems she seems to have left behind in Brazil should be about love and sexuality, and that she left them just where she was most encouraged to write them?

Bishop tries to define that place in her book "Questions of Travel." It opens with a dedication: For Lota de Macedo Soares. The epigraph, in Portuguese—the last two lines of a courtly love sonnet by Camões—is her most public statement of affection and her open acknowledgment of Lota as the muse of this book:

> . . . Oh to give you as much as I have
> and as much as I can,
> since the more I pay you, the more I
> owe you.

In no other volume did she arrange her poems so consistently out of the order in which she actually wrote them, and together they compose an emotional chronology from the perspective of the fourteen years she had then spent in Brazil. In the first section, called "Brazil," she presents an almost narrative sorting out of her attitudes and experiences there, from her "Arrival at Santos," as a tourist, to her complex response to Brazilian social and political problems. The second section, "Elsewhere," circles back both to her childhood and to the life she gave up in America just before she left for Brazil.

"Oh, tourist," Bishop addresses herself on her first view from the boat of Brazil's "frivolous greenery,"

> is this how this country is going to
> answer you
> and your immodest demands for a
> different world,
> and a better life, and complete compre-
> hension
> of both at last, and immediately,
> after eighteen days of suspension?

The emblematic statement that concludes this poem reverberates through the entire book: "We are driving to the interior."

By the end of the "Brazil" section, she finds herself, still the observer, literally staring, with a kind of childlike steadfastness, into the face of Brazilian despair. Standing on the balcony of her apartment in Rio, she is watching through binoculars the police trying to gun down a young escaped convict. Her "view" is now informed by her intimate knowledge of the problems of urban Brazil—of the favelas congested with squatters and their kaleidoscopically multicolored shacks. The Keystone Cops violence of "The Burglar of Babylon" is humanized by Bishop's nonjudgmental sympathy for the innocence and helplessness of both the criminal and his captors—all of them equally caught up in Brazil's self-contradictions:

> But the soldiers were nervous, even
> With tommy guns in hand,
> And one of them, in a panic,
> Shot the officer in command.
>
> He hit him in three places;
> The other shots went wild.
> The soldier had hysterics
> And sobbed like a little child.

In "Brazil, January 1, 1502," she sees a parallel between her own arrival and the adventure of other newcomers heading for the interior: the Portuguese conquerors—"hard as nails,/tiny as nails, and glinting,/in creaking armor." Bishop feels some detached sympathy for these invaders. Like her, they arrive in Brazil, symbolically, at the beginning of a new year (they christen their settlement River of January). Like her, they are trying to get behind and beneath a surface so lavish it seems artificial: a "hanging fabric" with "every square inch filling in with foliage." But if she first sees the new country as an objet d'art, she soon becomes aware of the underlying sexual energy:

> The lizards scarcely breathe; all eyes
> are on the smaller, female one, back-to,
> her wicked tail straight up and over,
> red as a red-hot wire.

She may not share the conquerors' "old dream of wealth and luxury," but she understands their desire for "brand-new pleasure"—empathizes, even, though more ironically, with the desire and violence aroused by the seductiveness and mystery of this new place:

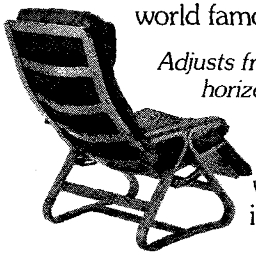
> Directly after Mass, humming perhaps
> *L'Homme armé* or some such tune,
> they ripped away into the hanging fabric,
> each out to catch an Indian for himself—
> those maddening little women who kept
> calling,
> calling to each other (or had the birds waked
> up?)
> and retreating, always retreating, behind it.

Bishop makes her most remarkable identification with her new country in a poem that at first seems one of her least personal. "The Riverman" (1960) is the only one of the Brazilian poems not based on direct experience (the details are drawn from Charles Wagley's "Amazon Town," which she acknowledges in a copious parenthesis below the title). The Riverman himself is speaking; he is a villager who wants to become a *sacaca*, "a witch doctor who works with water spirits." Thirteen years earlier, in the capacious philosophical meditations of "At the Fishhouses," set in Nova Scotia, Bishop disguises one of her most revealing descriptions of herself as a joke. Every evening, she says, she goes down to the docks to watch a particular seal, "like me a believer in total immersion." The Riverman embodies that "belief" literally. He swims through "a door/in the water," into an underwater house of many rooms. He trav-

Only $4.95
for 2 lbs. of Wimmer's finest smoked summer sausage from our gift catalog.
Old World flavor in an award-winning sausage. A hearty treat for friends and family!
Limit one, new customers only.
"Fresh-from-the-Smokehouse" taste!
- 100% pure beef
- naturally smoked
- premium quality sausage
- personalized holiday gift service
- satisfaction guaranteed

Get yours today: Ext. H-J
1-800-358-0761
☐ Yes! Rush me 2 lbs. of your finest smoked summer sausage for only $4.95.
Name__________
Address__________
Charge my credit card: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ AmEx
Card No.__________ Exp. Date_____
Signature__________
Wimmer's Gift Catalog
126 West Grant, Dept. H-J
West Point, Nebraska 68788

Back Relief & Relaxation
NEW Scandinavian styling for our world famous recliner.
Adjusts from vertical to horizontal position.
Elegant wood frame in 4 finishes.



BackSaver™ FREE 12 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Avenue, Dept. D91, Holliston, MA 01746

WASHABLE SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS
Write or Call
1-800-950-2668
FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection
825 N.E. BROADWAY
Portland, OR 97232

ASK US ABOUT APARTMENTS IN
LONDON
Short-term Luxury Rentals in
Sloane Square
Mayfair or Knightsbridge
Camelot International Ltd
Phone 44 71 730 3054 Fax 44 71 730 5982
USA 1-800 523 2544

els "miles, under the river." He is convinced, in a way that a supposedly rational or civilized person might find impossible, that there is an answer to everything:

> Look, it stands to reason
> that everything we need
> can be obtained from the river.
> It drains the jungles; it draws
> from trees and plants and rocks
> from half around the world,
> it draws from the very heart
> of the earth the remedy
> for each of the diseases—
> one just has to know how to find it.

There's something heroic about Bishop's plunge into the irrational. As in "At the Fishhouses," the source of knowledge for Bishop seems to be not in the mind but deep in the earth, under the water. In Nova Scotia, the water is so cold it burns your hand and your tongue; in Brazil, she can dream again of "total immersion."

Life in Brazil is nothing if not precarious, volatile, and constantly surprising. For a while, Bishop accommodates herself to—even begins to revel in—that uncertainty. Her warmest feelings for her adopted country emerge in a love poem masquerading as a description of the house in Petrópolis. (Bishop used to say that her poems were all "just description.") "Song for the Rainy Season" is a paean to comforting, benign nature, alive and enveloping the lovers "in a private cloud":

> Hidden, oh hidden
> in the high fog
> the house we live in,
> beneath the magnetic rock,
> rain-, rainbow-ridden.

Everything is "open," "forgiving," and surrounded by lovemaking ("the fat frogs that,/shrilling for love,/clamber and mount"). Even the "milk-white sunrise" is "kind to the eyes." Mornings—often in Bishop's poems mornings after—are not always so welcome.

In one of her late poems, "The End of March," Bishop fantasizes about retiring in solitude to an abandoned beach house ("my proto-dream-house,/my crypto-dream-house"): "perfect! But—impossible." Astonishingly, the house in Petrópolis is not impossible. It's an Eden that welcomes imperfection:

> darkened and tarnished
> by the warm touch
> of the warm breath,
> maculate, cherished,
> rejoice!

She fears that this atmosphere may even be too forgiving, "too indulgent, perhaps" (a phrase she cut after the first publication),

> to membership
> of silver fish, mouse,
> bookworms,
> big moths; with a wall
> for the mildew's
> ignorant map.

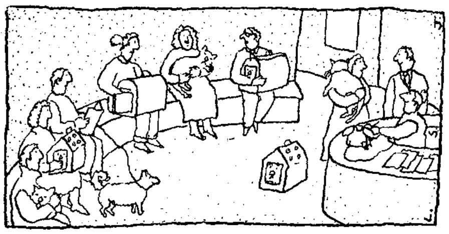
Yet this very indulgence of insects, rodents, mildew, and tarnish has become a source of vitality and pleasure.

Death, however, is in Arcadia, too. "Song for the Rainy Season" ends with a clear-eyed presentiment of inevitable change—not just mildew and tarnish, moist and active and in continuous process, but an entirely new order of events, a coming period of emptiness, barrenness, and desiccation that simply, and devastatingly, "will differ":

> (O difference that kills,
> or intimidates, much
> of all our small shadowy
> life!) Without water
>
> the great rock will stare
> unmagnetized, bare,
> no longer wearing
> rainbows or rain,
> the forgiving air
> and the high fog gone;
> the owls will move on
> and the several
> waterfalls shrivel
> in the steady sun.

The weather forecast at the end of the poem turns into an uninhibited lament, a painful (and, in hindsight, perhaps even self-fulfilling) prophecy of changes in the emotional climate.

"DEAR, my compass/still points north." While Bishop was writing poems about Brazil, she was also—after numerous earlier attempts—finally able to write poems and stories about her traumatic childhood in Nova Scotia. Her finest story, "In the Village" (1953), told from her own child's-eye view, dramatizes the precise moment of her mother's collapse, but it's also about the mysterious intimacy children have with the physical world, their peculiar acceptance of the suffering that surrounds them, their capacity to be "fearfully observant." She wrote it, she said, in two sleepless tropical nights—"from a combination of cortisone, I think, and the gin and tonic I drank in the middle of the night."



Bishop placed this story at the beginning of the "Elsewhere" section of "Questions of Travel." It's the only story she ever included in a volume of her poems, and it represents a kind of fulcrum between the poems about children and childlike figures in "Brazil" and the poignant images of her own childhood in the ensuing Nova Scotia poems.

During the mid-nineteen-fifties, while Bishop was working on all these poems, she embarked on another ambitious project—an English translation of "Minha Vida de Menina" ("My Life as a Little Girl"), the so-called "Diary of 'Helena Morley,' " which is an actual diary of a teen-age girl living in the mining town of Diamantina, in the state of Minas Gerais, before 1900. The real Helena Morley was a woman named Alice Brant, whose husband, the president of the Bank of Brazil, had encouraged her to publish the diary; it appeared in 1942. Georges Bernanos, living in exile in Brazil, was its foremost champion. "The more I read the book, the better I liked it," Bishop wrote in the introduction to her translation, which was published here in 1957. "The scenes and events it described were odd, remote, and long ago, and yet fresh, sad, funny, and eternally true. The longer I stayed on in Brazil the more Brazilian the book seemed, yet much of it could have happened in any small provincial town or village, and at almost any period of history."

Diamantina in the eighteen-nineties was probably more like Bishop's Great Village than anything else she had ever read about. Translating the diary enabled her to relive the happiest part of her childhood in Nova Scotia, to recapture it, give it a new credibility and reality. "*It really happened;* everything did take place, day by day, minute by minute, once and only once, just the way Helena says it did," Bishop wrote. The book both legitimatized her own odd childhood by making her part of a universal picture and gave her a new, Brazilian past. She could reconnect with a life from which she had been—and remained—cut off; yet "Helena," the extroverted, spontaneous, pretty, and healthy girl, was also the opposite of Bishop as she saw herself.

Begun as an exercise, "The Diary"

helped Bishop improve her Portuguese, and that improvement extended her capabilities as a translator of denser, more complex Brazilian literature: the poetry of some of the major contemporary writers she was becoming friendly with, among them Manuel Bandeira, the great Mineiro poet Carlos Drummond de Andrade, João Cabral de Melo Neto, Joaquim Cardozo, Clarice Lispector, whose short, surrealist fictions bear a startling resemblance to some of Bishop's own early stories and poems, and Vinícius de Moraes, the poet and popular songwriter (lyricist of "The Girl from Ipanema").

Many of the poems she translated voice her own themes: the affectionate observation of nature, nostalgia for childhood, the painful complexities of family life. Vinícius's earthy "Sonnet of Intimacy," about "farm afternoons," could have been set in Nova Scotia:

> The smell of cow manure is delicious
> The cattle look at me unenviously
> And when there comes a sudden stream
> and hiss
>
> Accompanied by a look not unmalicious,
> All of us, animals, unemotionally
> Partake together of a pleasant piss.

(Bishop was always tickled to think that she had become the first poet to get away with a "four-letter word" in the pages of *The New Yorker*.)

How could she not have been drawn to a poem with a title like Cardozo's "Cemetery of Childhood" ("Oh! cemetery of Childhood,/Reveal your secret light")? And parts of Drummond's "Travelling in the Family" (with its ironic nexus of Bishop themes rolled into one title) could be a Brazilian hallucination of her own sense of having been orphaned:

> In the desert of Itabira
> the shadow of my father
> took me by the hand.
> So much time lost.
> But he didn't say anything.

Bishop was both scrupulous and pessimistic about translation, and she had a rather conservative view of what a translation should be. She disapproved of Lowell's freely adapted "Imitations," which, ironically, he dedicated to her, out of respect for both the accuracy and the genuine poetry of her own translations. In 1972, she wrote to the poet JuJu Campbell, one of her translators, "Translating is HARD work. (I never do it myself unless I think a poem just happens to go into English without losing too much of the original—but probably at least 50% is always lost, in another language.)" Her own departures from the literal always involved elaborate correspondence and consultation with the original author. Drummond loved her translations. He and Bishop were aware of their deep sympathies, the perfection of their match. The last in a series of grateful letters from Drummond praised her "noble inwardness."

Bishop's most lucrative writing assignment was her least inward, and her least literary, but it gave her the opportunity to play tourist: to travel all over Brazil gathering information about its history, culture, arts, economics, and politics. This was the Brazil volume in the Life World Library series. Published in 1962, "Brazil" was her biggest project after "The Diary of 'Helena Morley' " (which did not sell as well as she had hoped). "Brazil" remains an extremely useful introduction to the country, abounding with the insights of an objective outsider with inside knowledge. Unfortunately, it was a book she came to hate. She found the editorial process unbearable. "The Editors of LIFE," listed on the title page as co-authors, persistently softened both her prose and her opinions (they wanted a much more optimistic picture of Brazil), and even dropped her carefully calculated captions and chapter titles. She never forgave them. Her annotated and corrected copy is in Harvard's Houghton Library. In the ensuing years, she wrote several charming articles about Brazil and always intended to write a more personal book, which she wanted to call "Black Beans and Diamonds."

In 1976, she completed "Memories of Uncle Neddy." It was the last story she published in her lifetime, and the late publication stemmed at least partly from her reluctance to make public one of her family skeletons—the alcoholism of an uncle—while her widowed aunt was still alive. David Kalstone sees the story as "unique among her works in the sixties because it attempts in fictional form the montage of Nova Scotia and Brazil which Bishop felt as a fact of her daily life in the Southern Hemisphere." (Of course, he didn't know there was a poem beginning "Dear, my compass," from the same period, which distilled these same comparisons.) The story opens in hot, rainy, mold-ridden, mildewy Rio. Bishop has recently inherited a pair of

THE NEW YORKER
at
The Smithsonian

Writers, Editors, and Artists
on America Today

Six evenings
of lectures,
readings, and
discussions

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
RESIDENT ASSOCIATE PROGRAM

The Smithsonian
CAMPUS ON THE MALL

presented by the
Smithsonian
Campus on the
Mall
in collaboration
with
The New Yorker

The Smithsonian Institution
Tuesdays, 8:00 – 9:30 P.M.
Washington, D.C.

October 15
Letter from Washington
Elizabeth Drew

October 22
The Art of *The New Yorker*
Lee Lorenz, George Booth,
Victoria Roberts

October 29
The American Scene
Calvin Trillin

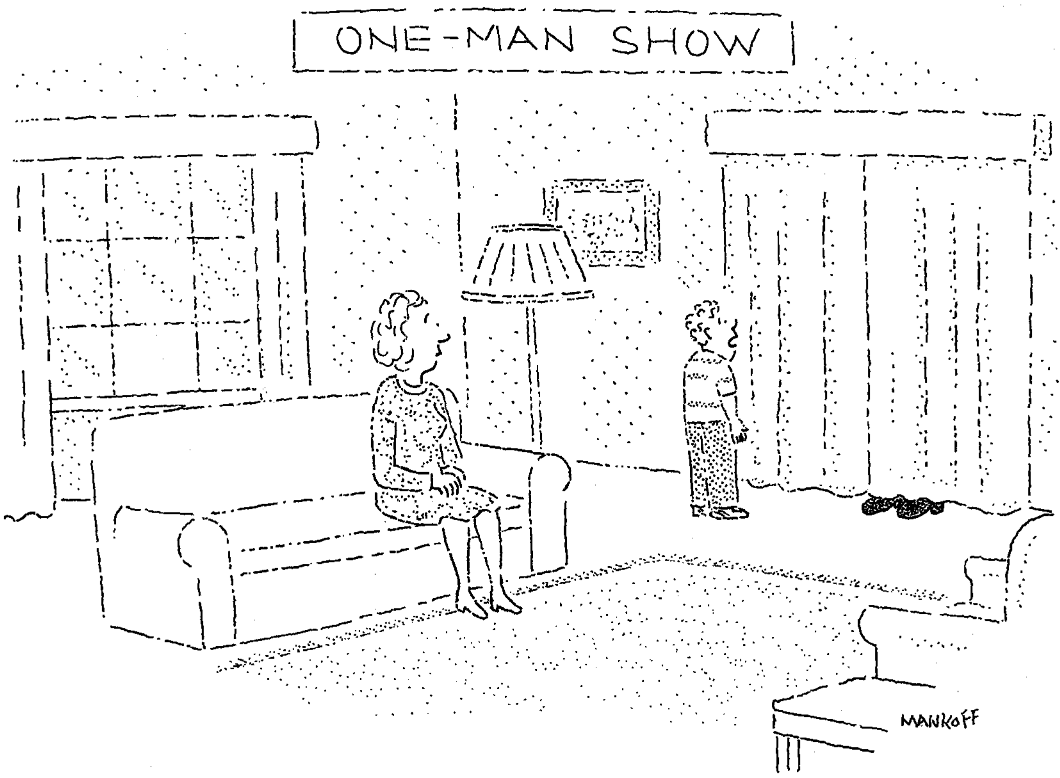
November 5
The Powerful and the Powerless
Connie Bruck, William Finnegan,
Lincoln Caplan

November 12
The Critical Eye
Holly Brubach, Fashion;
Ingrid Sischy, Photography;
Naomi Bliven, Books

November 19
On American Heroes
Roger Angell and Mark Singer

Call (202) 357-3030 for a Campus on the Mall
catalogue and course information.
Fax (202) 786-2034 to register for series.
Include Visa or MasterCard number, expiration
date, address, course code, and signature.
Code: 386-505
Members and *New Yorker* subscribers —$76.00
(series)
Non-members —$110.00

Advertisement



"Curtain in five minutes, Dad!"

• •

companion portraits of her mother and her uncle as children—neat, Northern children, with their "bright-hazel" eyes so obviously out of place among the "dark-eyed Latins." Uncle Neddy's life (his real name was Arthur) reads like a parable of the limited human possibilities of life in Nova Scotia. Yet in the story her commemoration—or, at least, her defense—of her escape into the larger world is tinged with regret. Clearly, she couldn't have stayed in the "narrow provinces/of fish and bread and tea." But neither could she shed her nostalgic longing for the place that energized her as a child, or her guilt over remaining disconnected from that world. In the end, she is filled with the same hopeless sense of displacement that she sees in the portraits.

"THE novelty has worn off," Bishop wrote to friends in 1958, in a singularly defeated mood. Though a return to the States offers no happy alternative, she repeats her frustration: "I never would stay for a week if it weren't for Lota." But by the mid-nineteen-sixties, her relationship with Lota had begun to erode. Lota was deeply involved in the planning and design of an elaborate new recreation area in Rio—Flamengo Park, built on extensive waterfront landfill. She had become obsessed with this project, and Bishop had begun to feel left out, isolated again. Lota was working in Rio; Bishop kept moving back and forth between Rio and Petrópolis, where she did most of her writing. And she began spending more time in Ouro Prêto, without Lota. Buying and restoring the house there was entirely her own project, an attempt at independence. Carlos Lacerda fell from power, and Flamengo Park was not a priority of the new government. Lota, increasingly depressed and paranoid, eventually suffered a nervous breakdown.

Both women had lived primarily on small inheritances. Now inflation was taking its toll, and money was short, especially with Bishop's expenses for Casa Mariana. In 1965, Bishop accepted an offer to teach at the University of Washington, in Seattle—Theodore Roethke's old job, a position that would provide her with a fresh source of revenue as well as distance from a deteriorating personal situation. This was her first teaching experience. In Seattle, she began an affair with a young woman who was several months pregnant when they met. But in the fall of 1967 Bishop and Lota arranged to meet in New York. The night Lota arrived, she took a massive overdose of Valium. She died in St. Vincent's Hospital nearly a week later. Lilli told me that the letter she received from Bishop immediately afterward simply repeated "It's not my fault. It's not my fault. It's not my fault."

When Bishop subsequently brought her new friend and the child to Ouro Prêto, gossip was intense. They were a particular source of tension with Lilli, whom Bishop's American friend distrusted. Some of Lota's friends never forgave Bishop for Lota's death; in Rio, there were people who refused even to speak to her. Although she was awarded the Order of Rio Branco in 1970—the year she won the National Book Award for her "Complete Poems"—and returned to Ouro Prêto every year through 1974, Brazil had ceased to seem a safe haven, a comfortable home.

Between December of 1966 and December of 1968, after the publication of "Questions of Travel" and before any of the poems that became "Geography III" were completed, Bishop published four more poems about Brazil: odd, rich poems that tend to fall through the cracks, not only because they were never part of an individual volume but also because—like Shakespeare's dark comedies—they are both funny and bitter; their precise tone is hard to pin down. They show how painful and unsettled Bishop's life in Brazil had become and reflect her indecisiveness about whether to return to America or remain in Brazil. "Dear, my compass/still points north" surely dates from somewhere in this period.

Negative images pervade these poems. All the creatures in "Rainy Season; Sub-Tropics" are displaced and awkwardly formed. The opening sentence of the Strayed Crab is "This is not my home." The Giant Snail exclaiming "I am heavy, heavy, heavy" might be Bishop herself lamenting her imagined transformation into what she most dislikes; every self-descriptive detail here seems to have a double edge. "Under the Window: Ouro

Prêto," for all the vitality of its contact with Brazil, ends with a vision of destruction and fragmentation: a "ditch of standing water" is polluted by oil that

> looks upward brokenly,
> like bits of mirror—no, more blue than that:
> like tatters of the *Morpho* butterfly.

"Going to the Bakery" is a lively but even more relentless image of malaise. Rio seems mortally ill. Inside the bakery, in the dim light of the rationed electricity,

> the round cakes look about to faint—
> each turns up a glazed white eye.
> The gooey tarts are red and sore.
> Buy, buy, what shall I buy?

Here Bishop delights in the rhymes and wallows in the language of decay. A "childish *puta*" (like the "youthful Harlot" in Blake's "London") dances the cha-cha in the street, "feverish as an atom." In front of Bishop's apartment house, a black man, babbling and reeking of *cachaça*, "sits in a black shade,/lifting his shirt to show a bandage":

> I give him seven cents in *my*
> terrific money, say "Good night"
> from force of habit. Oh, mean habit!
> Not one word more apt or bright?

In "House Guest," completed after Lota's death but obviously begun much earlier, dogged, unbudgeable despair literally resides in the house, in the form of the "sad" and "mediocre" seamstress who is spending the month there. "We"—Bishop and Lota, a rare first-person plural for Bishop—seen incapable of pleasing her or cheering her up:

> Can it be that we nourish
> one of the Fates in our bosoms?
> Clotho, sewing our lives
> with a bony little foot
> on a borrowed sewing machine,
> and our fates will be like hers,
> and our hems crooked forever?

This was the last poem about Brazil that Bishop published while she was still living there.

In 1972, Bishop and her friend Emanuel Brasil edited "An Anthology of Twentieth-Century Brazilian Poetry," which included her thirteen major translations and also translations commissioned from other distinguished American poets and translators. It was, in a way, both a repayment, an expression of her gratitude to Brazil for the literary life she could pursue there, and her official farewell.

In the fall of 1970, through the intercession of Lowell, Bishop had begun teaching at Harvard. Cambridge and Boston became her home for her nine remaining years. In "Rainy Season; Sub-Tropics," set inland at Samambaia, her Strayed Crab says, "How did I get so far from water?" In 1974, Bishop bought a condominium in a restored nineteenth-century wharf building jutting out into Boston Harbor. By the end of the following year, she finally had her insect-powdered books and most of her remaining possessions shipped from Brazil. Though she left many of her papers and notebooks with Linda Nemer in Ouro Prêto, her rooms in Boston were a virtual gallery of Brazilian artifacts.

THE poems Bishop completed in the ten years after Lota died were almost universally perceived to demonstrate new powers. She seemed to be speaking more openly and comfortably about herself than ever before, and more deeply addressing her losses. Collected in "Geography III," these poems avoid any direct reference to Brazil, but they obviously owe a great deal to what happened there. Lota's death, for example, is not the explicit subject of the last stanza of "One Art," which was triggered by a later relationship, but this extraordinarily personal villanelle is surely informed by her loss, and Bishop's loss of Brazil:

> The art of losing isn't hard to master;
> so many things seem filled with the intent
> to be lost that their loss is no disaster.
>
> Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
> of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
> The art of losing isn't hard to master.
>
> Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
> places, and names, and where it was you meant
> to travel. None of these will bring disaster.
>
> I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
> next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
> The art of losing isn't hard to master.
>
> I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
> some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
> I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.
>
> —Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
> I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
> the art of losing's not too hard to master
> though it may look like (*Write* it!) like disaster.

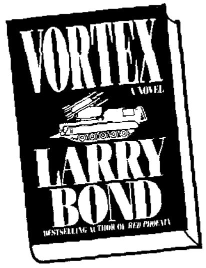
Eventually, Bishop was able to re-

Serious In-Basket

Those stacks of papers lying about your office look messy and waste your time. Get organized with our exclusive Project Box. 14 pigeonholes you can label: "Project 1," "Project 2," "Backburners," etc. Made of the finest quality Danish wood veneer in natural mahogany, dark mahogany, and natural cherry. 29¼" per side, includes 12 adjustable shelves. The pigeonholes are 13⅞" wide and 9" deep.

$299 + $18.00 shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYPB1, Delray, FL 33445



BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Reg.U.S.Pat.&T.M.Off.
(800) 626-3333

LION PIN
Heraldic Lion pin by James Breakell. Hand cast in sterling $35
14k gold $300.
Add $3.50 handling.
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-767-6411
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Brochure on request.
J.H. BREAKELL & CO. Dept. NYL 69 Mill St. Newport, RI 02840

Natural California Almonds
Fresh from the Farm to You
Buy your shelled Natural Almonds directly from the grower/processor, get them fresh and save money at the same time. Great for snacking as well as baking. Send check or money order, Visa or MasterCard# plus Exp. Date (Please include phone number) for 4 lbs. - $14, 10 lbs. - $28, or 20 lbs. - $50. Prices include delivery in the Continental U.S. Alaska/Hawaii, add 20% for shipping.
Mail To: TAP ALMONDS
12700 E. Graves Rd., Dept. AA
Manteca, CA 95336
(209) 599-7248
30-day Money Back Guarantee

Bald Eagles...
Each Over 2" Long
...hand painted in solid porcelain
- Set of three in attractive wooden box.
- Unconditionally guaranteed.
- Please send check or money order to:
$29.00 P&H INCLUDED
Chesterfield's
#569Y-200 West 3rd Street, Sumas, WA 98295-8000

Free Catalog
Teak and Mahogany Outdoor Furniture
Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled
All-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, crafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers and lounges. Available fully assembled or as precision cut kits that are easy and fun to put together. Call or write for FREE COLOR CATALOG.
WOOD CLASSICS
Box IY40, Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-7871

PETER RABBIT PENDANT
Beatrix Potter's Peter Rabbit is brought to life in this sterling pendant with 18" chain crafted by Hand & Hammer. 7/8" $28.00 Postage paid.
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
1 (800) 545-4556
© F.W.Co.

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
THE BOATHOUSE, 410 Severn Avenue, Annapolis, MD 21403
Annap./Balt.: 301/269-0784 • Anywhere Else: 800/342-9295

turn more directly to Brazil as a subject for poetry. Two years after "One Art," in "Santarém" (1978), she completed a poem about Brazil in her most spontaneous, conversational voice ("Of course I may be remembering it all wrong/after, after—how many years?"): a nostalgic narration of her trip down the Amazon in 1961 to the city where two rivers, the Amazon and the Tapajós, merge yet remain distinct. (Their striking juxtaposition of brown and blue is clearly visible in the "Voices & Visions" documentary.) "Santarém" is Bishop's image of a kind of Brazilian paradise for the eccentric and the mercurial:

I liked the place; I liked the idea of the
  place.
Two rivers. Hadn't two rivers sprung
from the Garden of Eden? . . .

Two rivers full of crazy shipping—
  people
all apparently changing their minds,
  embarking,
disembarking.

In the unifying vision of her memory, the entire scene is tinged with gold:

The street was deep in dark-gold river
  sand
damp from the ritual afternoon rain. . . .
The zebus' hooves, the people's feet
waded in golden sand,
dampered by golden sand.

"That golden evening," she says,

  I really wanted to go no farther;
more than anything else I wanted to
  stay awhile.

Once again, Bishop expresses the underlying conflict between the "two opposing factors" that Robert Lowell saw in her poetry as early as 1947: "something in motion, weary but persisting" and "a terminus: rest, sleep, fulfillment or death . . . sometimes pathetically or humorously desired as a letting-go or annihilation."

"Pink Dog," the last poem Bishop completed, harbors far more complicated feelings about Brazil and about herself. The hairless "poor bitch" with "a case of scabies," so common in the slums of Rio, is the most disturbing of all her empathetic identifications with animals:

The sun is blazing and the sky is blue.
Umbrellas clothe the beach in every hue.
Naked, you trot across the avenue.

Oh, never have I seen a dog so bare!
Naked and pink, without a single hair . . .
Startled, the passersby draw back and stare.

She tells a story of how the Rio authorities tried to clean up the slums:

Didn't you know? It's been in all the papers,
to solve this problem, how they deal with
  beggars?
They take and throw them in the tidal rivers.

Yes, idiots, paralytics, parasites
go bobbing in the ebbing sewage, nights
out in the suburbs, where there are no lights.

If they do this to anyone who begs,
drugged, drunk, or sober, with or without
  legs,
what would they do to sick, four-leggèd dogs?

Jaunty spillover triplets mimic the cheerful, tilted rhythm of the samba:

Now look, the practical, the sensible

solution is to wear a *fantasía.*
Tonight you simply can't afford to be a-
n eyesore. But no one will ever see a

dog in *máscara* this time of year.
Ash Wednesday'll come but Carnival is here.
What sambas can you dance? What will you
  wear?

Nowhere does Bishop—with her light skin among all the suntans, with what she calls her "scabby body and wheezing lungs" and her "dog hair," with her crippling self-consciousness (she hated photographs of herself, hated the very idea of photographs of herself) and gnawing depression, and with her subversive twinkle—suggest a more grotesque reflection of herself, the perpetual outsider:

They say that Carnival's degenerating
—radios, Americans, or something,
have ruined it completely. They're just
  talking.

Carnival is always wonderful!
A depilated dog would not look well.
Dress up! Dress up and dance at Carnival!

The taunting advice she offers herself is impossible to accept. Behind her bravado is the despair of having failed. I don't think she could have faced this failure without having already extricated herself from it. I think she could write this poem only after she had decided to give up her life in Brazil.

"PINK DOG" was probably the great revelation about Bishop to the current generation of Brazilians, and it is unquestionably one of the most popular of the poems included in the new bilingual anthology. "Pink" dogs and Carnival are still very much a part of contemporary Brazilian life. But, more important, the attitudes that Bishop expresses are more thoroughly Brazilian in this poem than anywhere else in her poetry. Bravado, unusual for Bishop, is also characteristically Brazilian—not only bravado in the face of crisis and catastrophe but the deeper irony of bravado in the aftermath, the *shadow*, of crisis and catastrophe.

I was in Brazil at the time of the inauguration of the new President, Fernando Collor de Mello, the first directly elected President of Brazil in twenty-nine years—and by far the more conservative of the two major candidates. Immediately after the inauguration, in an effort to slow the nearly three-thousand-per-cent annual inflation rate, he froze all bank accounts for eighteen months. No one would be allowed to withdraw more than approximately twelve hundred dollars from any savings account—no one, that is, among the small percentage of the population who *had* more than twelve hundred dollars in a bank. People who were saving for a down payment on a car or a house or who were planning to travel would have to put those plans on hold for eighteen months (and few were optimistic about any full return of their savings). My hosts in Rio were members of a successful business family, the sort of family that might have the most to lose. They were desperately upset. The day the freeze was announced, the head of the household, like most Brazilians, was glued to his television set. He wandered between his study and the dining room in a daze—*chuckling*. "One has to laugh," he repeated over and over. It is this Brazilian laughter, the laughter of despair, both ironic and not ironic, that Bishop captures in "Pink Dog." Having given up Brazil, she could finally become a Brazilian.

—LLOYD SCHWARTZ

•

ANTONIETTA
by John Hersey

This wonderful novel by the author of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is the story of the creative, erotic and corruptive influence of a legendary violin on its owners.—*BOMC News, published by the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

That bell tolls for Adano.

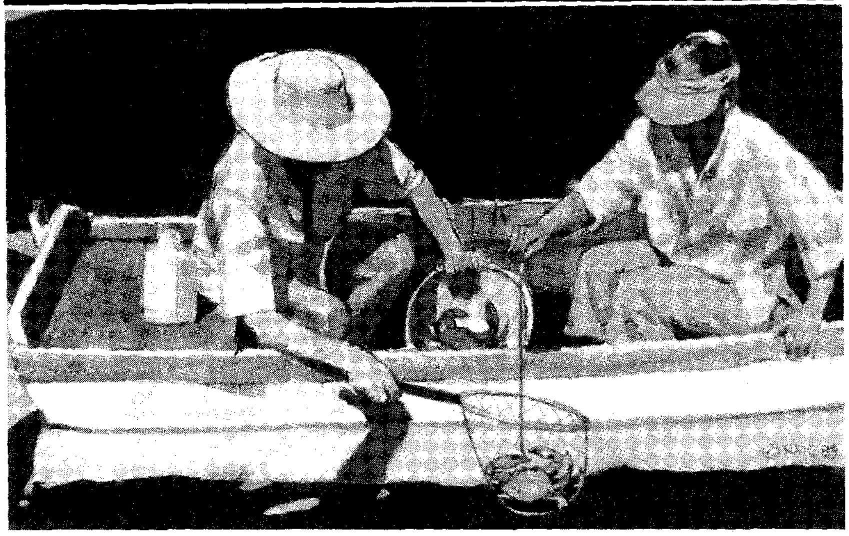
•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

Photo caption in the Ruidoso (N.M.) News]

Ellen Hightower's first grade class at Nob Hill performed a short recital called "America" before and after Friday's good citizen assembly. The program honored early American settlers and the Indians that beheaded them.

S O U T H



NETWORKING ON DATAW.

It's time you made some new contacts. Here in a private, coastal community, you'll encounter a lifestyle rich with golf, fishing and boating along the intracoastal waterway. Homesites begin at $40,000. Homes from $150,000 to over $500,000. Six miles east of Beaufort, SC. ***1-800-848-3838.***

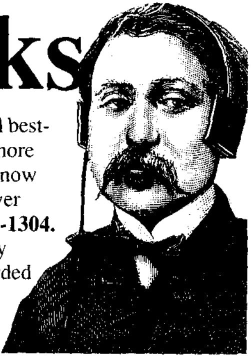
DATAW ISLAND

Dataw Island Realty, P.O. Box 819, Beaufort, SC 29901, (803) 838-3838. Arthur F. Levin, Broker-in-Charge. Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. This offer void where prohibited by law. An Offering Statement has been filed with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission (NJA #J1187049SC). Filing with the New York Secretary of State is not approval of merits of offering. A Community by Alcoa Properties, Inc. MN9

ALCOA

C A R O L I N A

Recorded Books



Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409 Charlotte Hall MD 20622

When the new moon falls on Saturday, the next twenty days will be wet and windy...

THE BEST OF THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC

THE FIRST 200 YEARS

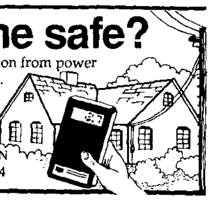
JUDSON HALE
EDITOR

Illustrated • At bookstores now

RANDOM HOUSE

Is your home safe?

Hand-held meter measures radiation from power lines, home wiring and appliances. Locates safe zones. Simple to use. List $250. Sale price $149.95.



CALL 800-222-3003 x51
SAFE TECHNOLOGIES CORPORATION
145 Rosemary St., Needham, MA 02194

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOK HUNTERS Since 1958

P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047

NATIONAL BEST-SELLER

"A remarkable first novel..."
— New York Times Book Review

"Highly original...beautiful, individual stories, stitched into a profoundly moving whole." *—Los Angeles Times*

HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN QUILT

A NOVEL BY
WHITNEY OTTO

VILLARD BOOKS
A Division of Random House, Inc.

We have a group
policy that helps cover
long-term care

in the place
elderly people
want it most.

The Aetna Long Term Care Plan is a policy available through employers that provides a daily benefit either in a nursing facility or at home. It covers care provided by companions or members of the family. It not only helps protect your financial resources, it also helps assure you have a choice you'll feel comfortable with when the time comes to make it. To find out more, please write: Long Term Care, Post Office Box 303, Hartford, CT 06141.

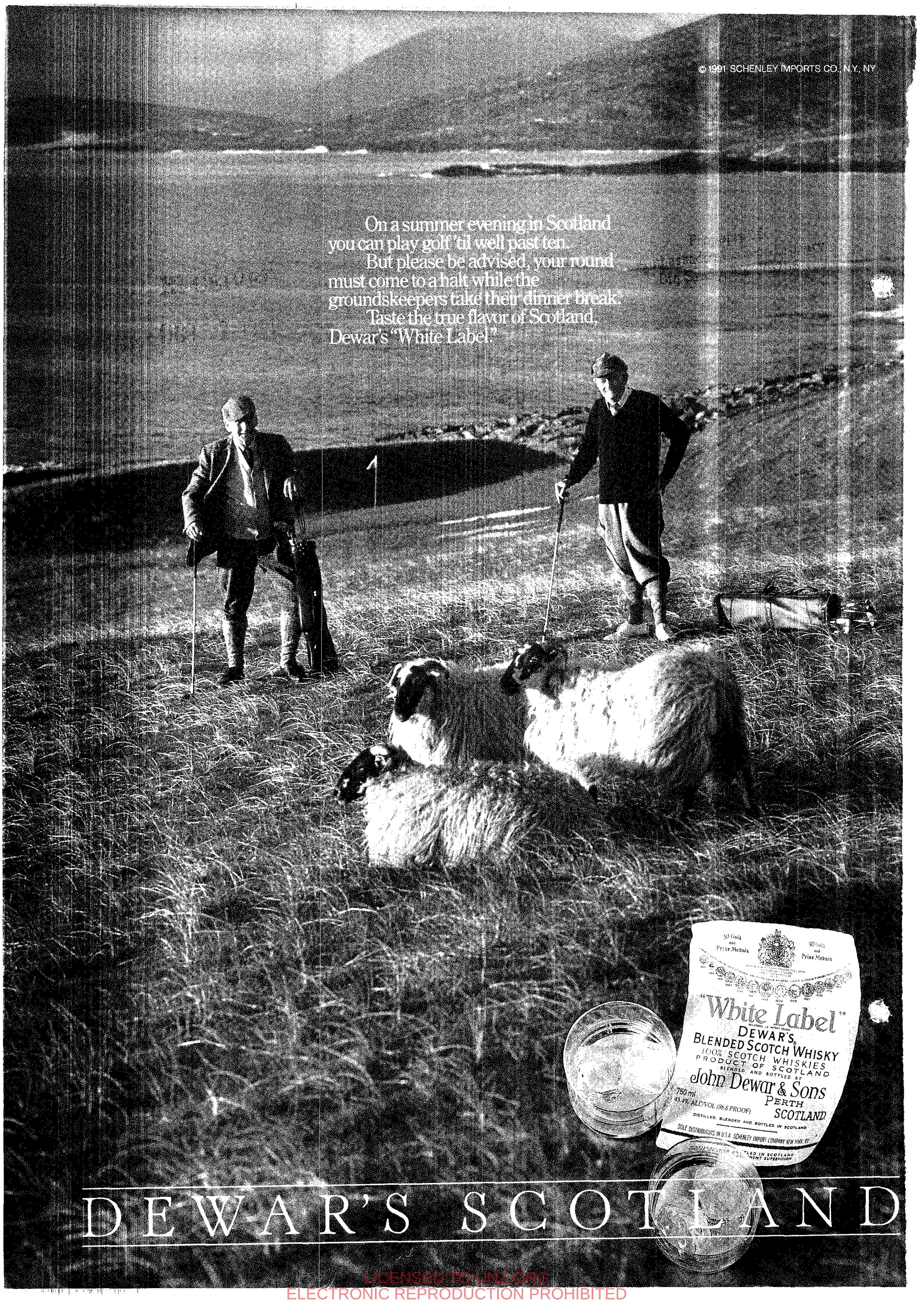
Aetna. A policy to do more.

Ætna

© 1991 Aetna Life Insurance Company

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1991 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., NY


50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons
PERTH
SCOTLAND
750 ml
43.4% ALC/VOL (86.8 PROOF)
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN U.S.A. SCHENLEY IMPORT COMPANY NEW YORK, NY
DEWAR'S SCOTLAND

On a summer evening in Scotland you can play golf 'til well past ten.

But please be advised, your round must come to a halt while the groundskeepers take their dinner break.

Taste the true flavor of Scotland, Dewar's "White Label."